

LOWE'S STORY OF
LINCOLN

DRAWER

3

STORIES

ABOUT

LINCOLN

4122091185 030324

Biographies and Stories of Abraham Lincoln

Emil Ludwig's Story of Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Friends of The Lincoln Collection of Indiana, Inc.

<http://archive.org/details/biographiesstori00ludw>

A Story of a MAN

THE thing which interests this magazine more than anything else in the world is human beings. That's why we are so delighted with and proud to publish Mr. Coolidge's story of his life: it is a superbly human document.

And that is why we now take such pride in presenting to you Emil Ludwig's *Life of Lincoln*, which begins on the next page.

For Ludwig, with that same human touch which enabled him to show Napoleon as we had never seen the Corsican before, now shows you a Lincoln you will come to know as you might know a member of your own family.

You will meet a youth embittered by the knowledge that his mother was an illegitimate child, unloved, unclaimed by her father; a young man so weighted down by depression that he would not carry a pocketknife for fear he might end his own life; a failure as a farmer, as a storekeeper, as a surveyor and as a soldier.

A man cheated by death in the one great love of his life, whose blundering attempts to break his engagement with another woman were equaled by the panic which caused him to leave Mary Todd "waiting at the church," the chivalry which later led him to a duel to shield her, and the patience he showed in submitting to her



Emil Ludwig

"hen pecking" when finally he married her.

A Lincoln who never joined a church and called himself a "Doubting Thomas" when a minister accused him of atheism. A Lincoln who was swayed by superstition and who took a boy miles to touch a stone which was reputed to cure the bite of a mad dog.

A LINCOLN swayed by moods and fears—even as you and I, but oh! what a lovable Lincoln! A man of heart so tender that it could break for others, of patriotism so great that he would put those who despised him in high places,

if he believed it served his country's good; of courage so sublime that, even though he believed a mystical warning that his life would end in tragedy before he could finish his second term, he never faltered; of such forbearance that he scarcely defended himself from the shrewishness of the aristocrat he had married.

A MAN of destiny, but most of all a MAN: That's the Lincoln you'll find in a biography so swift-moving and so beautifully written that it will sweep you along as if it were the most glamorous novel you ever read.

In these Opening Chapters You Meet Three



Ludwig's STORY OF

THE wintry blast howls round the cabin. As the storm sweeps over the clearing, the giant trees, still standing, groan beneath its buffetings. But these settlers within the cabin are used to the storm and sleep soundly, deaf to the tumult. Parents and children alike are tired out after the long labors of the day.

All but one of them. A little boy, four years old, has just been awakened by a stone blown from the chimney, that rattles down the rough hand-split shingles and thumps against the log sides. It strikes the very spot where he and his sister are lying on a bed of sacks filled with dried leaves.

He sees her little hand, one of her ears, and her rumpled, dark hair. Cuddling up against her for warmth, he can feel her toes with his. It's a good thing there is still a glimmer from the fire. He can amuse himself by looking around the room.

He sees something close at hand, glittering with a golden sheen—Mother says that Heaven is aglow with gold like that. It is the metal bucket which she fills at the brook every evening. There's something else that glints in the firelight, hanging on the wall: Father's ax. The children are not allowed to touch it, for it is frightfully sharp and will chop off a finger before you know where you are.

28

Father's sound asleep there, under the ax, beside Mother. He's snoring again!

The little boy's thoughts, in their wandering course, come now to the sleeping mother. A sense of deprivation steals over him as he recalls how he used to lie beside her. His earliest memories are of lying close to Mother's warm body.

The thought of the lost warmth makes him feel colder than ever. He would like to call to Mother for help, but Father has told him not to. It will be all right soon. He manages to pull some of the skin coverlet away from Sarah. It's warmer now . . . In a trice, he is asleep once more.

When he wakes, the fire is burning brightly, its warmth and color driving out the gray daylight that blinks through the crannies. Sarah is still asleep, but Mother is standing by the fire, pouring some hot water into the milk—because one of the three cows has just died.

The youngster knows that, for he is sharp of sight and hearing, takes note of all that goes on around him. No doubt Father is out in the barn now. Yet when he asks, Mother makes no answer; she is too busy.

Now she stands at the table. The table top is a rough-hewn slab, with the bark still coating the under-surface; smoother above, but even there a little boy

Women who Loved a Backwoods Dreamer



LINCOLN

Illustrations by Harvey Dunn

must be careful about touching it or he will get a splinter in his finger.

They are frontier folk, living in Kentucky, at a time when half the New World is still virgin forest and prairie—as the Old World was two thousand years ago. This is a barren region; it is even called “the Wilderness.” Before a man can be a farmer and grow Indian corn, he needs must fell the great trees and clear the ground and win most of his food with his long-barreled rifle.

THERE he comes back, the hunter! Towards noon, the children hear the dog barking. Undoing the thong with which the door is fastened, they tumble out into the open to meet their father, who comes, musket on shoulder, carrying a fine big hare. Tall, dark and bearded, he is clad in skins made from the game of his own shooting.

He prefers a hunter's life to a carpenter's, though really he is a carpenter by trade; when he works at his bench he makes tables and chairs for the neighbors. As the man lounges now by the fire, and, sharp-set, falls upon the food his wife has served on the

earthen platter, the boy, looking at them both, thinks to himself that his mother has a harder time of it than his father.

When the boy is five, his restless father moves a long way to the north with his family. Here are fine woods and rich soil. The new cabin stands above a running brooklet. In summer, life is easy; it is no longer cold at night, and there's plenty to eat, for the woods are full of game. Not far from the log cabin runs the highroad. Such a lot to see there, for it connects two towns.

As the boy grows older, he learns their names: Louisville and Nashville. Wagons pass by, sometimes several of them in one day, carrying grown-ups and children with their belongings, always in the direction of the setting sun. Men ride towards the town, taking sacks of corn along with them. Others bring back boxes filled with all sorts of wonders.

Soldiers go by, too, from time to time; Father says they are on their way home from the war. Once there comes a man in such splendid clothes—Mother says they are made of wool. He talks to Father about the rich



soil of the Far West, and how cheap land is out there.

The children are not allowed to play in the road as long as they would like. Their mother calls them home, sets them to weed the garden, to pick mushrooms and gather berries. These she dries and stores up for the winter. When the boy is six or seven, his father takes him into the fields, not to play but to do his share in planting. It's tiring work, but one must learn to do it well.

At home, Sarah helps her mother milk the cows, and she spins of an evening. But on Sundays they sit in front of the cabin, and their mother, who has a lovely voice, though not a very strong one, sings to them.

Sometimes she tells them Bible tales, for she has the wonderful memory of an illiterate. Throughout his life the lad's speech will smack of the Scriptural phraseology which becomes so familiar to him in early youth. Father sits by, smoking as he listens.

Comparing the two, the boy cannot but be drawn more to his mother. She is gentler, younger; and, though quite as tall as her husband, she seems more winsome. He studies her shrewdly but unobtrusively; notes the sallowness of her skin, sees that her features are pinched; looks into her sad eyes. His heart is touched, and he understands why she is inclined to sing slow and mournful songs.

ONE Sunday, however, when they all go to visit friends in the village, he is surprised to see her among the merriest in the company. She outdances the rest as if nothing could tire her. This is his first acquaintance with alternations of mood from sad to gay and back again. Something stirs dimly in the depths within him, where he feels, with a budding alarm, that his mother, too, must have hidden depths in her nature.

Now and again, he goes with her to a neighboring

farm, where she sits and sews. These folks have a big house. The kitchen alone is larger than the whole cabin at home. Upstairs are two rooms in which there are real beds—Father made them.

Why should Father and Mother work for other people? Because the carpentry and the needlework bring in money, which will buy a new horse. Why have the others more money? Because they are rich. Why? No answer.

The boy's wonderment grows as he studies these and other neighbors. An uncle and an aunt have come to live near by. He is especially fond of Auntie Sparrow. She is a lively woman, brisk in her movements, clever, solidly built, gray-headed, in better health than his mother. She has fine things to tell the children, for in her youth she traveled far afield and saw some of the happenings in the great war when the Americans gave the English a thrashing.

THE children sometimes ask Father and Mother what they did when they were young. Their mother says her forbears came from Pennsylvania, a long way off. Her grandfather was a Quaker, a good man, very pious. But when the little boy asks about her mother, and where auntie came from, she gives evasive answers.

Their father is more communicative. Fond as he is of hunting, he is even fonder of telling the children about earlier days. This time he has a story about the Indians. A good while back his folk had come here from Virginia; really, like Mother's, they had sprung from the North, and had no truck with the South.

When he was a little boy, no bigger than Sonny now (Sonny who listens with all his ears, staring at his father and pursing his lips), the Indians were on the warpath against the white men. One day he was in the forest with his father and his brother, near the cabin,

Raftsmen, witnesses the Sale of a Naked Slave Girl



when a shot rang out. Father fell; brother ran home for help; he was left alone, for Father did not stir after the redskins shot him. Father was dead.

The redskins came out from among the trees and wanted to carry off the youngster, who cried and struggled. Brother came back with a musket and killed one of the braves. Then there was shooting all over the place, and the child ran back to the log hut.

THE little boy has listened breathlessly to his father's tale. If grandfather, after whom he was called Abraham, was killed by the Indians, the same thing might happen to Father any day! The father laughs, saying that new times have come now.

How splendidly Father tells a story, think the children. But he cannot read, and he laughs at Mother when she says that learning to read is a good thing. He can make cupboards and window frames, can shoot, can fell trees; what does he want with book learning?

Still, he would like to be able to read, thinks the little boy—and write too, like aunt! He goes to school now, four miles there and back, and when it rains he might just as well go barefoot, for all his moccasins do to keep his feet dry.

The school is a log hut, scarcely larger than the cabin at home, with a dirt floor, but with windows and a big hearth. Teacher is a clergyman. A book is passed from hand to hand. Teacher shows them the letters, makes them spell out the words, over and over and over again.

So that's reading, is it? Letters and words; nothing like a story yet. As for writing like Aunt Sparrow, they have not even begun to learn it.

But this year brings other new events: his father has been appointed road surveyor. The little boy, going to town sometimes with Father, hears talk of Indiana,

a wonderfully fertile land northwest of Kentucky; and of the Ohio, the great river which flows between the two states.

As road surveyor, Father sometimes has constabulary duties to perform; and, having a taste for any kind of occupation rather than carpentering at home, he gets about a good deal—made welcome everywhere because he is a good story-teller. The boy is quick to notice when a story is a little different at a second telling!

When Father meets a negro, he asks the man to show his papers—a permit entitling him to travel. "Why?" asks the boy. "You can't understand that yet."

At Hodgenville, once, some prisoners are put in his father's charge. What are prisoners? Bad men, in irons.

The child is horrified at the fierce faces of these bad men, who scowl at the supervisor as, with a huge rusty key, he opens the door of the dark little lockup and motions them in. There they remain, behind a barred door.

Bad men? The boy's heart goes out to them, all the same. So there are some folks who put iron chains on other folks' feet? That's even worse than that there should be rich people for whom Father must make chairs and Mother sew before we can buy meal and salt.

A LOT more to see and to think about this summer! Father fells some of the tallest trees. With the ax, sharpened from time to time with the whetstone tied to his belt, he cuts into the old giants close above the roots. Why? We've got a house already! That's going to be a raft. What is a raft? A big flat sort of ship which can float down-river to the sea. Where is the sea? 'Way down south.

The boy can hold the cords now, can help a little in the making of the raft; can (Continued on page 211)

When I began.



“I spent all my time in the Court room. In this way I became familiar with the practical side of law.”

IN THE development of every boy who is going to amount to anything there comes a time when he emerges from his immature ways and by the greater precision of his thought and action realizes that he has begun to find himself. Such a transition finally came to me. It was not accidental but the result of hard work.

If I had permitted my failures, or what seemed to me at the time a lack of success, to discourage me I cannot see any way in which I would ever have made progress. If we keep our faith in ourselves, and what is even more important, keep our faith in regular and persistent application to hard work we need not worry about the outcome.

During my first two years at Amherst I studied hard but my marks were only fair. It needed some encouragement from my father for me to continue. In junior year, however, my powers began to increase and my work began to improve. My studies became more interesting.

I found the course in history under Professor Anson D. Morse was very absorbing. His lectures on medieval and modern Europe were inspiring, seeking to give his students not only the facts of past human experience but also their meaning.

He was very strong on the political side of history, bringing before us the great figures from Charlemagne to Napoleon with remarkable distinctness, and showing us the influence of the Great Gregory and Innocent III.

A Chapter in the Calvin

Illustrations by

The work of Abélard and Erasmus was considered and the important era of Luther and Calvin thoroughly explored.

In due time we crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror and learned how he subdued and solidified the Kingdom of England. The significance of the long struggle with the Crown before the Parliament finally reached a position of independence was disclosed, and the slow growth of a system of liberty under the law until at last it was firmly established was carefully explained. We saw the British Empire rise until it ruled the seas.

The brilliance of the statesmanship of the different periods, the rugged character of the patriotic leaders, of Anselm and Simon de Montfort, of Cromwell and the Puritans, who dared to oppose the tyranny of the kings, the growth of learning, the development of commerce, the administration of justice,—all these and more were presented for our consideration. Whatever was essential to a general comprehension of European history we had.

But it was when he turned to the United States that Professor Morse became most impressive. He placed particular emphasis on the era when our institutions had their beginning.

Washington was treated with the greatest reverence, and a high estimate was placed on the statesmanlike qualities and financial capacity of Hamilton, but Jefferson was not neglected. In spite of his many vagaries it was shown that in saving the nation from the danger of falling under the domination of an oligarchy, and in establishing a firm rule of the people which was forever to remain, he vindicated the soundness of our political institutions.

The whole course was a thesis on good citizenship

much, boss, just wheah was y'-all allowin' to go f'om heah?"

Darricott gave the dusky exile Rachel's address. It was greeted with opposition on her.

"I won't go home. If Murr sees you she'll grab you. If Dad sees you, he'll mur'r you—an' me, too. He don't like to see me drunk. Nei'r do I, but I got to get drunk or go jump off somethin'."

"Where do you want to go, darling?" said Jamie. "A nice ride around Grant's Tomb would be nice."

"Gran' Stoom!" she shrieked. "He wants to take me to Gran' Stoom and set it on top of me, I s'pose, and leave me there."

She wept so pitifully that he took her in his arms, and said:

"You name the place, honey."

She dazed him by answering: "I want to go to your home and be with you f'rever 'never."

Darricott sighed, and gave the driver his number. Rachel moaned comfortably and apparently dropped off to sleep in bliss.

Sibyl whispered to him: "Just drop me anywhere and I'll take a taxi to my hotel."

Darricott whispered back in horror: "You can't leave me now. You've got to come along. Can't you see that you have?"

Sibyl nodded. It was a glorious climax to her project of seeing New York in the company of the dangerous Darricott. She was seeing a good deal of it, but not of the sort she had expected, and she had not expected to finish the night

as nurse to a half-witted young maniac in a strange apartment.

Still, the drunkards rule the world and make all the sobards wait upon them. When the cab stopped, she held Rachel while Darricott paid the driver.

Then he thrust his arm under Rachel's cloak, clasped her round the waist, and with Sibyl in similar position on the other side managed to negotiate the heavy doorway. The door man had long since gone to bed and the night clerk was busy at the telephone. He did not even glance up as Darricott and Sibyl whisked Rachel past him.

The elevator man looked a little startled, but Darricott glared him down, and they sidled in with Rachel, who grew strangely beautiful, strangely innocent and precious, as she hung upon their arms, something as pathetic as the mad Ophelia drowned and dead.

On the sidewalk, Sibyl had gained a faint impression that the building she was entering was distinctly tall, but it seemed the elevator would never stop boring toward the sky. She watched the floor numerals snowing downward one after another until twenty had vanished. The rest of them increased her feeling that she was bewitched and entering a realm of delirium where yet more insane things would happen.

Thirty! Thirty-one!! Thirty-two!!! Thirty-three!! Thirty-four! Thirty-five.

She gave up counting, just as the door slid back and Darricott mumbled:

"We're here!"

But where was here?

Sibyl Page finds that "seeing New York" with Jamie Darricott is a more strenuous business than she had bargained for—in Rupert Hughes' Novel of Fashionable Life Next Month

The Story of Lincoln (Continued from page 31)

think he is helping to push the raft off the shore of Knob Creek, which runs into Salt River, as Salt River runs into the great Ohio. His father rolls ten barrels down to the creek and loads them on the raft. They are full of whisky.

Mother is always sighing these days, and at length the children learn why. Father has sold their cabin and the farm. He is going to move to Indiana, where the land is much richer. To work little and earn easily is what he likes. The sale has brought in the ten barrels of whisky and twenty dollars in cash. Who knows what good fortune may be waiting for them over there in the northwest?

At last everything is ready. They stand on the bank, waving farewell. He pushes off, steers with a newly made oar, and is soon lost in the distance.

Ere long, however, he is back again, with much to tell them about his journey. He is in a laughing humor and declares that Indiana is a paradise.

Autumn comes; rainy weather. They pack up their belongings: pots and pans, tools, coverlets, clothing; all is loaded on two horses. Mother and sis climb on top of one load; Father takes the little boy in front of him on the other. Off they go, in the direction they had watched so many others go before them.

The journey takes five days. At night Father keeps watch while Mother and the two children sleep on a bed of branches and leaves. There are still wild beasts in these parts, and wild men to fear.

Their new home in Pigeon Creek is to be larger and better lighted than the cabin in Kentucky was. They have all set to work together to build it, the

father and his relatives, camping meanwhile as best they can in a pole shed run up near at hand. The boy is glad when he sees his father cutting fallen trees and making the cabin bigger, and, also, he is happy that it has a loft beneath the roof.

Father is always cheerful now. Luck has turned, and he's going to get rich. There is fine hunting here; the land is full of game. The new farm is on a little hill, surrounded by swampy thickets. The spring is rather far off, too. Nearly a mile for the children to fetch water.

The boy, who is eight now, sleeps in the loft, clambering up by rungs which Father has nailed to the wall. That is easy, and great fun.

More life and movement here than at the old home; Mother's parents, the old Sparrows, have come to Indiana, bringing along their adopted son, Dennis Hanks, a youth of eighteen.

They have to live pretty close together, these relatives. The country is much wilder; there are bears in the woods, and a man was killed by them not long ago. A fire is kept burning day and night in front of the pole shed where they live until the cabins are finished, partly to scare away the beasts and partly to make things warmer and drier.

The region is marshy; horses and cattle sicken, and men are struck down with fever; the children have to take Peruvian bark, to keep off malaria.

Then comes an October, two years after the arrival at the new home, when a malignant fever breaks out, striking down beast and man. Send for the doctor? The nearest doctor lives thirty-five miles away and has his hands full in his own district.

No Mother to guide them

PUPPIES' lives are not made up altogether of joyful yelps and the ecstatic chewing up of hats and over-shoes. Puppies have their troubles. Indeed, every year thousands of them die for no better reason than that their owners didn't know how to care for them. One of the most general ailments to which puppies are subject is Worms. All puppies should be wormed soon after weaning. For this purpose use Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules, and for worms in older dogs, use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules.

It is an easy matter to find out how to care for dogs and how to treat their ailments.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, every-day language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on how to feed, train and raise puppies and dogs. This book is revised yearly and kept strictly up-to-date. It has been the guide for millions of dog owners and it has saved the lives of unnumbered thousands of valuable animals. It is free.

Expert Advice Free

Our expert veterinarian cared for the health of the dog teams of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition before their departure. He will answer, without charge, questions about your dog's health. Write fully. The Byrd Antarctic Expedition is using Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food exclusively for their dogs. These same tested and reliable products are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

Mail This Coupon!

Polk Miller Products Corp.,

177 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

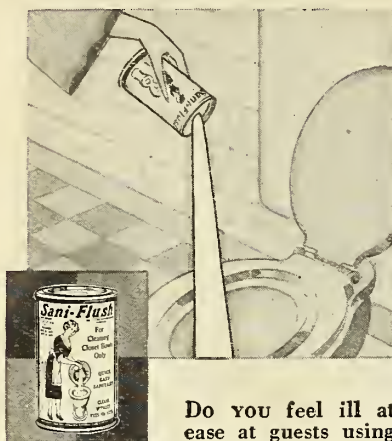
Please send me Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents, FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., Toronto

Do you apologize to guests?



Do you feel ill at ease at guests using your bathroom? You have put out dainty towels. The bath, the lavatory are spotless. What about the toilet, is it noticeably stained and discolored? Sani-Flush will make that immaculate too.

Sani-Flush is so easy to use! Just sprinkle it in the bowl, following the directions on the can, and flush. The job is done. Pleasantly and thoroughly. Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the entire toilet, even the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Use Sani-Flush frequently in summer. It is harmless to plumbing. Keep a can on hand all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H-610, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-610,
Drexel Avenue and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Architect | Electrical Engineer |
| Building Contractor | General Education |
| Automobile Engineer | Lawyer |
| Civil Engineer | Mach. Shop Practice |
| Structural Engineer | Mechanical Engineer |
| Business Manager | Steam Engineer |
| C. P. A. & Auditor | Draftsman & Designer |
| Bookkeeper | High School Graduate |

Name..... Age.....

St. and No.....

Town..... State.....

Neighbors die. Grandfather and Grandmother Sparrow die on their leaf-beds in the pole shed. Then comes Mother's turn. She has a lean, ill-nourished frame, inclining to consumption, apparently lacking the will-to-live, and the illness has its way with her. The boy, nearly ten now, stands by the pallid woman's couch and cannot help her, or himself. He watches his father's tears falling.

When his mother has been laid in her coffin and the coffin has been put away under the sod, when he comes back to look at the empty couch, the thoughtful boy is overwhelmed with a great loneliness. His father is no longer dear to him. If, as happens sometimes, Father gives him a rough word he recalls that his mother has always been gentle to him.

In her melancholy moods, she had sometimes looked steadfastly at him, as if thinking that he was growing up to resemble her. The sense that there had been a secret sympathy between them (a sympathy which had perhaps existed only in his imagination) springs up in his mind and becomes intensified by his sorrow. It is to last all his life. The proneness of reflective and serious natures to long for the unattainable and the irrevocable makes him cherish the memory of his mother and increases his spells of melancholy.

LINCOLN'S STEPMOTHER

A year later, the father sets out on a journey; says he is off to town and will not be back for some time. Maybe he tells the children he is going to bring them a new mother, or perhaps his cousin has overheard some discussion. Certainly the thoughtful boy, eleven years old now, spends an uneasy fortnight, for he has heard plenty of stories about stepmothers.

Then comes the evening in December when the father returns. Four horses draw the wagon that brings him back from Kentucky, well-fed horses and a smart wagon. The children's hearts are fluttering with anxiety. What will she be like?

A strong, bright-looking, rather talkative woman gets out; she has curly hair and a friendly countenance; but who are those others? No less troubled than the two children peeping over the fence are the three children peeping from under the cover of the wagon; perhaps the father is the most embarrassed of all.

However, he brings the strange youngsters in, and introduces them as John, Sarah and Matilda. Another Sarah! Abe and his Sarah have little time to think about this at the moment. Their father is unloading boxes and baskets, unwrapping furniture, producing a polished wardrobe, and real beds!

In a few days, those who had made acquaintance so shyly are playing together in friendly fashion. Abe and Sarah learn that their new mother likewise is named Sarah. This third Sarah gets to work promptly, setting matters to rights. The cracks between the logs must be filled up with clay; the table must be planed; and soon Abraham, still sleeping in the loft, does so on a sure-enough bedstead, with John Johnston beside him.

Johnston had been his father's name, says the stepbrother; dead only last autumn. Then Father must have known my new mother a good while back, thinks the youngster, puzzling matters out for himself.

Although there is no evidence that the second Mrs. Lincoln can read, she values book learning and is set upon it that all the children shall go to school. This endears her to the boy, for he has long

been eager to win the power of mining the treasures that must lie buried in books. Especially has he felt this desire burn within him when listening to the conversation of the parson, the land surveyor, or the lawyer who sometimes passes by on his circuit.

His father is still determined that Abe shall be a carpenter and nothing more. He has got on famously himself without book learning, he says, and laughs at the new mother when she speaks of its advantages. Tom Lincoln is of sanguine temperament, prone to look upon the world through colored glasses.

They go to church on Sundays. It is a bald, bare-looking place. Often one of the congregation addresses the rest, but the children find it hard to understand. At school, however, Abe makes good progress and soon learns to write as well as to read.

He can swing an ax now, being tall and strong for his age, a boy on whom the father has come to depend. Father and son go out shooting together. Abe must learn how to use a gun. Wild turkeys! A fine fellow, close at hand. Aim and fire!

He does so, and the bird lies on the ground. He steps up to his victim. Suddenly the boy takes fright. He has, for the first time in his life, realized the formidable power which one living creature can arrogate over another. No longer does he think with anticipatory delight of the flavor of the Sunday roast.

Horror-stricken, he hands the weapon back to his father, who is surprised but keeps his own counsel. Still, he is probably annoyed when his boy, who has the makings of a good shot, refuses henceforward to shoulder a firearm. What! to live in the West, to be big and strong and yet refuse to be a hunter?

Is the youth thinking about the prisoners? Is he comparing one creature's lot with another's? Is he vainly seeking light in the darkness? Never again did Abraham Lincoln fire a shot at a living thing.

The pleasantest thing in the world is to ride off to the mill. Such a lot of folk are there, and all of them with plenty of time on their hands, waiting their turn. The horses take turns too, harnessed to the pole that drives the mill. General conversation goes on, and a boy can learn a lot. They talk of the Presidential election, and what is likely to be the result. The lad has heard about this matter before, in church. Now he asks his father, who declares himself of the same way of thinking as some of the Methodists. They want the slaves to be freed and say that a Christian should not keep another man enslaved.

Abe is glad to hear his father talk like that. He often watches his father unnoticed, takes heed of Tom Lincoln's sayings and doings.

The boy learns that his father's brothers have all got on in the world, are prosperous men with large farms—and have no interest in poor relations. He hears strange things from his cousin Dennis and ponders them deeply.

Dennis tells him that Father has married his employer's niece. And he says that Father had wanted Sarah Bush first of all for his wife, but she had married Johnston because Johnston was better off. Then Father had married Abe's real mother, and Tom Lincoln and Sarah Johnston had only come together when first wife and first husband were dead.

Queer thoughts buzz in the boy's developing brain. His own mother, it

seems, had been the wrong wife for Father. Was that why she had been so sad? Yet Abe loves his new mother, who shows no favor among the children and is equally kind to all. Meditating these things, he at length falls asleep beside "Brother" John, with whom he is not connected by any tie of blood.

Whatever chance brings to him out here in the West opens large fields of knowledge to him like the peep through a half-opened door. "Pilgrim's Progress" gives the impetus to his first thoroughgoing self-examination. "Robinson Crusoe" is but an intensified description of his own frontier life; the Bible ever and again comes back to him, an eternal melody, from earliest childhood.

Other books are brought to the house by passing visitors. Æsop's Fables is one of them, his first introduction to genial satire of human weaknesses; it sharpens his wits, and at the same time quickens his sympathies.

Weems' "Life of Washington" and also his life of Franklin, with their stories of the War of Independence, furnish him with an abundance of anecdotal material such as hitherto he has had only from his father's story-telling. At times a parcel comes from town wrapped in an old newspaper, this wrapper supplying him with information on current topics.

Unceasingly, in the conversations to which he listens, in the scraps of newspaper he glances at, comes up the topic of the slaveholding South; and in the little church that is built not far from his home at Pigeon Creek, when he is fourteen years old, much is said about slavery. He cannot understand it all yet, cannot see his way clear; but he sits for hours, trying to puzzle things out.

In the church, a log house like the others, the minister reads the Scriptures, by firelight in winter; and the congregation sings psalms and hymns. At home, too, there is much saying of prayers. Yet these religious exercises seem to have less influence upon him than do his own chance explorations of the human mind.

A man of wide experience, a man of insight, meeting him at this stage, will be inclined to regard him as a budding poet or an imaginative writer in the making. And that he is. He writes verses and reads them to his friend. He ponders deeply over the things he reads.

Year by year the range of his experience widens, though socially it is so narrow. Still, he sometimes goes down to the Ohio, where there is much traffic. Southward go the traders when they want to sell their produce; there is a brisk demand for produce in the South, and plenty of money, for cotton is king there—cotton grown by slave labor.

Continually his thoughts turn toward the South. He notices how much the river folk talk of the South; some with a sort of dread, it seems, and some with uneasy consciences. He grows aware of these things as he waits on the bank of the river, ready to turn a hand at anything, questioning all and sundry.

ADOLESCENCE

At sixteen, he is so strong that he is spoken of as the best axman in the district. At seventeen, he is six feet four inches tall. In a third school, which he now has a chance of attending for a few months, he has some more training of the old-fashioned kind—in the three R's, and yet his total days at school do not amount to a full year.

Though he has learned to write fluently, his hands are calloused, being less used to handling the pen than saw or plane, plow or ax—especially the last.

He is a powerful boy, so his father hires him out for a wage of twenty-five cents a day, the father pocketing the money.

He devotes more and more time to meditation as the years go by. Sitting or lying stretched out suits him better than walking or riding. His daily work means tough exertion, and he does not care for it much. Malaria and spare diet have left him lean, a lanky giant with a narrow but well-rounded chest. His shoulders droop forward; and his face is dry and sallow and early wrinkled, and coarse of feature.

The girls, likely enough, don't think much of Abraham's looks. They are not impressed by the heroic structure of his head, by the virile strength of his great nose; nor do they understand the mute earnestness of his narrow lips, the taciturn eloquence of his questioning gray eyes. They see nothing but that he is gawky and odd; and they can appreciate Tom Lincoln's description of Abe, in images drawn from the carpenter's handicraft: "He looked as if he had been rough-hewn with an ax and needed smoothing with a jack plane."

Once when he had seen some of his schoolfellows torturing a mud turtle—they had lighted a fire on its back—he raged against them and later wrote an essay against cruelty to animals. Probably this was his first literary effort; at about the same time, he penned a screed against drunkenness. This strange lad wants to help both man and beast.

Because at seventeen he has suffered many an injustice or has often felt the injustice of a poor boy's lot, he is ready to turn his bodily powers to account when he can ward off injustice from another. Since his mind is thus attuned, he is an attentive member of the audience when a court is held in a neighboring village. On hearing a noted lawyer plead, he even makes up his mind some day to rival this great man's eloquence.

In order to earn a little extra money that may give him a measure of freedom he must use the strength of his arm, not the cunning of the writer's hand. It takes a strong arm to row two travelers with a lot of baggage halfway across the Ohio that they may catch a steamer. Each throws him a piece of silver.

Two half-dollars! Young Lincoln never has dreamed of getting so much pay for so brief a spell of work. It is an experience he will not forget.

When he is seventeen and Sarah nineteen, his sister is to be married. Perhaps he sees the papers relating to the affair. A point they cannot but bring to his notice has probably arrested his attention earlier. With his passion for inquiries and comparisons, he can hardly have failed, ere this, to discuss with his cousins the history of their family.

He must have lighted on the inexplicable fact that, whereas his maternal grandparents had been called Sparrow, his mother, before marrying Tom Lincoln, had been known by the name of Nancy Hanks. He must have detected Aunt Sparrow's embarrassment when he questioned her about this.

In the end, indubitably, the youth learned what had been hidden from the child. "Granny" had in truth been his mother's aunt. His real grandmother was Aunt Sparrow herself.

Why had there been a mystery made of this? What lay behind? He was now told the amazing truth.

His mother, whose memory he revered, was the natural daughter of Lucy Hanks. Lucy's parents, rigid moralists, had refused to have anything more to do with her after her slip, but had adopted the illegitimate girl.

Bob coaxes for a lesson on Saturdays!



"You wouldn't believe it. And neither would I three months ago. You see, we had been worrying about Bob's school for ages.

"Gone all day, learning we didn't know just what, long hours indoors, trips back and forth in any kind of weather . . . well, naturally he was tired and didn't have much interest in studying in the evenings.

"So we decided to try the Calvert Home Instruction Courses. The famous day school in Baltimore that sends its courses all over the world, you know. Just think of having Bob home all day . . . and learning more than when he went to school!

"All you do is follow the daily outline . . . anyone can do it. And we're easily through by noon . . . so more playtime outdoors.

"I never knew school books could be interesting," he said naively the other night. That's the secret. Calvert lessons keep the child interested all the time. Of course, the individual instruction . . . no class to keep pace with . . . helps too.

"Bob really is finding that he has a mind of his own. He loves Art, History, and Nature Study. Yes, he's even learning to write compositions . . . right along with his three 'R's'."

"I don't know what school you're sending your children to now . . . and I hope you won't mind my saying so, but . . . you really don't know what your youngsters are missing if you haven't tried the Calvert courses!"

For 32 years the Calvert School in Baltimore has successfully educated children from Kindergarten to High School. Thousands of parents have taken advantage of the Home Instruction Department. Daily lessons, books and personal guidance are supplied every home pupil. Thorough preparation for High School is accomplished in six years . . . besides the necessary fundamentals, a delightful fund of information about scientific, general and cultural subjects is given. Calvert Home Instruction Courses are under the supervision of V. M. Hillyer, A.B., Harvard, author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," "Common Trees," is Headmaster. His latest book, "A Child's Geography," presents this subject in a manner that will fascinate every child.

Fill out the coupon below. Find out more about these courses which make children want to learn.

CALVERT SCHOOL
59 W. Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me full information regarding your Home Instruction Courses.

Name _____
Address _____





Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE
new
BOOKLET
"GOOD-BYE
FRECKLES"

STILLMAN CO.
14 Rosemary Lane
Aurora, Illinois

Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Corns go after this amazing liquid

ONE drop of this new formula and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Lucy's sister, Elizabeth Hanks, married to a man named Thomas Sparrow, had no children and had brought up little Nancy as her own. These had been Abe's ostensible grandparents. In due course Lucy Hanks had married Thomas Sparrow's brother Henry, and had borne him nine children.

Who, then, had his grandfather been? He learned that Lucy Hanks had lived in Virginia as a girl, during the years when the War of Independence was drawing to a close. From his study of the "Life of Washington," Abraham had learned how in those days the South was full of soldiers and adventurers.

That a girl of strong passions should find herself with child was easy enough to understand. He had known of such things before, among his neighbors. A slip of the kind would be covered up by the marriage of the pair, and the scandal speedily would be forgotten.

WHO WAS HIS GRANDFATHER?

This was a different matter. When Abe had learned all that he was permitted to know about the change of grandmothers, he naturally came to the conclusion that his maternal grandfather must have been a Southerner. An officer? Likely enough. A gentleman? Probably. Perhaps even a slave owner!

The young man's brain simmers with the problems thus awakened. He will never cease turning them over in his mind; and after many years will confide to a friend that he ascribes his peculiarities and his gifts to inheritance from the unknown grandfather.

For the nonce, however, all he feels is that the ground is rocking beneath his feet. His temperamental melancholy is intensified into depression, and there is an enhancement of the sense of loss and loneliness from which he has long suffered. His stepmother is good to him, but she is not his mother; "granny" had not been his grandmother; his father's first wife had not been the woman Tom Lincoln had coveted.

Now, when his sister weds Aaron Grigsby, and he writes the wedding song, Abe notices that the Grigsby parents, who are well-to-do and think themselves fine folks, look down upon their daughter-in-law.

Next year his sister Sarah dies in childbed. It is current talk that she dies because her strength has been sapped by overwork. Enough, this, to concentrate the young man's ire.

These feelings might have given birth to a longing for vengeance, to an impulse towards revolt. Lincoln, however, is of the reflective type, is more inclined to study men than to lead them, is a teller of tales rather than a reformer, so that the bitter experiences of his youth, though developing his irony, serve but to broaden his sympathies.

He would find it more congenial to help the oppressed than to punish the oppressor; and all that he learns in the world of thought and in the world of action will (thanks to this appreciation of human rights and human worth) make of him one who always compares a neighbor's humiliations and sorrows with his own.

The outside world is booming on its course; soon its call will sound for youth a-waiting. Young Lincoln has proved his strength and skill on the river, and now a rich farmer hires him to take produce to New Orleans. Here is a chance to see the Mississippi, and perhaps even the sea.

Abe is ready and willing. He and the farmer's son make a flatboat; on his

broad shoulders he carries pork, flour, bacon and corn down to the river to sell in the South, and in return bring back cotton, tobacco and sugar.

When they reach Cairo, where the Ohio ends, the Father of Rivers, yellow, incredibly wide, opens to their sight.

Wider and wider grows the gigantic stream, hotter the days, steamier the nights, and perhaps the poet's mind of the young steersman ponders: "Is this life?" He certainly for the first time has a picture of life's unceasing movement spread before his gaze when they reach the end of their journey.

He and his companion have landed their freight, and now tread the streets of the great city. Whites, blacks and mulattoes swarm everywhere; Europeans in strange costumes drive past; women, gayly dressed, laugh and fan themselves. They all seem merry, hopeful, enjoying life to the full. But the blacks?

A placarded advertisement catches his eye: "I will at all times pay the highest cash prices for negroes of every description, and will also attend to the sale of negroes on commission, having a jail and yard fitted up expressly for boarding them." At the next corner, another: "One hundred dollars' reward for return of a bright mulatto man slave, named Sam; light sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion—is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man."

So these are the disinherited, thinks the youthful traveler. Hunted like stray dogs, auctioned like horses, prisoned like criminals. The things he has heard his father talking about at home, has had attested by the minister, has read of in the newspapers—these things now take living shape before him.

A few days later he returns upstream. When he gets home after three months' absence, he is richer by an unrivaled experience, and by twenty-four dollars.

At home, things are astir. Relatives who live farther west, in Illinois, have brought news of a real paradise. The soil is fertile; it is a place where a man can soon make his fortune.

Perhaps they have told a flattering tale in order to better their own lot by promoting an influx of neighbors; if so, they gain their end, for many of the disappointed Indiana settlers lend ready ears, and fourteen people migrate, making for new homes near Decatur.

Thomas Lincoln has relatives over there and, restless man that he is, eager for novelty, always hoping for better luck next time, pays no heed to warnings that fever is troublesome in Illinois. He sells his farm for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and his wife, who had inherited a farm in Kentucky when her first husband died, disposes of it for one hundred and twenty-three dollars. And now with all their possessions packed in two wagons, and with fourteen head of farming stock traveling behind, they start on their great journey.

Abraham, on whose strength and skill they all count, is to drive one of the wagons. Abe, now showing a practical turn of mind, invests his savings (over thirty dollars) in "notions" to peddle on the way. He buys pins and needles, buttons, suspenders and so on, the most expensive item being a set of knives and forks.

At length they reach Decatur, and four miles beyond they are hospitably welcomed by their kin. Abraham is in high fettle, having peddled his stock for more than double what it cost him. Folks are livelier here, it seems; there is an atmosphere of hope. As soon as a log house can be built all will go well.

Look at our twenty-one-year-old giant as he stands felling trees for the new home. In the evening he harnesses the oxen to them and drags them off to the cabin site. With mighty strokes he splits some of them into rails for fencing.

Home? How was he, who four times in twenty years had left land and cabin behind, to have a home-sense—he to whom Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois were naught but fleeting pictures? Lincoln's home was America.

He can earn more here than he had in Indiana, soon being in much demand among the settlers on account of his strength. In the first weeks of his stay he has won a victory in wrestling with the local champion, stabilizing his fame.

One day when the Sangamon River is in flood, two men in a canoe are upset and only save themselves from drowning by clinging to a half-submerged tree. Lincoln gets out to them on a log, and rescues both of them. The fame of this and like exploits spreads through the settlement, where everything is still fresh and new, where as yet there are no traditions, where no one is distinguished for wealth or greatness.

Need we be surprised that he, with a leaning toward story-telling, should soon begin to make speeches to his neighbors?

At present, however, he is famous for brawn rather than for brains. A neighboring farmer has had proof of his helpfulness when there is trouble, of his strength and skill, and has doubtless heard of Lincoln's successful trip to New Orleans. Now this man, Offutt by name, sends him South in command of a large flatboat. He is to have sixteen dollars a month.

His father would be glad to keep him at home, as he is the strongest and probably the cheapest hand on the farm, but the youth has made up his mind to go. He sets off with his cousin in a canoe, clad in jeans of blue homespun, jacket, vest and pantaloons, the latter tucked into the tops of his rawhide boots. Thus attired, he waves goodbye and slips away from the home he has helped to build, never again to live under his father's roof, never again to dwell in a log cabin.

Spring has come, and he is twenty-two years old. Lincoln has done with life as a farmer.

AT THE SLAVE MARKET

Immediately the two cousins began to build the flatboat which is to carry them down the river with Offutt's goods. It takes some weeks before the loaded boat leaves for the South, but almost at the start it narrowly escapes being wrecked. Abe carefully navigates his rescued vessel southward, to pay his second visit to New Orleans. This time he stays a month.

The first thing he sees, or at least the most impressive experience he has, is the slave market.

In front of him stands the slave dealer, dressed in startling clothes, noisy and swaggering. He holds a small whip, with which he points to the half-naked negroes as they slowly file round the hall. All wear shackles on their legs, and if one of them stops moving, he is berated by the dealer or an assistant, or given a cut with the whip.

Among them is a mulatto girl, slender, delicately built. Her appearance pleases the gentleman mightily. At a sign from the dealer, she, too, shackled and all but naked, steps out of the ranks; he displays this treasure to the customers, makes her move to and fro that she may exhibit her girlish charm. The customers bid briskly against one another.

The tall stranger from Indiana trembles. He is shaken to the core by the spectacle.

Memories of his straitened upbringing, musings as to his father's lot and his mother's, wrestle in his mind with speculations concerning the personality of his unknown grandfather. That progenitor may have been just such a man as these!

His heart is racked. All his sympathy goes out to the fettered, half-naked slaves; possibly wrath against the buyers, richly clad freemen, surges up within him. Sorrowfully he turns to leave the auction mart.

Lincoln's companion Hanks, on one of the New Orleans trips, reports: "His heart bled; he said nothing much; was silent; looked bad . . . It run its iron in him then and there. He said to me, 'I would not be a slave, but neither would I be a slave owner!'"

Lincoln works his way back up the Mississippi as stoker. On the hot June evenings when he mounts the iron ladder from the engine room and sees the passengers drinking and laughing, we may well suppose that he is deeply stirred, that he meditates upon class privileges and slavery.

Offutt, greatly impressed by the talents of his flatboat man, engages him for the new store he intends to open in New Salem, sends him on in advance, and after a short visit, Lincoln quits his paternal house forever. He has neither horse nor boat, so he walks mile after mile through the high prairie grass, towards his new home.

In New Salem he finds no Offutt and no store, so for a while there is nothing for him to do. But he soon makes friends, and as elections are approaching and the election clerk has left, Lincoln writes out the polling list, and so is at once introduced into local politics. When at last Offutt arrives, Lincoln helps as a carpenter with the building, makes the shelves and counters, and does a hundred and one odd jobs.

Finally the stock of goods arrives and is displayed, and at last the painted sign, "Denton Offutt," is nailed over the door. Now the young giant stands behind the counter, measuring cloth, weighing out coffee and nails.

Everyone in the district knows him, for Offutt has been blowing his trumpet about the storekeeper-to-be—much as the slave dealer had vaunted the charms of the mulatto girl. "He can outrun, outlift, outwrestle and outthrow any man, even Jack Armstrong!" Promptly a match is arranged; for, in a new settlement, wrestling bouts and drinking matches are the standard amusements.

Lincoln has seen the famous Armstrong before, a powerful, thickset fellow and an experienced wrestler. Strength and skill are unavailing, however, and the newcomer soon lays the local champion low. There is applause; but there are murmurs as well. Armstrong's friends declare that "Longshanks" (as they have nicknamed Lincoln) has not fought fair.

Now the vanquished wrestler, getting up from the ground, shakes hands with his adversary and declares himself honestly beaten. Henceforward the two men are fast friends and remain so, and in years to come destiny will bring the two together at a moment when Lincoln's shrewdness and eloquence will save the life of Armstrong's son.

Offutt thinks himself lucky in his store clerk. Does he not attract customers by his willingness to write letters for those unable to wield the pen? He neither smokes, nor chews, nor drinks; is never quarrelsome, despite his overwhelming strength; is happiest

New Personal Belt



Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price \$1, three for \$2. Write today.

Beltx

If not available at your favorite store—Write Direct



GLEN MARIANNE SHEA
Bell Telephone Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me _____ BELTX personal belts for which I enclose \$_____. It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. (\$1.00 for one; 3 for \$2.00).

Check Colors Desired ☐ Orchid ☐ Peach ☐ Flesh

Name _____

Address _____ 1173

FRECKLES



Remove
this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH



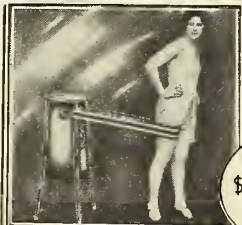
Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters, MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

CHAFING and RASHES

promptly relieved and healed by
a few applications of

Resinol



\$59.50 complete

A complete Reducer—
priced moderately!

Now you can own a Tower Console Exerciser and Reducer at \$59.50 complete—no extras to buy. Equipped with two belts. Adjustable speed and stroke. Mechanically perfect—beautifully finished. See it by all means today—at your dealer's.

TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
110 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

*Denver and
West
\$64.50

Tower

EXERCISER and REDUCER

when playing with children, letting them scramble over him as he lies on the ground, laughing when they tease him and pull him about. Above all, people prize him for his sterling honesty; he can always be trusted, and soon he becomes known as "Honest Abe."

One day a customer brings him tidings of an English grammar, at a farm six miles away. He at once walks over to borrow the book, and for the first time becomes acquainted with the systematization of his own language. An acquaintance lends him a volume of Gibbon; from the minister he gets another history book; he learns much from talks with the schoolmaster, and from questioning things and people.

It is natural that at the village meetings and at the local literary and debating society the long-limbed student should be expected to hold forth. He proves so successful as a speaker that ere long one of his hearers suggests that he should run for the Illinois legislature, seeing that in this new country there are so few capable men. He is dubious; and while he hesitates, circumstances push him in another direction.

The man who puts the thought of a political career into Abraham Lincoln's mind is James Rutledge; one of the earliest settlers, he helped to found New Salem and is owner of the mill, which he now leases to the enterprising Offutt. Rutledge also keeps a tavern where the young store clerk comes of an evening.

HIS FIRST SWEETHEART

There he finds, bent over her needlework, Rutledge's slim daughter, good-looking, with a delicate complexion and auburn hair. Unfortunately, eighteen-year-old Ann is not free; but it may well be that this barrier, this perilous freedom from risk, is the very thing required to stimulate the imagination of a young man who is shy with girls, of one used to wandering in a dreamland of fancy.

There is no chance for a poor lover against a rich betrothed, to say nothing of the fact that old Rutledge is well-to-do and will never give away his daughter for nothing. Young McNeil is rich. Coming from New York, he has made money in the West, and is worth twelve thousand dollars, it is said.

Maybe the queer lamp-post of a fellow, with a taste for reading and his own company, and a dread of girls, would have been content to go on casting sheep's eyes at the pretty young woman, would never have made any further advances, had not Offutt proved a broken reed, and had not life among these pioneers been so full of vicissitudes.

Next year, less than a twelvemonth after the founding of the store, Offutt goes bankrupt, and Herndon, owner of a rival establishment, buys shop and stock at a low figure. Since Herndon, likewise, is not financially stable, it is just as well that at this time the first steamboat comes up the river, and Lincoln is hired as pilot to steer it through the dangerous rapids. For the up-and-down voyage he gets a fee of forty dollars.

Once more he is at a loose end and can choose between the careers of pilot, store clerk, politician and soldier. For the moment he chooses that of politician.

His humble origin has its advantages and its drawbacks here. Everybody knows him, and many grin with pleasurable anticipation directly they catch sight of him, sure that he will tickle them with one of his whimsical anecdotes. But how can he win general



Sweet BREATH?

Takes 3 seconds to be
sure if you do this

THERE is now scientific and instant protection against bad breath. May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form... dainty little tablets that you carry with you, in a purse or pocket, always.

Not a candy. For that won't do. Not merely a perfume. For that simply cries out concealment.

A single tablet stops bad breath instantly, whether from mouth, stomach, food or smoking.

Get May-Breath at drug, cigar and confectionery counters. Costs only few cents.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form

WHEN writing to Schools of Nursing be sure to mention your age and give definite information about your education. If you want a school in a location not listed in this directory we shall be glad to help you.

Refer to the coupon on page 24.
COSMOPOLITAN
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
New York, N. Y.

Interior Decorating LEARN AT HOME

\$5,000 to \$10,000 per year
Take a high-salaried position, or start profitable business yourself in full or spare time. Prominent New York decorators teach you by mail. Inside methods for professional or home practice. First practical method. No special ability needed.

NEW BOOK FREE
Write postcard or letter for it today. Explains opportunities and new short cut method of entering lucrative profession. Get this book! National School of Interior Decoration
Dept. A 801
119 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

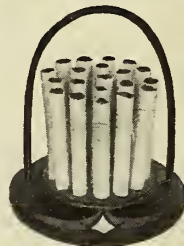
At Your Service

5818—Entertain?
Then offer the cigarettes in this attractive

Server

Made of wood, hand-decorated. Holds just 20.

Postpaid, \$1.00



Cigarette Snuffers

5816—Quaint characters, brass-footed to step on the ever-smoldering cigarette.

Set of 4, \$1.50

Send for 64-page Catalogue FREE
Gifts for children, for women and for menfolk—young and old. Established 1895.

POHLSON'S House of Gifts
Department 54 Pawtucket, R. I.

respect; how can he acquire a reputation for knowledge and solid ability?

Elections are still a simple matter in these days, and the young man of three-and-twenty must be his own election agent and canvasser. As he goes from farm to farm and lends a hand in the work, he does it so naturally and in so friendly a fashion that no one feels he is merely trying to worm his way into people's good graces. In the evenings at the inn, there are wrestling matches and drinking bouts, and between them the candidate mounts a table to speak.

How can he fail to please? The fact that, despite his immense strength, he never willingly harms man or beast means more to these level-headed farmers than it would to sophisticated townsmen. They think it a strange contradiction, of course, ascribing it to his better education, which will make him fit for the legislature.

They have seen for themselves that he spends much of his time reading; they have heard for themselves how good he is at spinning a yarn: they are confident, therefore, that he will be able to make a speech. Of course, he's a queer-looking figure. His trouser legs are several inches too short; the sleeves of the gray checked coat are only halfway to his wrists, and the swallowtails are too short.

His voice is not altogether pleasing, for it is high-pitched and rather strident, but it improves as he goes on and forgets himself in the rush of oratory. Here we see Lincoln the born storyteller, rather than a man likely to become brilliant as a public speaker. He wants to share his information with others, not to instruct them; to convince his hearers, not to overpersuade them, wielding more influence in this way than the platform orator.

It does not matter much which party he joins. Up to his twentieth year he has called himself a Democrat, following the example of his father and cousins; but the brilliancy of Henry Clay's speeches, Webster's logic and pathos, now make him a Whig.

Lincoln is already what he will remain throughout life, conservative. Always, therefore, he speaks with well-nigh religious veneration of the fathers of his country, of those who established liberty and order, of those who so ably compacted a number of raw and youthful states into an organic whole.

Today, at the age of twenty-three, he ends his first extremely guarded speech with the laconic words: "My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal-improvements system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

THE WARRIOR

Black Hawk, the famous Indian chief, is at war with the whites, because he wishes to reclaim the land he sold to the government thirty years before. He raids the frontier country, and this news alarms people even at New Salem.

The shop has petered out, a new job has not yet been found, no one can tell how the election will turn, and if Lincoln potters about through the summer and is defeated at the polls, he will miss the chance of soldiering. Besides, the campaign is not likely to be a long one, and should it end before election day, his skill as an Indian fighter will help to win votes.

Lincoln, therefore, becomes one of a volunteer force which forms part of an army of sixteen hundred, and his company chooses him as its captain. He

never forgets this first popular election. Badiy provisioned and poorly equipped, they march westward by marshy tracks, across the rivers and the endless prairie. But he is familiar with hardships in the wilds, and they do not trouble him. Little is seen of the enemy, and after a month his company disbands.

What has Lincoln to do with war? He does not care for hunting or for fighting, does not even like to kill an animal, and when, after the disbanding of his company, he reenlists for another three weeks, it may be more from a sense of duty than from a lust for adventure, or perhaps from lack of anything better to do. Certainly he has no special talent for military command.

Once he is marching in company front across a field, and he comes to a gateway through which they must pass. For the life of him, he cannot recall the proper word of command to get his company "endwise," so at last he shouts: "This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!"

He has not had a chance of proving himself a hero. His most notable deed is the saving of an old Indian who strays into camp one day, whom his men want to butcher, in spite of a safe-conduct. Lincoln does not kill a single enemy but he saves a foe from the clutches of his own friends: such is the only warrior exploit of this friend of humanity.

On the way home, his horse is stolen, and he has to walk to his village, where no triumphal arches or garlands welcome the returning men of war. The other side has been making headway during his absence, and the new Whig party is not popular, so he is unsuccessful in his first attempt to enter political life.

Locally, however, in the New Salem precinct, he has secured a triumph, for of three hundred votes he gets two hundred and seventy-seven, though the sentiment of the region is predominantly Democratic. Lincoln's acquaintances have voted for Lincoln. He can go to bed happy that night, though defeated in the general encounter.

Well, he must gain a livelihood somehow or other, so he takes a partner, borrows money, buys what had been Ofutt's store, and also Herndon's (for Herndon, likewise, has failed meanwhile), paints a new sign, and is now partner in the firm "Berry and Lincoln." Neither is an efficient business man, and Berry is a hard drinker, so most of the work falls to Lincoln.

The postmastership seems to have become his main source of income; he holds it four years and finds it advantageous in many ways. He is appointed because people trust him, and because he can write and read so well, and now he can enjoy a first reading of the newspapers brought in by the post coach.

That is an old privilege of western postmasters, and the subscriber is apt to expect, when he receives his journal, that the postmaster will give him an abstract of the contents. The recipient of a letter, too, generally gets the postmaster to read it for him.

Since the stagecoach puts up at his place, he takes out a license to sell whisky, and travelers find his little store a convenient place to wait in and chat for an hour or two. And so during the next few years, in this remote settlement, he gains by direct observation such treasures of human experience as no formal process of education on the grand scale could ever have supplied.

Still, he remains an omnivorous reader. All is grist that comes to his mill: besides the newspapers which pass through his hands as postmaster, he gets



In Paris, London, Madrid, Berlin, New York

Smart Women use DEW

the Crystal Pure deodorant
Instant Non-Perspirant

SMART women have been quick to welcome the amazing advantages of this sparkling, crystal pure deodorant—Dew.

You can use Dew at any time of day or night. It instantly stops perspiration and eliminates body odors. It is cooling, soothing and refreshing. Use as the simple directions say, and you can immediately put on your loveliest dress or gown.

Two applications a week will give you continuous protection at all times. You will be delighted with Dew—get it at your drug or department store—50c.

Dew instantly and completely
deodorizes sanitary pads.

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC.
Del Monte Way, St. Louis, U. S. A.

SUCCESSORS TO
GEO. C. V. FESLER COMPANY

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES
HERDT & CHARTON, MONTREAL, CANADA



DEW

CRYSTAL PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT—NON-PERSPIRANT



Jeanette Loff-Pathe Star

HAIR LOVELINESS

—truly your own!

(Here's how to have it—always!)

Is your hair *exactly* the same shade and texture as that of your friends? Of course it isn't! Why, then, should you shampoo it *exactly* as they do?

Every shade of hair has its own peculiar needs—hence each requires its own special treatment. The problem is to find the shampoo that suits your hair; the one that will banish all dullness and drabness and bring out its own natural beauty.

That's why so many women prefer the new Golden Glint Shampoo. It's *truly* individual! Simple directions tell how to shampoo *your own particular shade of hair* to give it that fashionable "tiny-tint" and bring out those rich hidden undertones. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! 25c at your dealers—or send for free sample.

J. W. KOBICO.

642 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
725 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live Para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting, can be worn under stocking, thus adding support,—or worn at night reduces and shapes while you sleep. You can note improvement in shape of ankle at once. Relieves rheumatism and varicose veins.

In ordering send ankle and calf measure and check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE C. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City



\$50 TO \$100 IN SPARE TIME

Write for Scher's CHRISTMAS CARD & NOVELTIES PLAN. Popular and different from others, \$50. to \$100. easily made. No investment. Great for Home Effort. Write at once to CHARLEY C. SCHWER, DEPT. 60, WESTFIELD, MASS.

Subscribe To

Cosmopolitan with safety and convenience, through any authorized representative of the Times Sales Company. Their representatives can take your order for

Cosmopolitan

at the prices and terms printed on their order forms. You are assured of prompt, accurate, courteous and dependable service when you subscribe

Through The

representatives of this Company. This advertisement is inserted by the publishers of Cosmopolitan, who endorse the

Times Sales Co.

431 SO. DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

books from wayfarers, some of them light reading.

One day, by a lucky chance, an immigrant in a covered wagon wants to get rid of a barrelful of rubbish, and Lincoln good-naturedly buys it; later, on emptying his new acquisition, he finds amid the plunder the four volumes of a famous work, Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," the most notable law book of the day. This supplies him with a hundred important ideas, and teaches him where to look for additions to his knowledge.

He borrows more books from judges and lawyers, and immerses himself in study, withdrawing for a time from his comrades. But soon he gets acquainted with a vagabond of artistic temperament, an inspired loafer, who spends most of his time on the river bank with rod and line, and knows by heart long passages of Shakespeare and Burns. He quotes them feelingly to Lincoln.

However, the reading of books and desultory conversations do not provide a living. The store, naturally, does not flourish, and the day comes when store and contents are seized by creditors. Berry decamps, and Lincoln has to shoulder the whole burden of debt, eleven hundred dollars in all.

A friend of his, a land surveyor in the rising town of Springfield, twenty miles away, has often told Lincoln that at this occupation a man of his intelligence could earn thrice as much with his wits as he can earn with his hands, and so, with the schoolmaster's aid, he picks up the elements of mathematics and learns the use of the necessary instruments.

Six weeks later, he is appointed deputy land surveyor at New Salem. This gives him plenty to do, for land is constantly changing owners; a day's work in planning a road brings him in three dollars, with fifty cents extra for drawing the map. Besides, one hand can serve the other: when he is on a surveying job, he can deliver the mail in the same quarter.

Among those who are continually asking the postmaster for letters is Ann Rutledge. Her betrothed is away, has gone to New York on business, and will return for the marriage. But his letters grow fewer and fewer, and when he does write he is shifty; says that his father's death will delay his return indefinitely.

Local gossips begin to prophesy that rich John McNeil will jilt poor Ann. Then it is noised about that she is likely to console herself by taking up with another man; for there is a second suitor waiting for pretty Ann—Hill, Lincoln's friend.

Lincoln's emotions are deeply stirred; his mind is in a turmoil. At this time his shyness with women has become so great that he has been reluctant to serve them in the store.

Lonely and sad at heart, burdened with anxieties, full of secret yearnings, he becomes utterly distraught when he learns that the girl he loves is at last free. Can he seriously wish her to marry him? Will he not risk reliving his mother's evil fate—that of being a poor substitute for one loved and lost? Will he not be happier if she remains unattainable?

Yet how can he allow himself to be cut out by Hill, whose only advantage is that of being better off? The upshot of these conflicting meditations is that Lincoln goes to board in the Rutledge tavern. Now he is at close quarters with the maiden who has caught his fancy.

Yet he makes no further move to win her. Nay, when the story runs that McNeil has been passing under an alias, is really called McNamar and is a bad lot, Lincoln comes to the defense of his

absent rival. Before he left he had bought land under another name, because of some family quarrel. Lincoln has kept the information to himself, but when the story is divulged, and used to cast a slur on McNamar, he explains the true state of affairs to Ann.

Poor Ann does not know what to make of it all. She hesitates to complete the breach with the sometime lover in New York, for her father, James Rutledge, has been losing money, is now McNamar's tenant and naturally would like McNamar to become his son-in-law. Ann, meanwhile, must serve at table in the tavern, and, basket on arm, must carry dinner to the men working at the mill, often attended by her two suitors: the well-to-do Hill, who glibly plies his wooing, and the poor, taciturn Lincoln.

Election time has returned, for the elections to the Illinois legislature are held every two years, and Lincoln runs once more. Puritans say he is an atheist, but whatever may be his creed, he is always charitable and kind, fond of children and animals, and so he is elected and reelected, serving as a member of the State Assembly of Illinois from the age of twenty-five to thirty-two.

In those days he learned a little of the artifices and intrigues of party life but much of the great problems which form the moral and spiritual basis of partisan disputes. His leader is Clay; his exemplar, Jefferson.

At this time the capital of Illinois is Vandalia, and in this little town the State Assembly sits, eighty-one members in all, divided into two Chambers. Lincoln is taciturn in the House, and not until they get back to the inn, and his fellow legislators have laid aside their pretentious airs, does he tell anecdotes.

Thus he soon becomes known as a story-teller. They call him the Sangamon Chief, and a good many of them must regard his observant silence with mixed feelings; but no one can overlook this queer figure. Above all, one man who sits in the same row contemplates him with unostentatious attention.

This man is a great contrast to Lincoln in many respects, being short and thick-set, with a barrel chest and broad shoulders, wide-browed, full of life and energy, busily going to and fro to make himself acquainted with everything, an official from the East, a Democrat, almost as poor as Lincoln, but a few years younger: his name is Stephen A. Douglas. Sprung from the class of intellectuals, pliable, approachable and smooth-tongued, he is the very antipodes of that rough-hewn, silent, eccentric, ironical giant.

For the nonce, they do not clash. Lincoln seems scarcely to heed Douglas. But Douglas takes note of everyone with whom he comes in contact, for his ruling passion is ambition; he is fired with a determination to achieve rapid advancement and has his eye fixed on the highest office in the land. Every other politician is a possible rival. He reckons up their strength, one and all, and surely feels quite safe about this lonely fellow: Lincoln will do no harm.

LINCOLN'S BETROTHAL

The Easterner with the double name apparently has gone forever. When Lincoln gets back to New Salem from Vandalia, he finds the Rutledges in impoverished circumstances. Rutledge has had to give up the tavern and move to a farm belonging to McNamar.

Pretty Ann is cured of her fondness for the latter. She has drawn comparisons between him and the two local wooers. Moreover, Hill's wooing is now a thing of the past. But here is one

who has loved her faithfully for three years; one who would fain make his way by his own exertions.

For this man of silent dignity and self-denying heart, Ann is now in a position that overrules his hesitations. The two become engaged.

Spring has come; he often rides over to her farm. He is twenty-six; she is four years younger. These months of betrothal seem to have been the happiest in Lincoln's life. For this melancholy man, the idyl is but a brief halt on the shore of happiness, and speedily the river will sweep him along once more on its dark bosom.

For that summer malaria is prevalent in the neighborhood of New Salem, and, just as fever had struck down his relatives and finally his mother, in Indiana, so now it grips him, one of his friends and his affianced. His strong constitution wrestles successfully with the disease. The friend dies; and at last he sees his loved one die. Lincoln's sanity trembles in the balance.

After a toilsome and joyless youth, he has ventured to set his heart upon a dream of happiness; he has hoped that to him, likewise, will come the delights by which so many of his more cheerful companions have been enthralled. From the treasure of fantasy he has conjured up an entrancing melody. But suddenly the melody stops, and all his expectations of a lonely existence, full of unsatisfied yearnings, are confirmed.

Can we be surprised that a week after the burial he is found rambling in the woods beside the Sangamon River, murmuring incoherencies? Or that another time he speeds seven miles afoot, to throw himself down upon her grave?

On the advice of a physician who is much attached to him, he is sent to the home of friends, where he takes part in the harvesting and at night holds the carded wool for the women's spinning. But once, in a thunderstorm, they hear him call out: "I can't bear to think of her lying out there alone. The rain and the storm shan't beat on her grave!"

The man whose melancholy makes him fear to carry a pocketknife is for a time reduced to utter despair . . .

And yet, life pursues its course; and one who refrains from suicide has to go on living somehow or other. The special laws which develop character become fixed in early youth, and even one of so restless a disposition, devoid of ambition, without any fixed aim in life, lacking the spur of necessity, will tend to continue in the customary orbit until what seem to be chance happenings expose the inner logic of events.

Besides, Lincoln's nature is too fundamentally healthy to remain long dominated by a paralyzing gloom. The nervous crisis is severe but fleeting, and a man of imaginative temperament, accustomed to renounce concrete joys and to take refuge in the land of dreams, for that very reason more speedily finds his way back to chill reality.

For him, now that he is twenty-seven, the years of desultory reading are over; he has to study along specific lines. A sound knowledge of law and history has become indispensable, and a generous teacher has also explained the laws of grammar to the youth. The basis of his casual education is now growing solid.

With his reelection, the Whigs for the first time enter as victors with a group called the Long Nine (they average six feet in height and more than two hundred pounds in weight), who advocate

bold financial schemes. Lincoln in his turn is working to collect votes for the transfer of the capital to Springfield.

Trade, communications, convenience of legal procedure, the whole course of development in Illinois, point to the step. Lincoln has a personal interest, too; he feels that for him the days of village life are over; and he looks forward to activities on a larger stage, activities that can be combined with his political career.

Others have private reasons for wishing Vandalia to remain the state capital. A third group, upon whose support the chance of inaugurating the Springfield scheme seems to depend, is willing to vote for it—on terms. Eventually, by clever trading, these terms are met and the state capital is transferred to Springfield.

It is a great victory for Lincoln.

HE BEGINS A NEW LIFE

In intervals between sessions of the legislature, Lincoln visits New Salem, spending some of his time at the house of a young married woman of his acquaintance, who often speaks of her sister. He had met this sister three years before, and half in jest, half in earnest, he agrees to wed her if she returns to New Salem.

"I, of course, accepted the proposal, for you know I could not have done otherwise, had I really been averse to it. I had seen the said sister some three years before, thought her intelligent and agreeable, and saw no good objection to plodding through life hand in hand with her."

Such is the beginning of the affair: two women putting their heads together to arrange the marriage of a man who is remaining a bachelor too long. For this woman is older than he, better educated and better off in worldly possessions. As for him, he has "no good objection."

Mary Owens arrives in due course—and Lincoln grows uneasy.

At length comes a fresh stir in the current of his life. After five years of stagnation, the legislature moves to Springfield; Lincoln has put it through, and now he ventures on a step he has long been preparing for. He will set up as a lawyer in Springfield.

No examination is required, nothing but a formal license to practice; and from his borrowed law books Lincoln has learned more than many a local celebrity knows. Besides, he is convinced that acquaintance with men and things, the experiences of practical life, will stand him in better stead than dry-as-dust learning.

Practice will fill up the gaps in his theoretical knowledge, and a partner will help him out when necessary. Is he not already well known far and near? As postmaster and land surveyor, as store clerk and rail-splitter, as candidate for the legislature, he has come in contact with half the population of the county.

His experience in public speaking, the knowledge of the locality he has gained in his professional life, and above all his growing self-confidence, drive him to this venture. Should it fail, the failure will only be one more in a long series!

He is as poor as ever; yet he is in no mood to win fortune by marrying money. Thus, at twenty-eight, Lincoln rides forth to begin a new life, mounted on a borrowed nag, with seven dollars in his pocket and debts totaling more than a thousand, engaged (more or less) to a woman for whom he does not care.

Tool Oil

Automatic tools are, after all, just machines with working parts that need good oil to minimize friction. They need it regularly, too, just as other and larger machines do.

3-in-One is ideal tool oil—a scientific blend of three high quality oils—animal, mineral and vegetable—therefore has valuable properties that no ordinary single oil can have. Penetrates quickly; stays put; oils perfectly. Try it!

3-in-One

is also a superior rust preventive. Always rub on all tools before putting away. The resulting oil film sinks into the pores of the metal and is impervious to moisture; even damp salt air.

Manufactured since 1894
Three-In-One Oil Co.
130 William Street
New York, N. Y.



3-in-One is sold everywhere by good hardware, sporting goods, grocery, drug and general stores, in two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

FREE SAMPLE
Send postal for generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Both free.

LEARN to write WRITE to earn

RUPERT HUGHES, author of internationally known stories and novels says, "Since authorship is essentially a matter of home work it is one of the few arts that can be taught by correspondence. The Palmer Institute is qualified to render invaluable aid in the art and business of authorship."

Cash for stories! Students say:
"I have sold two stories lately . . . one for \$110. The other for which I received \$160 . . . has been accepted by the same magazine."

"Today is the happiest day of my life. Received a check for my first story this morning."

"Received a letter . . . informing me that my story . . . has been awarded second prize of \$500."

These are but a few of the hundreds who have found that there is profit in writing. Send the coupon for full information.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP

CLAYTON HAMILTON . . . PRESIDENT

Dept. 35-W, Palmer Building, Hollywood Calif.

I am interested in:
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression
☐ Photoplay Writing
☐ Writers' Criticism Service

Name _____ Address _____

All correspondence strictly confidential. No salesman will call.

Next Month—Emil Ludwig tells of Lincoln's blundering attempts to break his engagement with Mary Todd; how he left her "waiting at the church" and later entered a duel to shield her

buried treasure

YOU can dig it up

Right in Your Own Home Town!

BURIED TREASURE—right in your own community—waiting for you to dig it up! Earn good money for household expenses, etc., in your spare time without even leaving your neighborhood, without even leaving your home, if you wish!

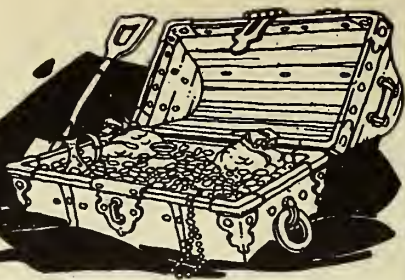
Pleasant, congenial, dignified duties in any hours of the day or evening. Steady earnings from the very first day, and a big repeat business every year. Business experience unnecessary. Supplies and instructions free. Men and women of all ages and in all parts of the country are offered this exceptional opportunity.

Thousands are earning with us! Mrs. Florence M. Caffee, Wyoming, is a busy housewife with five children to care for, yet she has earned over \$150.00 in a single month. Mr. W. H. Guscott, Ohio, earned \$300.00 in thirty days outside of his regular business hours. Thousands like these folks are earning daily in leisure moments.

Make Your Dreams Come True

Send for complete details and **FREE** pamphlet: "Make Your Dreams Come True" outlining exceptional opportunities offered you as local, spare-time subscription representative of such famous magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazar*, etc.

ACT TODAY! A 2c stamp may bring you happiness!



LEARN TO WRITE

SHORT STORIES

Jack London said: "As a veteran in the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the course is excellently comprehensive and practical." He endorsed no other.

With our unlimited personal criticism and manuscript sales service, you, too, can learn to write the stories of your dreams and experiences. Many earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 yearly. Over 25,000 publications buying stories today! Write for **free book** "The Art of Story Writing"! Also our Special course in English. No obligations.

HOOSIER INSTITUTE

Short Story Dept. 1209, Fort Wayne, Indiana

STUDY NURSING

ON page 20 you will find listed Schools of Nursing of National reputation. For information regarding schools in other locations write

Cosmopolitan Educational Department
57th St. at Eighth Ave. New York City

Reduce This Pleasant Easy Way

**Better Figure
Better Health**

30
DAYS
FREE
TRIAL
LOW
PRICE
EASY
PAY-
MENT

GET MY FACTORY PRICE!

Down goes weight—up goes health and spirits—reduce hips, back, thighs, calves. Write for Free Book—low factory price and special offer. The Wm. Campbell Company, Dept. 506 Alliance, Ohio.

CAMPBELL'S Electric

Exerciser

HURRY THIS COUPON

Dept. 829 B, Cosmopolitan, 57th Street at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.
Without any obligation or expense on my part, please send full details of your interesting Spare-Time Earning Plan and a copy of your **FREE** pamphlet: "Make Your Dreams Come True."
Name
Street
City State

\$500 Christmas Money

Waiting For Someone...WhyNot YOU?

We are going to pay men and women thousands of dollars this year for showing beautiful Tally-Ho Christmas Greetings to friends and acquaintances in spare time. Your share may be \$500 or more. Commissions up to 50%. Full-time agents make \$25 a day. **NO DEPOSIT** required for our big, handsome sample book. Get it **FREE** and start at once. Write quick for details.

The Tally-Ho Co., Dept. L-21, Washington Ave. at 21st St., St. Louis, Mo.

LATEST CRAZE

PAYS AGENTS BIG MONEY

Show new kitchenware in 5 appealing colors to housewives. Kitchen necessities. Housewives beg for demonstration. Big repeat sellers. No experience or cash needed. Big profits. Beautiful colorful equipment and agents' prices **FREE**. Write quick.

MODERN KITCHENWARE, Dept. 15-M, 176 W. Adams, Chicago

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of *THE WRITER'S MONTHLY* free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 84 Springfield, Mass.

Subscribe To

Cosmopolitan with safety and convenience, through any authorized representative of the Periodical Service Company. Their representatives can take your order for

Cosmopolitan

at the prices and terms printed on their order forms. You are assured of prompt, accurate, courteous and dependable service when you subscribe

Through The

representatives of this Company. This advertisement is inserted by the publishers of Cosmopolitan, who endorse the

Periodical Service Co.

ANDRUS BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

What a Man!

(Continued from page 70)

leather, nor yet white paneling with a wood fire burning. As a matter of fact, the reception room—it had cheap grained yellow wainscoting and glass semi-partitions and badly assorted chairs—resembled an office in an old-fashioned building back home in Wichita or Topeka.

And there was such a general air of fussiness. Any business institution has as much personality as a human being, I've noticed, and generally the quality of that personality is determined by the ultimate boss.

Now in Dauber's office, there was this feeling of fussiness. The information clerk was a worried old maid who acted as though no one had ever come in to see Ellery Dauber before. While I waited, various—and objectionable—cub lawyers slunk into the reception room, fretting over papers, and looked at their clients suspiciously.

The place made me nervous, and on all counts I was glad when the information clerk quavered at me, "Mr. Dauber will see you now. Will you please go right in? Room Three, on the right."

So I walked into a small office that had calendars and diplomas and class photographs on the wall, and for the first time I saw the Lover Supreme.

Ellery Dauber looked like a middle-aged and rather discouraged traveling salesman for a grocery house. He was medium-sized—oh, everything about him was medium! He was medium-bald, his medium-plump shoulders were rather stooped, and he wore a neat suit of medium-gray, with a medium tie, and a medium-sized mustache that was a little gray. He did have nice eyes, of a deep brown, but they were mild and slightly anxious.

He held his plumpish hands in front of him. With a noticeable hesitation he opened his mouth and—

I was about to hear the melody of the silver faun who from the brakes summoned all the nymphs in the neighborhood! I was about to hear the Lord of Love sounding his mighty melody!

And so Mr. Ellery Dauber opened his mouth and said in a thin little voice, "Yes, and what can I do for you?"

I was so dazed that in three seconds he could have collected all my client owed his client, if Dauber had been a three-second. He wasn't. I had plenty of time to review my ideas about the Lover Supreme while he read through my client's letter, and then re-read it.

The whole business could have been compromised, there and then. I knew exactly what my man was prepared to offer; Dauber could have called up his patient and finished the affair. But not old Dauber, not he!

He shook his head. "This is a very complicated affair," he sighed. "I'll think it over and try to communicate with you in a week or so."

I was irritated, and then I was irritated with myself for being irritated. Why, here was my chance to study the Lover Supreme! If that fellow there could get away with it, I could—that is, providing my wife didn't catch me—have Helen of Troy, Clara Bow, Madame Curie and Queen Marie waiting in line for me! So I agreed with him; I fussed along with him; I went thoroughly with him into details that just didn't exist.

He talked in a whining, hitching, hesitating way that got on my nerves, but I tried to key myself down to him, and I agreed with him that clients are all a pack of ingrates who spend their time



"... Doris, seated lonely and alone among the merrymakers on board the park excursion steamer Good Cheer, rose and leaped without a cry into the cold waters of Lake Michigan."

under a tree on the grass. They were playing "William Tell" and things like that and I put my head in her lap and fell asleep.

Well, believe it or not, Al, when I woke up the band was gone and it was dark and this dumb cluck was still sitting there holding my head in her lap. She had covered me up with her coat so I wouldn't catch cold.

Well, I was hungry as a wolf, so I said how about food and she says whatever you say, Denny. You see, I had told her my name but I didn't think she remembered it. But she had. So we walked across the golf course and I petted her a little bit, not much, I was too hungry, and we came out on 67th Street and had a swell dinner, and I swear I think it was the first meal she'd had in months the way she ate. It just seemed to change her.

SHE got gay and her cheeks got red and her eyes got bright and I thought to myself, well, the evening's picking up after all, so then I said what would you like to do now, and she said I'd love to go some place and dance. Just dance and dance and dance, which sounded okay to me, so we hopped a cab and went up to White City, and we danced a while, then we went out and went on the roller coasters and shot the chutes and did all those fool things like a couple of kids.

Then we came back and danced some more—well, you never saw a girl have such a good time, but I was about dead. I could hardly keep awake taking her home, but I took her name and address and promised I'd look her up again when I came back to town. Kind of a cute name, Doris Miller, but such a sad little cluck only when she's pepped up. But she sure did eat up that new Heart Throb.

Poetry always gets dames—I've learned that. I guess it is kind of tough at that being a girl away from home

and out of a job most of the time and not knowing anybody but a lot of crazy coots in a rooming house.

She told me about a girl who used to live next to her in one of these rooming houses who spent all of her time writing to Beatrice Fairfax asking her advice about how to handle all these young men who were calling on her and pursuing her. They were all imaginary, of course—no one ever came to see her—but it made her happy to think they did and kept her from going crazy. I guess she must have been a little loco in the coco anyway, eh, Al?

Denny

Terre Haute, Ind.

May 22nd, 1929.

Miss Sheila Cassidy,
Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke,
South Bend, Ind.
Hello, you little Harp,

Well, how's the old Oliver Chilled Plow Works? Aren't you ever going to warm up? I certainly give you a heavy canvass every time I drop in to your fair little burg, but I don't seem to get anywhere with you. You seem to think I'm not sincere.

I don't see how you can feel that way. Don't I make a bee line for you the minute I hop off the train? I think you're the cutest kid on my route and I've told you so a thousand times.

South Bend is a three-star town for me—I don't care how much dust the Century throws on it. If they go right through without stopping off to see you that's their tough luck. I bet if the fellows knew about you all the New York-Chicago tickets would have stop-over privileges and South Bend would be a railroad center like Chicago.

There's a dumb town! Nothing there and nobody. If I didn't have so many accounts there to call on, I'd be in South Bend a lot more, I can tell you that. And if I didn't have this darned quota too. They've jacked it up 25 percent over last year's totals—that is 25 percent for the Christmas line and 50 percent for friendship cards and folders.

They're always popping the whip up there in Minneapolis. You'd think this guy Al Evans was a Simon Legree or something. Well, you may own mah body, Massa Al, but mah soul belongs to Sheila Cassidy, the little pug-nosed Mick.

By the way, Sheila, you better check up on your friendship stock and how about the new Heart Throbs with the polychrome frames? You promised me an order, remember? And don't forget if you send it in direct to let me have a carbon so I'll get credit.

The mail-order department is always looking for a chance to chisel us boys on the road. I'll throw a bomb in that department one of these days, sitting up there stealing the bread out of our mouths.

And if that wasn't bad enough the old man is always sending us bulletins about pepping it up and seeking new high levels of achievement. I guess he's never read our number No. 11GX-3:

The road of life is wide enough
For all of us to pass,
And no one needs to crowd the rest
Or run 'em out of gas.
And we can stop and give a lift
To others in life's game;
For whether we loaf or go like hell,
We'll finish just the same.

I guess I'll have to close, Sheila. I've a whole lot of orders to write up this evening. I'm sitting up here all alone in my lonely hotel room thinking of you and wishing you'd thaw out a little. We could be great pals, eh, Sheila? But anyway, even (Continued on page 102)

You See a *Henpecked Dreamer* Groomed



Part Two of a *Biography*
as *Glamorous as a Novel*

By *Emil
Ludwig*

Lincoln's

In the preceding installment Emil Ludwig has traced Lincoln's life from his boyhood days among the frontier folk of Kentucky to the moment of his first political victory—a victory which leads him to begin life as a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois.

During the intervening years Lincoln had known hardship and sorrow, and with the death of his first love, Ann Rutledge, he had become a lonely soul, quick to sympathize with the griefs of others because his own heart had been torn. The fettered negroes in the New Orleans slave market wrung his heart with pity. Unconsciously, from his youth, Abe Lincoln had been the defender of the oppressed. But this great-souled man, ever ready to help others, was unable to help himself . . .

At twenty-eight, therefore, he rides forth to begin a new life, mounted on a borrowed nag, with seven dollars in his pocket and debts totaling more than a thousand, engaged (more or less) to a woman for whom he does not care . . .

NINETY years ago Springfield, Illinois, was already a town of some

importance, with its fifteen hundred inhabitants and its four inns. Its only genuine rival was Chicago and, being the seat of the legislature, it could still look down upon the new windy city on the lake. As the political center of the state, the young community felt all the pride of authority; indeed, some of the airs of Washington itself seemed to have blown down its dirt-paved thoroughfares.

And it was becoming quite a social center, too. The richer people had built themselves brick houses. Many of them were of southern origin, and here in the North tried to live, more or less, the life of a master class, even if they could not keep slaves.

Being almost penniless, Lincoln on arrival looks up an old companion-in-arms, a storekeeper, to ask whether he may buy a bed and pay for it later. Speed is a kindly fellow and makes his impecunious comrade hospitably



Illustrations by
Harvey Dunn

Courtships

welcome and lets him share his own bed in the room over the store, where soon four young men will be sleeping in close quarters. Lincoln takes his saddlebags upstairs, and, coming back, says: "Well, Speed, I've moved."

For the time being he takes his meals with Bill Butler, one of the "Long Nine," who says there need be no hurry about settling accounts for board. He has, of course, abandoned his jobs as surveyor and postmaster in New Salem, and is still faced with a heavy load of debt. Therefore he has to find a new source of income, and so, after three weeks of looking about, he enters into partnership with a local lawyer.

Stuart, the man who formerly lent him law books to read, is running for Congress, and, if elected, will need to leave a partner at home. He knows that he can count upon Lincoln's good sense and eloquence, even if his knowledge of the law may still be elementary.

Matters are soon arranged—and a new sign reading "Stuart & Lincoln" is affixed on the first floor at the

courthouse in Springfield. It remains unaltered for four years.

The room is a small one, with a few rough bookshelves, a table, a couple of chairs, papers and plenty of dust. Here our long, lean fellow, who has been used to an open-air life and to frequent changes of occupation, who has by turns used head and limbs, who has generally been able to dispose of his time pretty much as he pleased, who has been poor though independent, is now (being in truth half secretary, half lawyer) put to a hard test.

He has to write legal documents, must turn up punctually at the sessions of the court, must sue for recovery of debts. He who has been half a gypsy must learn to become a full-fledged business man. What happens? He in part adapts himself to his profession, and in part adapts his profession to his own tastes.

At first it is easy, and rather tedious. Lincoln has to handle the affairs of people who have quarreled over a deal in land, such things as any surveyor can manage:



It came natural for people to trust Lincoln—one who seemed a farmer
When he looked at people out of his large gray

or differences about a yoke of oxen, or a cookstove.

Ere long, however, there comes a suit which makes the young lawyer known, after his own peculiar fashion. For Lincoln never acquires the typical lawyer's fondness for the intricacies of legal logic, for the word-chopping of the codes. What interests him in his new profession is a sense of justice, and the opportunities it gives him to help the oppressed. In political life he has already shown his detestation of corruption, and he now transfers this passion to civil life.

Soon, this young man of twenty-eight has all he wants except money, and this he does not miss. He has been lucky in many respects. He is leader of his party in the legislature; partner of an able lawyer; contributor to the local newspaper; a favorite in the little town, because everyone knows that he has been mainly instrumental in securing the transference of the legislature thither; now in a position where he can study new and interesting circumstances; a local wrestling champion and the anecdotist to whom all like to listen.

But his heart is lonely, even lonelier than before. What can this new society offer him? He prefers, as of old, to visit tried and trusted friends, where he peers into the woodshed, saws some wood and slips away.

Difficulties occur in connection with Mary Owens, for she often comes to visit her kindred in Springfield. They spend the evening together and he sees her home. Sometimes, too, he rides out to New Salem. Thus they have plenty of opportunity for convincing themselves how little they are suited to each other.

Nevertheless, matters still hang in the wind. The man feels bound by his word; the girl appears to be waiting for a proposal; neither takes a clear line, but they exchange analytical letters. Here is one of Lincoln's:

Friend Mary:

I have commenced two letters to send you before this, both of which displeased me before I got half done, and

so I tore them up. The first I thought was not serious enough, and the second was on the other extreme. I shall send this, turn out as it may . . .

I am often thinking of what we said about your coming to live at Springfield. I am afraid you would not be satisfied. There is a great deal of flourishing about in carriages here, which it would be your doom to see without sharing it. You would have to be poor, without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently?

Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented; and there is nothing I can imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fail in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no signs of discontent in you.

What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood you. If so, then let it be forgotten; if otherwise, I much wish you would think seriously before you decide. What I have said I will most positively abide by, provided you wish it.

My opinion is that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardship, and it may be more severe than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking correctly on any subject, and if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide by your decision . . .

Yours, etc., Lincoln

A masterpiece! Here writes a man who is engaged to be married, would like to break it off, but is prevented from doing so by his native kindness of heart and by his inborn resignation.

The affair runs on: visits, a parting without a farewell, a renewed meeting. At length, trying to give things a shove, he writes:

If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will, in any



like themselves, stood on their level and used their familiar locutions. eyes, he seemed to be boring into their very hearts.

considerable degree, add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me.

Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do . . .

Your friend, Lincoln

We do not know her answer. All we know is that Lincoln at length makes up his mind to propose to her. What is the result? Something he has almost ceased to hope for. She refuses. "I'll try to outlive it," he writes to a friend. "Others have been made fools of by the girls; but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me. When you receive this, write me a long yarn about something to amuse me."

He has achieved what he has so long desired, has recovered his freedom, but his nervous temperament always takes alarm at a sudden fulfillment of a wish.

After the tragedy of his first betrothal, and after the comedy of his second, no one can expect that a man so timid will ever play the active rôle in a third love affair.

AT THE very time when the rotund Mary has given him "the mitten," he has for the third time been elected a member of the legislature. As one of the local leaders of his party he has almost acquired the position of leader of the "Clay men" in Illinois.

The following year, when the country is in the throes of a Presidential election, when political passion is rife, Lincoln, who has hitherto had to content himself with audiences of two or three hundred, finds that the number of his hearers has swelled to thousands. He begins

to improve his natural talents as an orator, and to make a deliberate use of what had been no more than youthful improvisations.

He learns how to vary his style to fit the occasion and to suit the mentality of his audience. He has become able to use all the registers.

Speedily, too, he acquires the methods of the agitator and is able to turn the story of his own penurious youth to account. When the Whigs are attacked by the Democrats for being elegant folk who wear fine clothes while pleading the cause of the common people, he, standing on the platform, slyly pulls at his adversary's tightly buttoned coat, which opens to disclose a ruffled shirt and a watch chain with gold seals, and amid laughter Lincoln proceeds:

"I was a poor boy hired on a flatboat at eight dollars a month and had only one pair of breeches to my back, and they were buckskin. Now, buckskin, when wet and dried by the sun, will shrink; and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches; and whilst I was growing taller they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day. If you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge."

At times his wide tolerance makes it impossible for him to display the fire wanted in the political struggle: for that reason, he shows to best advantage when he is facing one whom he regards as his enemy.

Such an enemy is Douglas. Is this Democrat going to follow him about perpetually? At the time the two had begun their careers in Vandalia, Douglas had been a candidate for the office of state's attorney. On the selfsame day, five years later, they had been admitted to legal practice before the Supreme Court and now in the same congressional district, each is advocating the cause of his chosen President.

The presence of Douglas (Continued on page 138)

Keep Out of the Kitchen

FOR centuries, travelers have written in their diaries that the mountains overhanging Lake Como are purple mountains, smiling mountains, with villas bright as specks of mica.

But they were not in the least purple today. They were like old, corrugated ash heaps in a wet back yard. Spring was late, even in Italy, with persistent and wintry rain, and the umbrella pines on the hills looked more like umbrellas than like pines.

The villages, climbing down mountain paths to throw out terraces with cafés under gold-and-crimson awnings above the shore of the lake, were today smeared with fog. They looked damp, they looked lonely, and Telford was bored at the thought of landing from the lake steamer.

He was not going anywhere in particular. Certainly, he grunted at each landing, he wasn't going here, and he bought a ticket on to the next town. But as soon as the steamer had jangled its bells and chugged out into the choppy waves, he wished that he had stopped. For the boat was worse even than a café with damp tablecloths and damp waiters.

At Bellagio a group of peasants came aboard, and they were festal peasants, with wine flasks and glad impulsive cries and the most inordinate reek of garlic. Telford determined to quit at the next stop, Velario, though it was a hamlet of which he knew nothing, and to which Baedeker did not attribute even the tomb of a Roman Emperor or a * * * View. But he saw, as the steamer swung in, that on a point of land was a smallish, decentish hotel.

Try it, anyway.

Telford, American, was a pleasant man of thirty-five who traveled.

There is nothing else to say about him. When he had graduated from college, his parents had com- placently died and left him ten thousand dollars a year, which was just enough to keep him from working and not enough to give him responsibility and the visions of power.

He had traveled far, trying to get away from the question of why Mr. Telford existed and what he ought to do about it. He spoke and read French, German, Italian and American, but in none of the numerous large books in those languages could he find any reason why an agreeable and lazy man with ten thousand a year should work and otherwise be uncomfortable.

He had a belief that if he could find a perfect place in which to live, then he would "settle down and get to work." But he had seen too many places ever to consider any one spot perfect. Given a camp in Colorado, he wanted the sea; given an English village peaceful with doves, he wanted the harsh liveliness of New York.

He was modest, good-looking, completely useless, and thoroughly unhappy—Telford, the new sort of American frontiersman, whose pioneering is done in trains



and art galleries, and who carries, instead of old Long Betsy for the annihilation of the Pesky Redskins, an equally lethal vocabulary for the slaughter of taxi drivers.

He was a bit sallow, with a black mustache. He looked French. He had been born in Chicago.

He went ashore at Velario, and as soon as the steamer had sneaked away, he wondered why the deuce he had ever gone ashore at Velario.

At the boat landing there was no hôtel bus, no living person, nothing save a plaster tavern of sickly blue, like skimmed milk, decorated with a sign-painter's conception of grapevines, beyond which stretched a chalky road like a mile of wet white soap.

Telford cursed.

Hotel probably not open yet. No boat for an hour.

He shrugged, and patiently waded toward the tavern. They wouldn't have any French cognac. Oh, well, he'd drunk worse things than Italian cognac.

difference does it make to any of us whether he is the first off the car or the last? Why must we trample on each other's toes and poke each other in the ribs and exchange black looks? Only five minutes at the most is at stake. Five minutes out of a day in which there are nineteen hours of leisure after the five hours of work are done!

The same sort of thing happens on the road. In and out of the line of cars we dodge, straining our nerves and endangering our lives to be a jump ahead. We lift the telephone receiver, and if Central does not answer on the instant we grow apoplectic jiggling the hook.

I know men who travel a great deal and who start almost every morning with a restaurant battle because the waiter serves someone else more promptly. I have seen a woman nearly decapitated in trying to leap ahead of another woman into a revolving door.

We jam into a street car as if it were the last car that would ever run. We dive for an elevator to save one-tenth of a minute in getting to our desks, and then waste twenty minutes telling stories.

And at the golf course, where we have gone for recreation, to relax and enjoy the open air and the trees and the quiet, we ruin our digestion with quick lunches, and tear the buttons off our clothes in the locker room. Why? In order to beat the other members to the first tee.

"Good manners require a great deal of time," said Emerson, "as does a wise treatment of children. Orientals have time, the desert, and stars; the Occidentals have not."

2. Leisure would hurt much less if we weren't so terribly afraid of being alone. Away from a crowd we itch. To find ourselves in a small audience takes all the self-confidence out of us. "Why, the seats aren't half full. We must have made a mistake." As for being marooned, that is beyond endurance!

I hope in hell their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

What's the matter with Essex Junction? Nothing, except that we don't know how to use it. Of course there's no place to go and nothing to do, but what of that?

There is a station agent who has watched the ebb and flow of humanity for thirty years, and has his own ideas about the importance of this eternal rushing. There are other stranded passengers, each one of whom must have had at least one interesting experience. There are trees that have looked down upon the petty busyness of humanity for generations; and clouds that drift lazily; and the sun and stars to fill the soul with wonder. There are books. And there is a bench in the sunshine where one may smoke a pipe and dream.

3. We might each adopt a hobby which would have some relation to the happiness of other people.

One of the wealthiest men in America said to me recently, "If only I could give away this money with half the intelligence I have used in accumulating it I would be very happy."

He can give it away intelligently, but only if he is willing to use a considerable amount of his leisure.

One need not be rich to enjoy such a hobby. I have a pet college in the Kentucky mountains. A long time was consumed in hunting it out and adopting it. I wanted to find the place where one dollar was made to do more work than anywhere else in the United States.

At this college the students get their meals for eleven cents each, and their rooms, including electric light and running water, for sixty cents a week. Some

America's greatest Spa

brought
to you
in your own home!



EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French

Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make

the health-giving waters available to everyone. The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs—Pluto. Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly *washes* the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, *natural* mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a *wash*—not an intestinal stimulant.



If Nature Won't,
Pluto Will

{ Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains. }

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

kids are there at my expense. I try to go down myself every year to visit with the president and the teachers, and talk with the kids, and ride horseback.

Never for one moment do I have the feeling that the college or any student owes me anything. The obligation is all on the other side. They have given me the gift of a fresh interest; they have put a thrill into a part of my leisure.

I admit that these suggestions will probably accomplish nothing for the present generation. We are beyond redemption. The whole process of education was speeded up in our youth, jammed with useful knowledge, focused on the single objective of fitting us to work harder and earn more. We can't get away from the habit. The hope is in our children.

Sooner or later the schools will have to take cognizance of the fact that harder work and more profits are about

to become less than half of the business of living. Every school will have a course in Thoreau, who lived on twenty-seven dollars a year and had a wonderful time in the woods. Stevenson's essay in praise of idlers will be a required study, side by side with the charts showing the production of pig iron versus the production of pigs. All Montaigne's works will be in the curriculum—those wonderful pieces he wrote while he was wasting time in his tower.

Just this morning I read in the paper about the consolidation of two great banks. The principal man in the consolidation is to become chairman of the board. He announced that he "expects now to work harder than ever."

This is the necessary announcement in America. One must utter it in order not to lose caste. Why must he work harder? Because there is too much work and not enough workers? Nonsense. By staying on the job he keeps the younger

fellows down. Because the bank would suffer if he let loose? Double nonsense. Nothing suffers if anybody lets loose.

It's just that we've got the habit and are afraid. Afraid to have time on our hands. Afraid of what people will say.

As for me, I walk sometimes in graveyards, and find them not depressing but quite otherwise. I say to myself, "Here lie many hard-working men. All were very busy. All were indispensable. Yet the world has dispensed with them, and somehow it carries on. In a very few days, as time goes, I shall be with them."

"Let me, therefore, not take myself too seriously. Let me read a little, and give away a little money, and smoke my pipe, and play somewhat, and laugh whenever possible. Let me get myself ready for the Kingdom of Heaven into which only those enter who have become as little children."

Little children can be happy part of the time doing nothing at all.

Lincoln's Courtships by *Emil Ludwig* (Continued from page 39)

acts as a spur to Lincoln. Does he recognize in this man a predestined opponent, one who possesses what he himself lacks—elegance of speech and mind? Is the small, elastic frame distasteful to him because it contrasts so strikingly with his own?

THE RIVALS

Over the way in a fine garden stands a large mansion with wooden pillars, sash windows and a long veranda. It belongs to Ninian W. Edwards, one of the richest men in Springfield. Lincoln and Douglas often meet there, for Springfield political society does not split itself into separate parties, but models itself in this matter upon the great world in Washington.

Mrs. Edwards had come from an aristocratic home. The Todds of Kentucky, of Scottish extraction, had distinguished themselves in the War of Independence. Mrs. Edwards' grandfather had been a general and other relatives had been state governors.

Mrs. Edwards' father, Robert Smith Todd, had been a captain in the War of 1812, was president of a bank in Lexington, and lived the wealthy and honored life of a patrician. His children had been as carefully educated as those belonging to noble families in Europe. Yet six of the Todd children left this house one after another, because, after the death of their mother, a stepmother ruled there.

Among the fugitives was Mary, ambitious, inspired with a great aim: she was in search of a wider life—that is, of the man who could provide her with such a life, and she had made up her mind to look for him in Springfield, where (she heard from her sister) a society life was developing. So she drove north to the home of her sister and her brother-in-law.

When Lincoln and Douglas are introduced to the newcomer, they see a buxom, yet supple girl, with a smooth, soft skin and artificially curled hair, wearing a dress with a low-cut bodice and a ballooned skirt: a young lady from the great world, a brilliant talker, well-informed, able to intersperse French phrases here and there, and even to quote from the French classics. When she is silent her lips show a harsh line, and at a word of criticism her steel-blue eyes freeze the offender with a chilly glance.

At her first ball she makes a sensation, for she is an admirable dancer.

All the young men vie with one another for the favor of being this clever and pretty girl's partner. But young Herndon, whom Lincoln has recently taken into his office, says the wrong thing in telling her she waltzes like a serpent!

The comparison is not unkindly meant, but it affronts the young lady's dignity. Her eyes flash at him, and an enmity which endures throughout life begins with this glance.

Nor do most of the other young men present on this occasion charm the girl, for she is not impressed by a handsome face, elegance, family or money—and her indifference to these matters seems remarkable for one whose education has consisted chiefly in emphasizing class distinction. She appears to revolt against guidance by ordinary feminine instincts.

In fact, Mary has only one thought: Who has the best prospects of a great career? She has made up her mind to be neither more nor less than the wife of a future President! With unerring discernment she is prompt to pick out from among her new acquaintances at Springfield the two most promising men, though both are poor, both of lowly origin—one very short, and one very tall: Douglas and Lincoln.

Douglas is as quick to recognize the young lady's abilities as she has been to recognize his, for the two are dominated by ambition. Quite naturally, he is prompt to show his admiration, whereas Lincoln's attitude is one of reserve. The strange thing is that Mary none the less turns her eyes towards Lincoln.

He is impressed by her ere long, dazzled by her abilities. She has an art of which he knows nothing: the art of easy conversation, a pleasant flow of questions and utterances, pointless, aimless, the very opposite of Lincoln's raconteur style.

Studying Mary Todd, he can easily read her character. He sees that she is subject to quick changes of mood, being radiantly cheerful one moment and blazing with wrath the next, often irritated by headaches, terrified by thunderstorms; and he sees that the tears come to her eyes when she is wounded.

Finding that she judges people by their table manners, he must feel, not without amusement, that she despises him for his; but when he watches her standing opposite her sister receiving guests, he is amazed at her cleverness and grace, at her faculty for picking up the latest news, and, when games are played, at her eagerness to win the

prize. Perhaps he has already heard how, when still little more than a child, she had fashioned for herself a crinoline out of willow withes, in order to cut a figure among her schoolfellows—thus displaying a vanity which a generation later was to lead her to the borderland of insanity.

All this causes him much astonishment, but he does not know how to bring it into any sort of relation to himself. What he is looking for in his partner is unselfishness, kindness, fondness, such as he experienced at the hands of the dear girl in New Salem; he is not looking for knowledge and understanding—of that he has enough himself. But perhaps his analytical powers enable him to discern that this woman can supply the impetus he lacks.

Maybe in her presence he becomes aware that his own talents are of a comparatively passive order, that her creative impatience might mingle effectively with his patience, and supplement it.

MARY'S CHOICE

Nor is Mary thrown off her track. She ignores Lincoln's short trousers, his rough manners, his bad dancing, for she alone perceives an invisible coronal on his long bony forehead, and she wants to share the distinction. With firm hands she spins the circle round the man of her choice.

She does so in spite of her distaste for the Lincoln and the Hanks families, concerning whose position she is now informed; and she disregards the wishes and the advice of her sister and her brother-in-law, who tell Mary she will be throwing herself away upon Lincoln. The opposition serves only to stimulate her resolve.

She says at a later date: "Mr. Lincoln is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so, I would not have married him, for you can see he is not pretty."

When the situation between the young people becomes critical, and Lincoln writes a letter to Mary Todd, he shows it to Speed, who reads that Lincoln has come to the conclusion that he does not love her enough. He seems to have made up his mind to avoid a repetition of the torments he had endured in his courtship of Mary Owens.

Speed refuses to deliver the letter, saying, "Words may be forgotten, but letters remain." Having burned it, he says: "If you have the courage of manhood, go see Mary yourself; tell her you

..in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD TASTE—what else matters? And once enjoyed, how long remembered!

* * *

Sunday morning breakfast at the shore—crisp strips of bacon, a fresh-caught mackerel broiled to a luscious brown; steaming flakes of savory tender white!

* * *

A Chesterfield — *anywhere!* That unmistakable aroma, that fragrant mildness of good tobacco—and how delicate the flavor, how completely balanced and satisfying!

* * *

Good taste — what else could win such popularity, what else could hold so steadfast an army of smokers? As the constant goal of our careful blending and cross-blending, the standard Chesterfield method, could there be anything better than this —

TASTE *above everything*

field

... not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

do not love her—tell her so; tell her you will not marry her." In this matter the storekeeper played the diplomatist, but showed himself a bad psychologist.

For Mary Todd knows perfectly well how a reluctant lover can be snared. After Lincoln returns that evening, he informs Speed, in his tragi-comical way:

"When I told Mary I did not love her, she burst into tears, and, almost springing from her chair and wringing her hands as if in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived. It was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her."

Speed tells him that he has made a fool of himself, but Lincoln replies: "Well, if I'm in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it." Almost the same words of passive resignation with which, three years earlier, he had become engaged to the first Mary.

The period of betrothal is one of mingled jealousies and fears. As she wants to rule him, and he is used to being independent, quarrels are frequent. In her house he can watch the preparations from day to day; the marriage day approaches him like a threat.

WHERE IS THE BRIDEGROOM?

They have decided on the first of January. The New Year is to ring in the new life. But while the bride and her kin are keenly interested in her wedding dress, slippers and gloves, with wedding breakfast, plans for speeches and the like, the bridegroom's mood has become one of feverish excitement.

This man of lonely temperament, with a passion for freedom, whose way it had been to seek women and then flee from them, now feels himself snared, and his whole nature is at bay. Call it dread, morbid fear, insanity, if you like; the name matters little.

There are conflicting accounts as to what happened on the critical day. Was the bride ready in all her splendor? Were the guests assembled? Or had there been a violent scene the day before? Was all prepared, as the most trustworthy witnesses assure us, even down to the cake? Did Lincoln openly exclaim that he hated Mary, as her sister declares?

This much, at least, is certain: Lincoln does not turn up at his wedding.

He spends the whole day in the legislature, obviously because he will be hard to get at there; at the wedding hour he is introducing a license bill, and during the next few days, likewise, he is busy fulfilling his duties as a representative. Then, for a week, he is absent from the assembly, being in the hands of his doctor. For Lincoln is ill. The conflicting passions of the last few weeks have been too much for his otherwise healthy nature, and he is now suffering from anxiety, which no one would have expected in the rail-splitter. His doctor advises him to consult a nerve specialist in Cincinnati, and he does so by letter; but the expert replies that he can do nothing without a personal interview. Lincoln clings to the Springfield doctor.

But now the frenzied Orestes finds a friendly Pylades, for on the same "fatal New Year's Day" Speed sells his shop, moves to his mother's fine old farm in Kentucky and invites Lincoln to come to see him in his native state.

The afflicted soul feels enchanted. In a large country house, where broad steps lead to a lordly hall, a slave brings him his breakfast to his bedside; he can ride and drive as often as he likes; the gentle manners of Speed's mother, the charm of a younger sister, the cheerfulness of

wealthy country people, games, fun, flirtations, assuage the tormented heart. For once in his life, Lincoln lives as a southern gentleman; the friend of the negro has his coat brushed and his stirrup held by a black; and his wounded heart for moments goes out to his friend's sister.

And yet, all of a sudden, he has spells of deep absent-mindedness. When at length he takes up his pen, what does he write? An essay on suicide, such as may well be penned by one who wishes by means of analysis to ward off a danger he has just escaped. Between thoughts of death and life, between self-consciousness and despair, he says:

"I have done nothing to make any human being remember that I have lived. Yet what I wish to live for is to connect my name with the events of my day and generation, to link my name with something which will be of interest to my fellow men." These words indicate that the crisis is passing, that ambition and hope have revived in the young man of thirty-two, and that his gaze is turning towards the wider interests of mankind.

Still, a year after the crisis, when his circumstances outwardly considered are perfectly tranquil, he says: "It is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize."

Here is the fundamental cause of Lincoln's melancholy. Notwithstanding his robust energies, his shrewdness, experience and success, this man with the poet's nature will again and again be disillusioned in his struggle with the world.

Such is the core of tragedy in Lincoln, revealed to us by the sadness of his countenance.

In this frame of mind, he once more seeks contact with some of the young women in Springfield. In several letters he alludes to having seen Sarah Rickard but he is more strongly attracted to Mary, though the sight of her must arouse disturbing memories.

"It seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise."

"She accompanied a large party on the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke, so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that."

He seems to have had intimations that, despite what has happened, Mary has not completely given him up.

They come together from time to time in a lively circle where all are entertained by Lincoln's shrewd humor, and where political lampoons are sometimes hatched. A distrust of Democratic finance is widespread, and in this connection there is general amusement because Shields, the state auditor of accounts, has issued an order that paper money shall not be accepted by the state government for taxes.

Shields had been an adventurer, sailor and law student, a Democrat and a man of affected manners; but now he is fulfilling his public duties. To this man Lincoln has three letters written by an imaginary backwoods-woman, Rebecca.

They are full of his own memories of that sphere, splendid in their naturalistic style; crammed with mischievous fun which makes the whole town laugh. The assailed takes no notice. But now Mary Todd and the editor's wife invent a fourth letter, much coarser and full

of provocations, in which Rebecca proposes to marry Shields, and even produces the wedding song. Now Shields takes umbrage and demands the name of the author.

Lincoln, as a politician, would have done well to refrain from making himself responsible for the last letter. If the wife of an editor gets an opening for her lady friends to play such dangerous pranks in her husband's newspaper, one who has no concern with the matter can hardly be expected to shoulder the consequences. He might have pleaded concern for the welfare of his party; and a man who is cultivating a reputation for style may well have hesitated to assume the authorship of some extremely bad verses.

But Mary Todd is involved in the affair, is in truth the begetter of it, and Lincoln feels impelled to shield a lady to whom he owes amends.

When the victim of the lampoon insists on challenging the author, Lincoln, instead of disavowing the last letter and the verses, and though he is a declared opponent of dueling, consents to fight. Since dueling is prohibited in Illinois, a place is chosen outside the state. Cavalry sabers are to be used. Lincoln has only learned to handle an ax, but unfortunately that is not one of the regulated dueling weapons.

Pending the final arrangements by the seconds, the long fellow sits on a log. "His face was serious," says a witness. "I never knew him to go so long without making a joke. He reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along the edge of the weapon with his thumb, like a barber feels the edge of his razor, raised himself to his full height, stretched out his long arms, and clipped off a twig with the sword."

"There wasn't another man of us who could have reached anywhere near that twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with cavalry sabers with Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword to the scabbard with a sigh, and sat down, but I detected the gleam in his eye which was always the fore-runner of one of his yarns, and fully expected him to tell a side-splitter, there in the shadow of the grave—Shields' grave."

In the meantime, however, the seconds have come to an arrangement, the two parties exchange assurances which are satisfactory, and go quietly home.

LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE

Yet there is a serious side. Though neither party's life is endangered at this duel, the proposed duel decides the subsequent course of Lincoln's life. His chivalry has reconciled the girl; Lincoln is now her cavalier.

The two are in close touch once more; people smile to see them together and soon offer congratulations. For when Lincoln realizes that she wants him to marry her after all, he does not hesitate.

On her side, now, she wants a speedy marriage, so one morning Lincoln comes into a friend's bedroom and says: "I am going to be married today."

As they stand together at the altar this November day, the giant of thirty-three and the little woman of twenty-four, his look is not happy, but at the wedding breakfast, a small affair, he is said to have been cheerful.

It is a Friday, however, and both husband and wife are superstitious. A business letter, penned some seven days after the wedding, closes with the words:



Rob yourself of sleep . . .

but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that,

four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

King C. Gillette



THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

Gillette



Chew this



for quick relief from Constipation

FEEEN-A-MINT—apparently just a piece of delicious minty chewing gum—

Actually a marvelous new method of relieving constipation! A method that makes possible gentle, thorough cleansing with a small dose of one of the most remarkable laxatives ever discovered!

For *because you chew it* the tasteless new laxative it contains is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No dangerous cramping, griping or drugging of the system. This laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects.

Over a million Feen-a-mints are sold daily to ex-users of pills and salts. Children love its delicious flavor. Keep it on hand for the entire family. For sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

Feen-a-mint

The chewing laxative

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION C-10
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name _____

Address _____

"Nothing new here, except my marrying, which, to me, is matter of profound wonder."

Soon after this, Lincoln enters into a second partnership, with Herndon, the lively young Abolitionist, who, acting on Lincoln's advice, has become a lawyer, and his most ardent admirer. Lincoln gives his full confidence to his new partner, and the friendship between the two men lasts throughout life.

Intelligence and efficiency unite them in their daily work; a common idealism in political questions, humor and irony. Herndon being almost ten years younger, Lincoln, now in the middle thirties, assumes a fatherly attitude towards his partner, and for the first time enters into a position in which he is the leader.

Logan, who had replaced Stuart as Lincoln's partner a year and a half before Lincoln's marriage, had been senior partner. Learned in the law, Logan had needed an orator to assist him, but had found it difficult, in the long run, to tolerate Lincoln's disorderly ways. Maybe, too, the partners would have been able to rub along together to their mutual advantage had they not been rivals in the political field.

After their separation, a sign is put up on which his name stands first—"Lincoln & Herndon." It is hung out somewhere on a second floor at the entrance to a medium-sized room, with two green tables placed in T form, an escritoire with pigeonholes, a bookcase and a rickety leather-covered sofa which, though fairly long, is too short for Lincoln. Once, when seed arrives from the party headquarters for the farmers, some of the seeds, broken loose amid the general disorder, sprout in the dirt on the floor.

Lincoln's trustworthiness has become proverbial. No one, least of all his partner Herndon, ever thinks of expecting formal accounts from him.

"There you are; that is your half," he would say when a fee came in, dividing up the bank notes.

His natural generosity grows with his honesty instead of decreasing, as generally happens; it even comes into collision with his legal duties. To a client he says:

"I can win your case and get the six hundred dollars for you. But if I did so, I should bring misfortune upon an honest family, and I can't see my way to it. I would rather get along without your case and your fee. I will give you a piece of advice without charging you for it. Go home and try to think of some honest way of earning six hundred dollars."

Such Solomonic verdicts contrast with the rough and tough practice of those days, and serve when he is thirty-five to intensify the reputation of being an eccentric that he had already acquired at twenty-five. He does not care to study law books or to con the decisions of the higher courts, but as a rule is content with extemporizing his arguments to fit the occasion, trusting in the justice of the cause he represents, in the healthy understanding of the court and in his own invincible sense of right.

Nor is he concerned as to the details of the business, leaving it to his junior partner to attend to the collection of fees. Yet on one occasion when, after the lapse of many years, a man comes to claim seventeen dollars from the sometime postmaster, Lincoln promptly opens a box and produces a bag in which the sum has been kept ready all the time.

In the courts, too, his friends think him eccentric and singular. "He had no system, no order; he did not keep a

clerk; he had neither library, nor index, nor cash book. When he made notes, he would throw them into a drawer, put them into his vest pocket, or into his hat . . . But in the inner man, symmetry and method prevailed. He did not need an orderly office, did not need pen and ink, because his workshop was inside his head."

Soon Lincoln's hat, in which he keeps letters and checks, becomes famous, and when a legal colleague in another town complains of his failure to answer a letter promptly, Lincoln replies apologetically: "First, I have been very busy in the United States court; second, when I received the letter I put it in my old hat and, buying a new one the next day, the old one was set aside, and so the letter was lost sight of for a time."

Besides the hat, he has an envelope to hold loose papers lying on the top of his desk, docketed—"When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this."

A man with such salient characteristics naturally finds it easier to get on with a junior. He calls his partner Herndon "Billy," and the latter says "Mr. Lincoln." But Lincoln never pretends to be better informed than he is. For instance, one day he asks, "Billy, what's the meaning of antithesis?"

As an original, he takes his ease in this law office, lies on the sofa in the morning reading the newspapers aloud to himself; tells anecdotes to those who come to consult him on law business.

It comes natural to everyone to trust him. The minister to whom he mortgages his house asks for no receipt and wants no registration. Two farmers who have a dispute as to the boundary between their farms, enter into a mutual undertaking to submit the matter to Lincoln and to abide by his decision.

Does he not still look like a farmer in disguise? For, as a newly married man, he wears fine boots of tanned leather, a "boiled" shirt with a necktie and a black stovepipe hat which makes him look taller than ever. But his clothes hang on him loosely, his waistcoat is rumpled, his trousers are baggy at the knees, his collar is too large, and his necktie usually is askew. So he stands with sloping shoulders, his arms hanging loose, his head lurching forward and lowered, and when he looks at people out of his large gray eyes, he either seems to be thinking of something else, or else is boring into their very hearts.

LINCOLN'S WIFE

Mary brings some advantages to Lincoln, for though she has little interest in his legal practice, she is much concerned with politics. From the beginning she watches the career on which she has put all her hopes. Being colder-blooded than her husband and less trustful, she is more skeptical as to people's motives, and, having a definite aim in life, is shrewder in mundane affairs than a contemplative being like her husband.

For her, every fellow creature she meets is a possible competitor, whereas he looks upon every competitor primarily as a fellow creature; each of them projects personal feelings into the minds of others. The result is that she acts as a stimulus upon his procrastinating nature, and thus is a help in his political life.

At home, he is ready to yield to her as a rule, laughs genially when she is out of humor, and, if her spell of temper lasts too long, goes for a walk. He is indulgent to her weaknesses; hurries home to calm her fears when there is a thunderstorm; tries to reason her out of her dread of burglars. Both are superstitious; but in this matter it is characteristic that she believes in signs,



Please accept FREE... this 10-day way to sparkling teeth

Will you try the tooth paste dentists urge so widely? Prepared especially to remove the film that discolours teeth and then destroys them. Send the coupon

HAVE you ever used Pepsodent? Of those in the United States who brush their teeth 6 people in every 10 have. A dentifrice so widely used, so utterly and entirely different from all others is worth your while to try.

Will you write for some? Your tube will contain a 10 days' supply, which is enough to work a surprising change in teeth and gums. Teeth are whiter, more brilliant, far less subject to decay. Gums are firmer and of better color.

Why teeth are dull

If your teeth are dingy and "off color" they are coated with a slippery, glue-like film. Feel for it with your tongue.

Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film

hardens into tartar—film fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

The special way to remove it

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful. You may employ the scientific method that first curdles film. Light brushing then can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

Please accept a free tube

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and in business. You cannot delay testing this method another day. Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send the coupon to nearest address.



FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mall coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1710, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

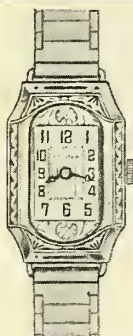
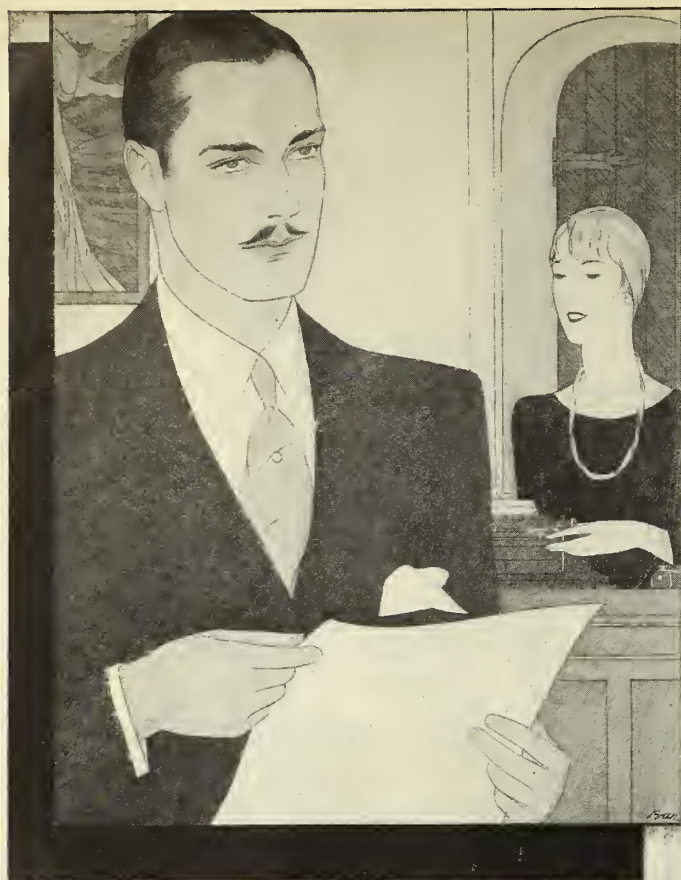
Name.....

Address.....

City

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George Street, Toronto 2, Ont.,
Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd.,
London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia),
Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney,
N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3251



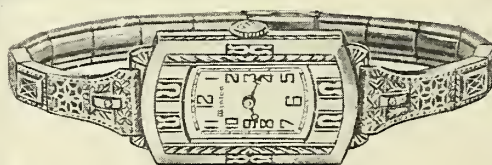
MARGERY
\$37.50



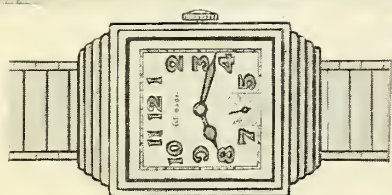
EVELYN \$24.75



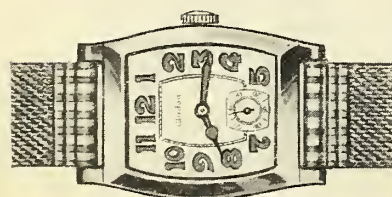
GRANDEE
\$50



JUDITH \$42.50



FALCON \$37.50



ELMWOOD \$24.75

To the modern business man and woman wearied of the conventional in watch design—yet wary of being extreme—we suggest a Winton. It's styled with the times—and timed with the accuracy that one hundred years of craftsmanship have given to Winton Watches.

WINTON WATCHES ARE MADE ONLY IN 15 AND 17-JEWEL MOVEMENTS PRICED \$25 TO \$1,000. WRITE FOR BOOKLET—"YOUR PERSONALITY—AND YOUR WATCH"—THE WINTON WATCH DIVISION OF THE HIPP DIDISHEIM CO., INC., 22 WEST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK IN CANADA 389 ST. PAUL STREET, W., MONTREAL.



©1929 H.D. Co. Inc.

WINTON

W A T C H E S

whereas Lincoln believes in dreams.

In the early days of their married life she has a hard time, for it does not come easy to a spoiled member of the Todd family to board at an inn in two rooms for four dollars a week; and when, as a reason for economy, he reminded her that he still had debts to pay, she must sometimes have wondered whether she would not have done more wisely to give her hand to a richer man.

It is a good thing that she soon becomes a mother, and that she has a chance of showing her family pride in the choice of a name for their boy. She refuses to have a son of hers called Joshua, after her husband's friend Speed, and insists upon Robert, her father's name.

She bears four sons, but only in the case of the last does she agree that he shall be named after Tom Lincoln, who has just died. During ten years, this ambitious woman gives birth to sons only, as Macbeth said was proper to women of undaunted mettle.

She knows how to keep Lincoln's friends at arm's length, and especially their wives; his "love to Fanny" soon becomes "regards to Mrs. Speed." She has detested Herndon, her husband's daily companion, since their first waltz in Springfield; she has vainly endeavored to prevent the formation of the new firm, and for years, when she comes to the office, she passes the young man without a greeting.

Lincoln, being more a man of the world, does not follow Speed's example of writing openly about his married life. Two months after the marriage he tells Speed ambiguously: "I will let you know when we meet how my marriage is going on." Alluding to his wife's condition, he seems to take his prospective fatherhood prosaically: "I reckon it will scarcely be in our power to visit Kentucky this year. Besides poverty and the necessity of attending to business, those 'coming events' I suspect would be somewhat in the way."

How could such a pair get on well together? He prefers to sit at table in his shirt sleeves; goes to open the door when the bell rings. These trifles annoy her; she loves to have things done "just so." How can a precise and orderly-minded society woman be expected to get on with a husband who is as unpunctual as he is good-natured, as forgetful as he is gentle and humorous?

Does he not like to stretch himself at full length on the carpet in the sitting room, lying there to read, so that one must make a wide circuit to avoid stumbling over his long legs? For all she can say, he still goes out to the barn in shirt and trousers, "the trousers fastened with one suspender," milks the cow and comes back carrying the milk pail, his loose slippers shuffling.

But now, as she has little humor, her sense of breeding is outraged when he opens the front door to two fine ladies and says to them: "Come in; my wife will be down as soon as she gets her trotting harness on!"

In his slow and quiet way, he deals with the children as seems best to him, regardless of Mary's wishes. He wants them to learn goodness rather than good manners, and his outlook on the nursery is always a humorous one.

We have another boy, born on the 10th of March. He is very much such a child as Bob was at his age, rather of a longer order. Bob is "short and low," and I expect always will be . . . He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear that he is . . . the little "rare ripe" sort . . . He has a great deal of that sort of mischief

that is the offspring of such animal spirits.

Since I began this letter, a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost; but by the time I reached the house his mother had found him and had him whipped, and by now, very likely, he is run away again.

This is full of gentle sarcasm and of a fine knowledge of human nature. We can read much between the lines; above all, renunciation. For, from the time of his marriage, the melancholy note increases in Lincoln's utterances.

Lincoln is ripe for Washington—after eight years in the state legislature. He has reluctantly made way for Hardin and for Baker; and even now, when he has waited four years, the party management is still inclined to give this obliging colleague the go-by; and had not his wife got to work behind the scenes, he would probably have failed.

The way in which he puts aside his legal practice to devote himself exclusively to the elections, and the way in which he writes to friends and strangers to ask for their vote and influence, seem new in him. The ambition that pushes him forward during the next few years is obviously Mary's.

His opponent in this election is Peter Cartwright, the popular Methodist divine and circuit rider, known to half the state for his fiery speeches, a formidable adversary. Cartwright's religious connections give him great influence, and he secures many supporters by his Jacksonian leanings. Not being able to find anything else to Lincoln's disadvantage, he takes occasion to say that his Whig opponent is an unbeliever.

In actual fact, Lincoln is not a member of any particular congregation, so Cartwright can say what he pleases in this respect. Once, in a church, Lincoln has indeed made some slighting allusions to the insincerity of many professing Christians, who are ready enough to condemn drunkards and other sinners instead of trying to save them. After this, Cartwright resorts to a trick.

Lincoln has gone to a religious meeting where Cartwright is preaching. After a while Cartwright says: "All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God and go to heaven, will stand." Then the preacher goes on: "All who do not wish to go to hell will stand." The congregation, Lincoln excepted, promptly stand up. Cartwright says in solemn tones: "May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln, where you are going?"

Lincoln rises and answers: "I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going. I desire to reply with equal directness: I am going to Congress."

His prophecy comes true and when the election is over people are astonished at the size of his majority. Never before, in Illinois, has a Whig received so many votes. For the campaign the party had handed him \$200 for expenses. After the election he returns \$199.25, saying:

"I did not need the money. I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm hands insisted I should treat them to."

Lincoln has attained his first end, and he writes to Speed: "Being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not

24 Leading Biscuit Companies—

—from Maine
to California
—from northern
Canada to
Mexico—
bring you



VEGETIZED Whole Wheat WAFERS

RECOGNIZING the high obligation to supply the public with the latest improvements in food as determined by leading authorities on nutrition and dietetics, 24 of America's foremost biscuit companies are collaborating in the manufacture of Vegetized Wafers.

The vital necessity of Vegetables in the daily diet has become fully recognized during the past few years and their increased consumption is encouraged by doctors and all well-informed persons. But only recently has a practical way been found to incorporate fresh vegetables in Bakery products without the loss of their essential health-giving elements. After an exhaustive investigation, these 24 leading manufacturers recognized in the vegetization process the most outstanding development in foods in a decade.

One of these- 24 Leading Biscuit Companies

serves your territory and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

EAST
T. A. Huston & Co., Portland
J. S. Ivins' Son, Inc., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo
and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL
The Felber Biscuit Co.,
Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co.,
Grand Rapids
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo,
N. D. and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake
City
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Strietmann Biscuit Co.,
Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH
Martin Biscuit Co.,
Birmingham, Alabama
Vories Baking Co.,
New Orleans

PACIFIC
Bishop & Co., Los Angeles
Mutual Biscuit Co.,
San Francisco
Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Seattle,
Spokane and Portland

CANADA
Canada Biscuit Co., London,
Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

Vegetized Wafers are delicious, non-fattening whole-wheat cookies containing milk, eggs, and vegetable shortening together with the equivalent of one-fourth of their weight in Spinach, Carrots, Celery, Lettuce and Tomatoes as grown.

Children who don't like vegetables may now be assured a constant and plentiful supply of health-protecting, body-building vegetable vitamins and mineral salts through regular eating of Vegetized Wafers. Adults who are troubled with acidosis or other digestive disturbances find the strong alkaline reaction of the vegetables in Vegetized Wafers of great benefit. Ask your doctor. He knows. Vegetized Wafers are sold by leading grocers in sanitary packages only, never in bulk.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc.,

Union Insurance Building, Los Angeles

***VEGETIZED**—The exclusive vegetization process removes only the water from the vegetables without losing the vitamins and mineral salts. Every Vegetized Food contains these essential elements of five fresh uncooked vegetables.

Send for this Free book—An interesting free book describing the vegetization process and giving delicious recipes for the use of Vegetized Wafers and other Vegetized Foods is yours for the asking. Send the coupon.



VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc., 1Cos1029
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me the free book describing the Vegetization process.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

pleased me as much as I expected."

Such is the usual experience of men for whom life in the imagination is more vivid than life in the real, and whose expectations are superior to reality.

Mary is happy. She can wander through the streets of Washington by the side of her husband, chosen of the people, can enter the Capitol, can look down from the gallery at her husband's seat and at last see in the flesh all the celebrated men whose names have, since earliest girlhood, aroused her to mingled awe and envy; she can scan critically the wives of the foreign diplomats from Europe, driving by proudly in their carriages. She can go to the White House.

There it is, plain and unadorned, not hidden by any walls—and far simpler than she has dreamed of. So near and so real: here the President's room, the office, the anteroom. Mary dreams of herself as mistress here.

But when she gets back to the little boarding house, and their own modest quarters, where she has to pass her days little noticed, as wife of a newcomer (a man unknown in Washington), she may well have gone through periods of doubt and gloom. In Springfield she had been a person of importance, but here in Washington, one among hundreds, she counts for little. "Who is that long, thin fellow?" "Oh, a lawyer from the West."

And here is Douglas, too, Lincoln's shadow, the short agile man, simultaneously entering the Capitol. He has been elected to the Senate, and, since a senator ranks far above a congressman, she may well have her thoughts. But the Whigs are at length on the upgrade; for the first time they have a majority in the House.

With mixed feelings, Mary returns to Springfield. Lincoln stays behind in the capital city, occupying himself there as paterfamilias, trying to buy stockings she wants for the children, advising her to get a servant girl, ending his letters as usual with: "Kiss the children for me."

Husband and wife seem to have been on exceptionally good terms at this time, for even Herndon, her adversary, reports that she says: "Lincoln is not much to look at, but people don't know that his heart is as great as his arms are long."

After a few weeks Lincoln becomes recognized as "the champion story-teller of the Capitol." In the anteroom where congressmen meet to chat and laugh, he at first keeps to himself, watching and listening, but soon he begins to take part.

LINCOLN AT WASHINGTON

Within a few weeks he actually makes his first great oration in Washington. The war was pretty well at an end even before the elections; Vera Cruz is in the hands of the United States Army; General Taylor has conquered a part of northern Mexico, and the pacifist opposition to the campaign has collapsed.

But Lincoln is not the man to be carried away by success, and is not one to be stampeded into a policy of which he fundamentally disapproves. Nay, at the very time when the army is marching from victory to victory, he dares declare the war to be an unjust one.

Thus he makes enemies in both camps, for the radical Whigs are discontented because he favors a vigorous support of the army and is prepared to vote the sinews of war, and, on the other hand, the nationalists are furious because he openly accuses the President of being responsible for this war.

He remains solitary. Even now, even here, he remains exceptional. What other representative in the political arena is likely to have written home such a letter as this:

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered dry eyes are full of tears yet.

Who can foresee at what fatal hour he and Stephens are to meet again?—tears turned to wrath. For the time being he and Stephens become friends.

There is current in Springfield the story of a voter whom Lincoln has refused to recommend for an appointment, and to whom he has subsequently written:

From the beginning of our acquaintance, I had felt the greatest kindness for you, and had supposed it was reciprocated on your part. Last summer, under circumstances which I mentioned to you, I was painfully constrained to withhold a recommendation which you desired, and shortly afterwards I learned, in such a way as to believe it, that you were indulging in open abuse of me.

Of course my feelings were wounded. On receiving your last letter the question occurred whether you were attempting to use me at the same time you would injure me, or whether you might not have been misrepresented to me. If the former, I ought not to answer you; if the latter, I ought, and so I have remained in suspense. I now enclose the letter which you may use if you see fit.

What an extraordinary fellow we have sent to Congress this time! He is incorruptible, beyond question; he will not recommend any unfit person for a post, since he regards the state as more important than party ties. All the same, he is too good-natured to refuse, so in the end he sends a recommendation, coupled with an expression of mistrust which seems to revoke it.

You can make neither head nor tail of such a man. Better not reelect him!

Soon, Mary has hopeful hours. She joins her husband in Chicago, where he is widely known. She shares there the honors paid to him, and sees the desired future loom nearer. But she sees also how, at the beginning of a speech, he takes off his cuffs, turns back his sleeves as if he were in for a wrestling match; and she sees, too, how in the New England States, where he is little known, it is difficult for him at first to capture his audiences.

She is accompanying him in part of his journeys to win votes for Taylor, a campaign he fights on a larger scale and with more success than the one four years earlier on behalf of Clay. Here, too, his chief success rests on his slashing criticism of the Democrats. For the first time he hears the cultured oratory of eastern politicians, the pathos of the Abolitionists, and he learns new aspects of his problems.

He is deeply impressed by an orator in Boston, Seward by name, who, a dozen years later, is to become intimately connected with his destiny. At a banquet for Taylor, Lincoln hears the name of another orator, who speaks before him, Jefferson Davis.

He now sees with his own eyes the great factories of the East and can study at first hand what has long been known to him on paper: the differences between North and South. He also visits Niagara Falls, and writes of them:

The geologists can prove, by the wearing back of the Niagara plunge, that the world is at least fourteen thousand years old; how Niagara calls up the past. When Columbus first sought this continent—when Christ suffered on the cross—when Moses led Israel through the Red Sea—nay, even when Adam first came from the hand of his Maker; then, as now, Niagara was roaring here.

Such romantic thoughts, aroused in him by the sight of this wonder of nature, may have persisted in his mind. But when his friend Herndon wants to talk the matter over with him, he replies banteringly, to fend off the questioner: "The thing that struck me most forcibly when I saw the Falls was, where in the world did all the water come from?"

BACK TO SPRINGFIELD

While he is on this journey, however, the session of Congress comes to an end, and Lincoln is not at present destined to return to Washington. His remarkable position between peace and war, his refusals to office hunters, the rejection of his bill to abolish slavery in Columbia, have alienated a good many supporters, and he cannot be sure of reelection.

Above all, however, he is unwilling to try, as so many of his colleagues have tried, to cling to his seat. "I declared that I would not run again, for I wished to remain fair to my colleagues . . . But if no other candidate should offer himself, I should have no objection. As for putting myself forward, or trying to get anyone to propose me, my word of honor forbids."

Taylor has been elected President, although he can barely read or write correctly, but Lincoln, now rather unwillingly, must quit the center of political life. Although he has no fondness for party intrigues, he has learned here a great deal about the nature of the Union, and would like to know more.

His adversaries flourish: Shields has just become senator, and Douglas' influence is growing. Has Washington been nothing but a brief interlude? What will bring him thither a second time from Springfield? And yet what is there to lure him back to the Springfield nest?

A house where, under reproachful glances, he has to lead an orderly existence; an office in which he has to adjust uninteresting legal disputes; a newspaper in which he has to voice the views of his party! At most, the children—but will there be no disputes about their education?

Mary, likewise, is depressed when she sees how quickly they fall back into the old rut. She longs for a more expansive life, where everything is splendid and impressive, and she writes from New York:

When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for their European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich.

In November Emil Ludwig tells how Lincoln broke a law for one woman, while another woman's tantrums were one of the secrets of his success

of Mine

The Story of A Luncheon and a Matinée



Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

"Well, the Biltmore, in the lobby, if that suits you."

"Any place suits me. The Biltmore lobby, then."

"But have you changed much? Will I know you?"

"I'll wear shoes."

"Oh, Will! You're the same old Will!"

"What show would you like to see today?"

"Oh, anything. I haven't been to one for months."

"All right. I'll use my own judgment. One o'clock, then, at the Biltmore."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Stella's heart skipped a beat. That "dear" didn't sound like old friends. It didn't sound safe, and she knew she was glad he had said it.

SHE dressed carefully and spent a long time in front of her mirror. It told her that although she had changed a lot since twenty-four, her age when she and Will had parted, she certainly did not look thirty-nine, not within four or five years of it. Her face was unlined and her figure still good, almost youthful, she thought, despite the ten or twelve pounds she had taken on as Mrs. Crane. There was not the same sparkle in her eyes, perhaps, and her smile was less engaging, more artificial; it was a smile she had cultivated for use when one of the Fields, Coopers or Smalls had related a rough story or joke which she hadn't understood or liked or listened to.

Of course she was not conscious of this or of the difference in her eyes. She felt she could still arouse a man's interest, particularly the interest of a man who hinted that he had remained single because he could not have her.

Will was more than a little excited. There had been fifty girls and women in his life since Stella had gone out of it, but none who had been able to hold him, none who had seemed as desirable as his sweetheart of fifteen years ago.

He believed she had still cared a great deal for him when she married Crane, and he believed that a woman who had cared for him once never could get entirely over it. Look at Fannie Towns, and May Judson, and most of the others! All he had to do was to whistle and they would come back.

Now he was going to meet the only one he had ever

really loved and wanted. She had been easily persuaded to see him, and her husband was out of town. The day would not end with the matinée.

He called up Endicott 9546. "Betty? This is Will again. Say, I'm sorry about tonight, but I just had a wire from Charlie Prince, from Buffalo. He's getting in at seven o'clock and wants me to meet him and stick around with him all evening. No, it's business; I can't get out of it. I'll call you tomorrow, and meanwhile, don't forget me."

He and Stella had no trouble identifying each other. Will immediately noted her plumpness, but was glad it was no worse. He observed, too, the new smile, but charged it to embarrassment. Stella saw that his hair was thin and his face bore the marks of dissipation. Otherwise, he was the same old Will.

He said they had plenty of time and she must order something special to celebrate the occasion.

"I don't feel like eating," said Stella. "I just want to talk and hear you talk."

"And I just want to look at you. That's feast enough for me."

But the waiter was hovering, and to get rid of him they had to make a choice.

"You haven't changed a bit," said Will, after ordering.

"I've changed more than you have. I'm heavier."

"Very little. And look at my hair, or what's left of it."

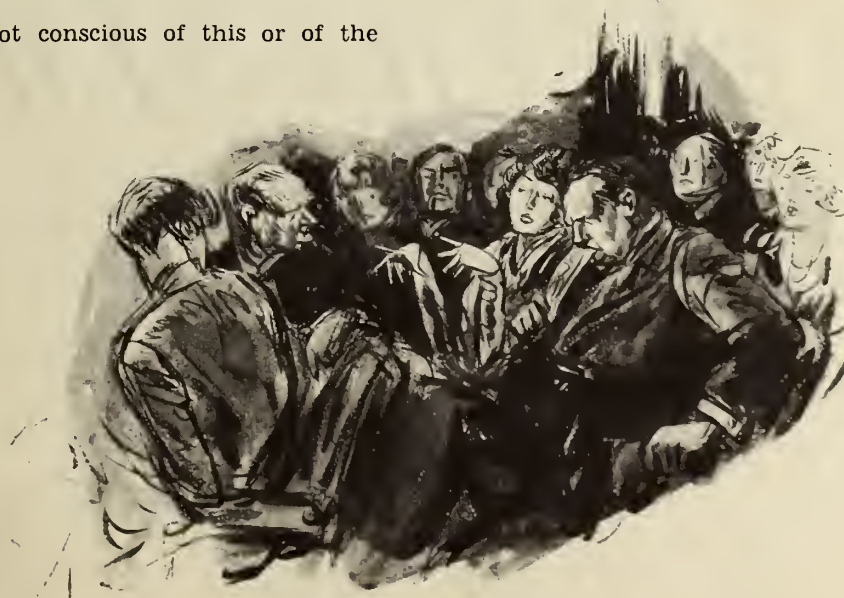
"I don't think you've lost much—not much."

"I'm not worrying about it, anyway," said Will, who worried about it a great deal. "It's too late for me to care whether I'm handsome or not."

"I think you're just as handsome as ever."

"That's all that matters."

"But I want to hear about (Continued on page 165)





*Illustrations by
Harvey Dunn*

In this Chapter of Emil Lincoln, the

KEEN was the disappointment, Mary's as well as Lincoln's, as he returned from the session of Congress. What had become of the Washington career that Mary had anticipated, that Lincoln himself had glimpsed as he made his first oration in the House? What hope could there be now in a return to the old life in Springfield?

Had he been defeated in a great battle, had he been in the position of a leader who with renewed courage prepares for a fresh struggle, it would have been easy for him to adapt himself once more to the narrowness of his old environment, to look upon life in this little town and the still primitive West as merely a pause between fights.

But his day seemed to be over: it had been a day of no particular note. To himself, perhaps, no less than to his fellow citizens, he may well have appeared to be nothing more than a private soldier who had been sent to guard an outpost for a time and was now withdrawn.

He no longer has a seat in the local legislature; his practice as a lawyer has been injured by his absence; instead of receiving considerable allowances for his services as Congressman, he has now to content himself with his small fees. And as far as his subjective state of mind is concerned, he has brought back with him

from Washington, not so much a picture of a wider world as the conviction that the capital is a swamp and that political life is a marsh in which only honest folk get hopelessly bogged.

It is natural, then, that he should try to secure a post which will provide a more expanded environment without burdening him with the cares of Congressional life. Immediately after his return to Springfield, he makes moves to get the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, for this is to be given to a Whig, and probably to an Illinois man. But he fails to get the appointment and shortly afterwards, when the President offers him in compensation the office of either governor or secretary of Oregon, after brief reflection Lincoln refuses the offer.

MARY'S wishes play a part in this refusal. Her view is that if they move to those western wilds to accept a position there, however good, there may be no possibility of a return to Washington. Events justify the wisdom of her decision, for herself, for him and for the nation.

And she has helped Lincoln in another way—by contraries! Had their life together been harmonious, he would have been inclined to spend more of his time at



Ludwig's Biography You Understand *husband*

home. Since it is inharmonious, he becomes more and more disposed to go on circuit as a lawyer, for this wandering life is more congenial to his gypsy temperament than a strained domesticity in stiffly furnished rooms, with regular meals, social duties and careful dress. When a Chicago colleague offers him a partnership, he rejects the proposal on the ground that he is consumptive and for that reason a sedentary existence would be the death of him.

Life as a lawyer on circuit is less remunerative, but there are compensating advantages. Half the year, during the spring and autumn months, he is on the road. He is not forced to spend day after day sitting at his desk in the same house, in the same street.

He is freed from the burden of having to keep regular hours and he is not pestered at meal times with chatter about children, cooks, relatives and shopping. There is no occasion for him to tidy himself up in the evening, to brush his stovepipe hat, retie his necktie and go to some party where he has to talk to the ladies about the latest fashions in basket chaises in Europe, or about slavery.

How much pleasanter it is to drive from one little town to another through the lovely flower-decked prairies of Illinois! Three or four drive together, in

some old rattletrap of a carriage, or, better still, ride on horseback in company with the judge and one or two other lawyers.

Towards noon, court opens, and the farmers who have suits to bring appear: there are disputes about land; assault cases; a man may be charged with the theft of a hog. The lawyer's business is to wash the sinner as white as possible; to put up the best case for the debtor, or perhaps to help the creditor to his due.

AFTER a few hours of this, they adjourn to the inn. Lincoln carrying his old green straight-handled umbrella, tied with a piece of string; in the other hand, his documents in a carpetbag. At supper, the litigants talk about crops, farm stock, land values.

Lincoln hears at first hand from the farmers what the needs of the countryside are, whether railroads or waterways are better, and what the effects of the protective tariff are in actual practice. Now Lincoln clears up a dubious point by telling an anecdote, whereupon people from the other tables crowd round to listen.

He has been on circuit there before, this long, thin fellow, "Honest Abe." They know how amusingly he can talk. The judge, prosecutors and defendants, witnesses, those who have been at odds all the afternoon.



throng round this extraordinary man whose fund of witty sayings seems inexhaustible.

Having grown up in such close touch with the common people, and being bound by ties of blood to men like these, Lincoln shares their feelings intimately and continually learns from them. In successive journeys of this kind, he becomes well known throughout the length and breadth of Illinois, laying the foundations of a popularity without which he would never have secured his great victory of ten years later.

As to mealtimes and what is served to him, he is as indifferent as he had been twenty years earlier when in some such little country town he sawed wood or peddled buttons. Just as in those early days he would lie down on the counter of his shop in order to read, so now his partner (who sometimes accompanies him on circuit) describes him as lying in the bed the two men share, with his long legs projecting beyond the foot, reading Euclid till two in the morning, to the accompaniment of the snores of the occupants of the other beds in the room.

Or he sits up until midnight playing chess with the judge. Then, seated on the edge of his bed in a yellow flannel nightshirt which is always too short for him, he engages in a protracted discussion on slavery. At length the other man falls asleep, awakening in the morning to see Lincoln sitting deep in thought, ready to resume the argument with the words: "Let me tell you that this nation cannot continue to exist half slave and half free."

All his companions like him—especially Trumbull, Browning, young Swett and Judge Davis (a fine figure of a man, like a Frans Hals picture), his fellow travelers on these journeys for years. But no more than Lincoln himself do they realize that in due time they will be involved with him in a much more formidable movement, and will then render him loyal service. For

politically they are all of much the same way of thinking, and influence one another in interminable discussions, and finally come to form the nucleus of a new party which ultimately will be constituted in Illinois.

Only when Judge Douglas comes along are there likely to be dissensions. It is just as well that he is now a senator and prefers to pass his time at the Capitol or the club in Washington rather than to rough it in the primitive inns or on the primitive roads of Illinois.

At present the careers of these sometime rivals seem to be diverging. Douglas is giving himself up more and more to politics, whereas Lincoln, between the ages of forty-one and forty-six, devotes himself mainly to law, although he does not abandon politics completely.

"PERSUADE your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this.

"As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client."

These extracts from the notes for a law lecture disclose a theoretical outlook which Lincoln incorporates still more vividly in his daily practice. Though he is never passionately devoted to the practice of the law, from his early days he is animated by a keen sense of justice, so that his adoption of a legal career is not a mere matter of chance.



Yet there is nothing of the prophet or the preacher about him. The hardships of his early life, his struggles for a livelihood, his wanderings, his service, the lack of any protectors, have strengthened him in the school of the world without blunting his sensibilities. In his practice as a lawyer, he turns his knowledge of men to account, mingles wit and sarcasm to undermine the credibility of a witness, of a prosecutor or a defendant.

"You are called J. Parker Green. What does 'J.' mean?"

"'J.' means John."

"Is that so? But why don't you call yourself 'John P. Green' just like other folk?"

This sally makes the jury smile, and while Lincoln is playing pitch and toss with the witness' two Christian names, his victim's prestige is being undermined.

If he has no detailed knowledge of the law books, this is all the better for his diction, inasmuch as what he has to say is free from the sophistries of legal terminology. He never splits hairs. His clear and pithy sentences, carved in wood like his features, are those of a countryman and appeal to the countrymen who make up the jury.

In the simplest and most natural way in the world there are fused in his character the lineaments of the poet with those of the righteous man, and those of the logician with those of the moralist. Lincoln would have been an ideal judge. In the end, he became judge for the nation.

The result of his peculiarities was, as all his colleagues declare, that he made a poor advocate when, during the course of the proceedings, he came to feel that his client was in the wrong. Should he be sure of this when first approached, he would refuse to undertake the case.

A lady sends him a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, asking him to act for her. He returns it with

the remark: "I have not a single nail on which to hang your claim."

When a man of whose criminality he is convinced seeks his help, Lincoln hands the case over to a colleague, saying: "This man is guilty. I cannot defend him. You can."

Another time he has a talk with the opposing counsel before the hearing of the case, makes up his mind about the matter, and says: "As I see that my client is in the wrong, I shall advise him to withdraw the suit."

Though his humor sometimes leads him to great lengths, there is always a moral boundary which he will not overstep. It seems as if, like a thoroughbred horse, he is shying against an unseen obstacle . . .

Within the last three weeks there has been a party almost every night, and some two or three grand fêtes are coming off this week. I may surprise you when I mention that I am recovering from the slight fatigue of a very large, and I really believe, a very handsome and agreeable entertainment, at least our friends flatter us by saying so. About five hundred were invited; yet, owing to an unlucky rain, three hundred only favored us by their presence.

This is Mary, writing to her sister, and it gives a clue to the general tenor of her thoughts and cares, her wishes and triumphs.

DRIVING in her own carriage—the carriage Lincoln has bought for her, though he never uses it himself—to pay a round of calls in the little town, she can tickle her fancy with the thought that, on however small a scale, she is keeping up a Parisian style.

Lincoln is earning more money now and has paid off all his debts, so she has a second story built to their house. That renders the place more presentable. Besides, owing to the growth of Springfield, it is now in quite a central location, (Continued on page 126)

And that is what Mr. Bieber left!



“What’s that?” Gubman cried, bursting into the room. He thought someone was aspersing the genuineness of his own Stradivari.

I REALLY believe when they combined the Panharmonic Orchestra and the Gotham Symphony Orchestra and dropped Leopold Bieber that it broke his heart,” said David Besso as he sat in what under happier circumstances had been the *Bierhalle* of the Tonkünstler Verein on East Eighty-sixth Street, and Max Gubman, the concert master of the new Panharmonic Orchestra, shrugged his shoulders with almost too much resignation.

“A man can easy die from a broken heart when he’s also got kidney and liver trouble with just a touch of paralysis, y’ understand,” he replied, “which in my opinion, Besso, the Gotham Orchestra carried that old codger along six years after he was absolutely useless, and at the funeral already, we give the widder two hundred dollars and the adagio from the ‘Eroica.’ So what more could we do?”

“At the same time, it’s hard on his family,” Besso said. He was a young man with thick dark hair and gray eyes, and in figure he was slender and wiry, so that, had Max Gubman but known it, he appeared to much disadvantage in Besso’s company, and you may be sure that had Max been informed of it he would

have avoided Besso, for Besso was only a second violin.

Ordinarily it is a condescension for the concert master merely to nod to a second violin, except at rehearsal, but there was something about Besso which apparently even Max found attractive, and he was therefore willing to proffer David some sound financial advice.

“A fiddler has a hard time *anyhow*,” he declared, “so he shouldn’t ought to live always on the top of the wave like Bieber did, because I can remember when a fifteen-cent cigar was high-priced, y’ understand, and at that, Bieber smoked them like he would be a merchant and not a musician. Many a time I says to him he should save his money and buy anyhow a little equity in a cold-water walk-up.

“I even offered him as long ago as when property was low around Sutton Place, that him and me should buy one of them small brownstone flats near the gas works, and two years ago I sold it for sixty thousand.”

Max Gubman made no secret of his prosperity. He was estimated, by members of the Panharmonic Orchestra on its out-of-town trips, when pinochle palled, to be worth at least a quarter of a million dollars, but nobody claimed that his prosperity had interfered with his technique. He was an excellent artist and concert master, if a trifle obese, nor did he seem to be at all handicapped by the loss of a great deal of his hair.

Some people believe, principally from observation, that so far as playing the violin is concerned, a bald-headed man is in no better case than a one-armed man, but Max was a living negation of this superstition.

IN FACT, only his premature baldness had prevented Gubman from being a successful virtuoso, while David Besso, with abundant brown hair, at the age of twenty-five, when a virtuoso is usually endowed with a tour of fifty engagements, two fur-lined overcoats and a Stradivari violin, still played at one of the second-violin desks on an instrument worth no more than four hundred and twenty-five dollars.

“You should save your money, Besso,” Gubman continued, “while you’re a young man. Look at me! All my life I worked hard, and I didn’t marry nor nothing, and now I am fifty-four, I can already afford to pick and choose, whereas with you, Besso, I can already see it in your eye that the first thing you know you are going to make a fool of yourself and your career.”



“The great Toledano kissed the astonished Besso on the forehead.

The much photographed MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN has exquisitely tended hands



With grave sweetness the lovely Mrs. Arlen explained the exquisite simplicity with which she cares for her hands, so that they have always an enchanting perfection. "First, I use the Cuticle Remover which shapes and softens the cuticle; second, the Polish Remover to remove old polish, then the beguiling new Liquid Polish that sparkles for days; third, a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil and just enough Nail White to enhance the radiance of the Polish!"

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER - 12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9 C-11, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

*"A flattering radiance to my nails
is so easy with this New
Cutex Liquid Polish," she says.*

SHE has restored romance to a tired world!

Young—tranquil—very beautiful—the grave-eyed Countess Atalanta Mercati!

Talented — sophisticated — a writer of romance and intrigue—the brilliant Michael Arlen!

The society of five continents paid homage to her beauty and his fame at their impressive marriage in the Greek Orthodox Church in Cannes.

And Michael Arlen, renowned both as a novelist and a lover of

beauty, wrote another story—a fragrant romance bearing the delicate imprint of his exquisite wife.

Skiing at St. Moritz, dancing and tennis on the Riviera—at all the blue and green and gold places where the fashionable world plays—Mrs. Arlen is conspicuous for her exquisite grooming. Particularly noticeable are her expressive hands—her slender tapering fingers and beautifully cared for nails!

"To me," Mrs. Arlen said thoughtfully, "hands are just as expressive and interesting as people's faces. Perhaps that is why I have always given mine especial care."

"I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days after using it my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous sized bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢, Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢.

Say your "Merry Christmas" with the charming new Cutex Manicure Gift Sets—at prices to suit every purse. 25¢, 60¢, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK,
LONDON, PARIS



Where the brilliant pageantry of society gathers Mrs. Michael Arlen lends the exotic beauty of a tropic flower. "Like lotus buds that float" her exquisite hands leave you with an image of slim, unforgettable beauty! They tell of a nobility fostered through the dim centuries. Mrs. Arlen is descended from a distinguished Florentine family that has married into prominent families in this country, England and France. From such a broadly cosmopolitan background has her uniquely exquisite personality grown.



4 ASTOUNDING LIGHTER VALUES



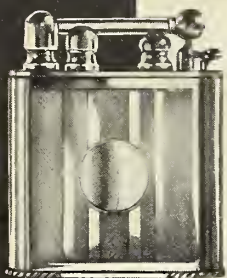
\$3⁵⁰

This model in a sturdy, polished nickel case, is just \$3.50, yet it has all the Douglass features!



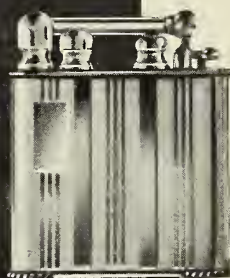
\$4⁰⁰

Cased in one of many rare leathers this model with polished nickel ends is only \$4.



\$5⁰⁰

A Silhouette (thin) Douglass in nickel. Plain or chased case for \$5. In leather at \$6.



\$10

Silhouettes in silverplated cases with interesting lines and a shield for your monogram \$10.

GENUINE DOUGLASS



"PRESS the trigger, there's your light!" With all of Douglass precision, long life; automatic, unfailing service.

Really the most remarkable bargains Douglass has ever offered!

Douglass Lighters make wonderful gifts. Buy now while your stores have complete assortments. Other Douglasses \$12.50 to \$1000.

THE DOUGLASS CO., San Francisco
A. W. W. Kyle Co., Montreal

PRESS THE TRIGGER, THERE'S YOUR LIGHT!

Lincoln, the Husband

(Continued from page 39)

which makes it all the more charming to her, and all the more uncongenial to him.

Mary does not care for the only tree left near the house and has it cut down, but she loves her wonderful new chandeliers, and she delights in the musical box between the two cut-glass inkstands on her writing table. But of what avail are all these splendors when her husband still insists on cleaning his own boots; when he replaces a missing trouser button by a wooden peg, hitches it to his suspenders and humorously calls the arrangement a "gallows"?

Certainly, she has far from an easy time with him. Often, he does not come when dinner is ready. She has to send the two elder boys to look for their father, and they find him in one of the shops, sitting on a nail keg chatting with and listening to a crowd of customers. At length he gets up to come home, but stops again in the street outside the shop, the center of a little group, the two boys hanging to his coat tails, while he finishes his anecdote.

Then, when he is on his way home, the youngsters begin to cry. "What on earth is the matter?" asks a passer-by. "What on earth is the matter?" rejoins Lincoln. "I have three walnuts and each of them wants to have two."

Is it surprising that Mary is fretful at home? When one of the boys mispronounces the word "gentleman," which means so much to her, and nothing to him, Lincoln is pleased and tells all his friends about it. When he is asked why the Todds spell their name with two d's, he answers: "For God, one d is enough, but the Todds need two."

He is not the man to see to it that his boys are brought up properly, according to his wife's desires. On Sunday, he takes the two elder ones to his office while the mother is in church, sits plunged in thought or deep in his books, and never notices how they amuse themselves by messing up the pens, upsetting the inkpot, throwing legal documents on the floor and dropping pencils into the spittoon. It is left for his unhappy partner to discover on Monday that the young Lincolns have been making hay in the room.

At home, Lincoln usually shows a yielding disposition; does not ask how much his wife spends; leaves money lying about where she can take it when she pleases; is content with whatever arrangements she may prefer in matters concerning the house and the garden—and thus irritates her nervous susceptibilities and fosters her contradictoriness by his very passivity and indifference.

"He is of no account when he is at home," says Mary. "He never does anything except warm himself and read. He never went to market in his life. I have to look after all that. He just does nothing. He is the most useless, good-for-nothing man on earth."

Yet when her sister praises him and says she would be glad to have a husband with so much intelligence, Mary is delighted and agrees that his faults are only trifles.

While she wrangles with everyone—with her sisters, with the servants, and of course with Lincoln—he, on the other hand, records as a principle: "Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including

the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal rights and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own."

On these terms they are able to rub along together; and the death of one of their sons at the age of four years may have helped to promote a closer union between them. When Mary is afraid the boy is becoming consumptive, she urges the doctor to conceal the fact from Lincoln. In important matters she never pushes him too far, and she says of Lincoln after his death:

"He was mild in his manner, but a terrible firm man when he set his foot down. I could always tell when, in deciding anything, he had reached his ultimatum. At first he was very cheerful; then he lapsed into thoughtfulness, bringing his lips together in a firm compression. When these symptoms developed, I fashioned myself accordingly, and so did all others have to do sooner or later."

But things do not always go as well as this. On one occasion he orders a new newspaper to be sent to his house. Mary writes to the editor canceling the subscription. The letter is published, and Lincoln cannot openly repudiate what she has said, but the matter makes him quite ill.

Here is another instance: Lincoln is at home, talking business with a legal colleague, when Mary bursts in at the door asking whether he has done something he has promised to do. When he replies in the negative, she exclaims that he neglects her shamefully and goes out, slamming the door after her.

The visitor is consternated. Lincoln laughs the thing off, saying: "Why, if you knew how much good that little eruption did, what a relief it was to her, how she really enjoyed it, and if you knew her as well as I do, you would be glad she had had an opportunity to explode, to give vent to her feelings."

Sometimes, however, the atmosphere at home becomes unbearable. Then Herndon finds Lincoln in the office at seven o'clock in the morning, lying on the sofa gazing moodily at the ceiling, or else sitting hunched up on a chair, his feet on the window sill.

At dinner time, though his house is near by, he returns to the office with some cheese and biscuits; stays there till late in the evening, sitting on a box at the top of the stairway talking to anyone who comes along. There he remains for hours after closing time. Not until the night is well advanced does he slowly stroll homeward through the trees.

Can we be surprised, in view of the actual circumstances of his home life, that never in all these years does he venture to ask anyone to dine at his house? We have testimony as to Mary's outbreaks of fury from no fewer than six witnesses, some of whom even tell us that they saw her drive her husband out through the door with a broomstick.

We know that Lincoln's parents, who live only eighty miles away, never come to pay him a visit, and that the only one of his relatives, one of the Hanks cousins, to enter the house is made a drudge by Mary, so that Lincoln has to interfere. On the other hand, Mary always has a warm welcome for her fine friends from the South.

Have we not, then, good reason to agree with an intimate friend of Lincoln's who declares: "The fact that Mary Todd, by her turbulent nature and unfortunate manner, prevented her husband from becoming a domestic man operated largely in his favor; for he was



FREE!

A whole week's better shaves. Just mail the coupon below.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically authenticated and proved out by millions of men.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

Does your morning shave last as long as you wish?

Now millions of men can answer "yes" because they've adopted small-bubble lather.

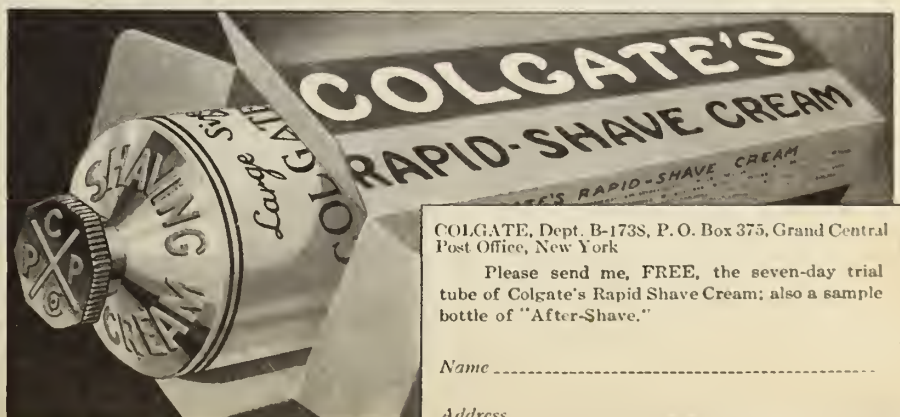
WHAT a satisfying morning shave ... when you know it's close enough really to last. No supper-time worry as to whether you need a second shave. No evening embarrassment. That satisfaction is known to every man who uses Colgate's small-bubble lather. He moistens his beard scientifically, so it comes off close ... that's why his shave is longer-lasting. Small bubbles moisten the hairs at their base, as big bubbles can't.

Compare with ordinary lather

We invite a critical comparison—your present lathering contrasted with the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard ... crowd around each whisker ... soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable ... limp and lifeless ... scientifically softened right down at the base ... ready for your razor.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1738, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name

Address

thereby kept out in the world of business and politics. Instead of spending his evenings at home, reading the papers and warming his toes at his own fireside, he was constantly out with the common people, was mingling with the politicians, discussing public questions with the farmers who thronged the offices in the courthouse and the statehouse, and exchanging views with the loungers who surrounded the stove in the village store on winter evenings.

"The result of this continuous contact with the world was that he was more thoroughly known than any other man in his community. His wife, therefore, was one of the unintentional means of his promotion."

What seems more likely than that Lincoln should have fallen in love with somebody on one or another of his long journeys? He is not a misogynist by nature; merely shy. What he avoids and despises is the triviality of society life. What he wants is sympathy, understanding.

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN

Had he been fortunate enough to marry a woman of an affectionate and patient disposition, one easy to guide, he would himself have been amenable to her guidance in many matters, would have been able to rid himself of his all-pervading melancholy, would have become gentler and happier.

He goes so often to hear a certain woman singer that people tease him about it, and even shake their heads at him warningly. His answer is: "Let me alone; she is the only woman that has ever said nice things to me."

But at a later date, when political feeling is running high against Abraham Lincoln, not one of his enemies is ever able to reproach him with an infringement of the strict moral standards of his time; and there is no record that Mary, though she is often left alone for long periods, though she is suspicious and irritable, is ever jealous of her husband during their life in Springfield.

He often and successfully defends women in divorce cases. Once when a couple of sturdy wives are prosecuted for entering a saloon where their husbands make it a daily habit to get drunk and emptying all the whisky, Lincoln, with his oratorical gift, is able to obtain their acquittal.

He even, on occasions, takes a woman's part in defiance of the law. A cobbler who lives near by, a wife-beater when in his cups, has been warned by him several times. Out of patience, at last, and hearing the poor woman's screams at a new beating, Lincoln gets two or three friends to help, seizes the offender, drags him out of his house and ties him to a post. Giving the wife a whip, they tell her to give her husband a sound lashing, which she does.

Our worthy lawyer may well have been prosecuted and punished for the offense. This man who, for the greater part of his life, in defiance of the dictates of his own heart, resists the proposal to free the slaves by force, on the ground that such a step would be illegal, in this little matter is induced by sympathy to play the ringleader in an escapade which is not altogether seemly in a man of his age and position.

Yet it is a natural outburst. In his mind, slavery and drink are twin evils, and thus he frequently refers to them in his speeches; but here the cries of a suffering woman make Lincoln a law-breaker.

We see that he is at once a man drawn towards women and a man who holds aloof from women. When he is

asked why he seems to take so little pleasure in women's society, he answers with an anecdote:

"When we lived in Indiana once in a while my mother used to . . . make some gingerbread . . . One day I smelled the gingerbread and came into the house to get my share while it was still hot. My mother had baked me three gingerbread men. I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"There was a family near us poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down . . . 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme a man!' I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth in two bites and looked at me while I was biting the legs off my first one. 'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n'."

"I wanted it myself, but I gave it to him and it followed the first. I said to him, 'You seem to like gingerbread.' 'Abe,' he said, 'don't s'pose anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do.'"

How far back, already, seem the days of youth! Can it really be twenty years since the burial of sweet Ann Rutledge? Ah, yes, it is twenty years since McNamar, who had once been betrothed to her, returned to seek her and had to content himself with the story of his rival.

McNamar had liked this rival of his, at that time only a land surveyor; had thought him an honest straightforward fellow. He kept up the acquaintanceship later on, when the surveyor had blossomed out as a lawyer, in Springfield.

Lincoln looked after McNamar's local business interests, wrote to the man whom he had then regarded as the spoiled child of fortune, whose courtship of Ann had then been a cause of so much distress to him, letters beginning: "Honored Mr. McNamar: With regard to the taxes on the land you have purchased . . ."

His father and his brother seem quite as far away as McNamar. Old Thomas Lincoln, now well on in the sixties, lives a life of ups and downs much as he did in the days of his first marriage, troubled by debts and by dread of competitors. When things have taken an exceptionally bad turn with him, he applies for help to the son who has got on so well in the world.

My dear father . . . I very cheerfully send you the \$20, which sum you say is necessary to save your land from sale. It is singular that you should have forgotten a judgment against you; and it is more singular that the plaintiff should have let you forget it so long; particularly as I suppose you always have property enough to satisfy a judgment of that amount.

Before you pay it, it would be well to be sure you have not paid, or at least, that you cannot prove you have paid it. Give my love to Mother and all the connections.

Affectionately your son,

A. Lincoln

His doubts as to the truth of his father's statement are delicately concealed, and yet only half concealed. It is the letter of a son who is also a lawyer; and of a lawyer who is also a lover of the truth, and who even where strangers are concerned is disquieted by any transactions that bear a shady complexion.

He wants to avoid betraying the discomfort he feels that his own father should not be perfectly straight with him; and yet every line discloses his sorrow that men are what they are and that his own homestead should be no better than the rest.

One day he opens his heart to Herndon about these private family concerns. The two men are driving together to see a client who wants to make his will. Some chance association recalls to Lincoln's mind the mystery of his mother's parentage, and he talks to his friend and partner of the matter.

Should he himself, he adds, be more highly gifted than the other members of the family, it is unlikely that this talented strain comes either from the Lincolns or from the Hankses, none of whom have ever displayed conspicuous ability. It must derive from his unknown grandfather in the South. His theory is that illegitimate offspring are apt to be more highly gifted than legitimate.

May we not suppose that such thoughts, which for decades in this lonely man's mind have been directed towards the unknown, have tended to sever him all the more from those relatives with whom nothing now keeps him in touch but their wish to get what they can out of him? If he is cold towards them, it is not because he has won a position, a reputation and sufficient means, while they remain impoverished and obscure.

For even when his name has become far more widely celebrated, we shall find that Lincoln, in his intercourse with the poorest farmer, is as simple and homely as ever. What he misses is signs of affection from his old home; and with a melancholy that is not untinged with pleasure, he withdraws into the stronghold of his reserve.

Two or three years later, his half brother writes to tell him that the father is breaking up. Will Abraham pay a visit home?

You already know (he rejoins) I desire that neither Father nor Mother shall be in want of any comfort, either in health or sickness, while they live; and I feel sure you have not failed to use my name, if necessary, to procure a doctor or anything else for Father in his present sickness. My business is such that I could hardly leave home now . . . my own wife is sick abed . . .

I sincerely hope Father may recover his health, but at all events tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, Who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him.

Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them. Write to me again when you receive this.

Affectionately,

A. Lincoln

LINCOLN AND RELIGION

Every word, every phrase, is carefully adapted to the mentality of a dying farmer who has certainly given far less thought to God than has the writer, but who no less certainly has a much stronger faith in God. The letter contains only the familiar consolations of an extreme unction, and Lincoln writes them because, his religious convictions and his nature being what they are, he cannot utter them by word of mouth.

How could it be painful to the father for the two to meet? How could it be anything but pleasant to the old man

to see the son's tall form coming through the low door and to look once more into Abraham's clear gray eyes? But the son fears his father's deathbed just as he feared his own wedding bed. His loneliness, his great loneliness, makes him dread such encounters and withdraw into himself.

In New Salem, already, Lincoln is spoken of as an infidel, a theist, a fatalist, in spite of his fondness for quoting the Bible; and at a later date he declares that his doubts became intensified when Ann Rutledge died. Writing of him when he was thirty years of age, Herndon says:

Sometimes he bordered on atheism. He went far that way, and shocked me. I was then a young man, and believed what my good mother told me . . . He would come into the clerks' office, where I and some young men were writing and staying, and would bring the Bible with him; would read a chapter and argue against it . . .

Lincoln was enthusiastic in his infidelity. As he grew older, he grew more discreet; didn't talk much before strangers about his religion.

Lincoln's first partner, Stuart, uses almost the same words:

He . . . went further against Christian beliefs and doctrines and principles than any man I ever heard . . . Lincoln always denied that Jesus was . . . the Son of God as understood and maintained by the Christian Church.

Ten years later, according to Judge Davis, Lincoln had no faith in the Christian sense of the term, had only faith in laws, principles, causes and effects. Another acquaintance writes:

Mr. Lincoln told me that he was a kind of immortalist; that he never could bring himself to believe in eternal punishment.

Here is a fifth report:

He believed in a Creator of all things, who had neither beginning nor end, and, possessing all power and wisdom, established a principle in obedience to which worlds move and are upheld, and animal and vegetable life comes into existence. A reason he gave for his belief was that in view of the order and harmony of all nature which we behold, it would have been more miraculous to have come about by chance than to have been created and arranged by some great thinking power . . . Evidence of Christ's divinity came to us in a somewhat doubtful shape; but . . . the system of Christianity was an ingenious one, at least, and perhaps was calculated to do good.

Others among those who knew Lincoln best are agreed in affirming that his religion was this ethical and undogmatic Christianity which he shared with all lovers of mankind before and since.

His expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him outside the Christian pale. Yet . . . his principles and practices and the spirit of his whole life were of the very kind we universally agree to call Christian.

After his death, Mary said: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature . . . It was a kind of poetry in his

Quickly . . .

This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities—thus Colgate's cleans teeth better



WHEN you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than merely brush the outer surface.

Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities which may hasten decay, and washes them away in a detergent wave.

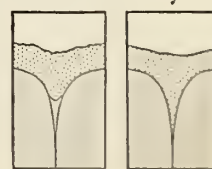
Thus Colgate's cleanses thoroughly the tiny pits and fissures where ordinary, sluggish toothpastes cannot reach.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.



*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

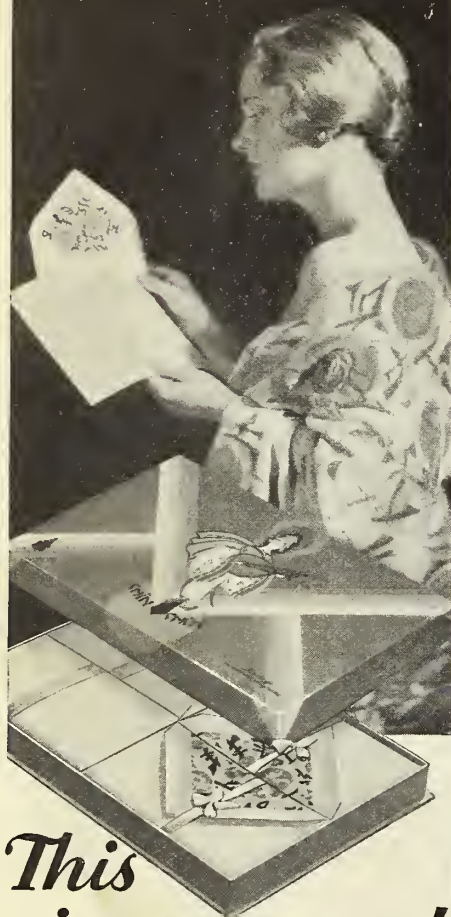


This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam, (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1656, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please **FREE** send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....
Address.....

MONTAG'S CHIN CHIN



*This
is very new!*

So few writing papers are distinctive as well as correct! Montag's CHIN-CHIN is among the note-worthy few.

The sheets are the large, folded club size, with hand-deckled edges and a blended two-tone texture of Chinese subtlety. The envelopes are large, with pointed flaps, inner-lined with gorgeous tissue of characteristic Oriental design.

Colors: China-white, Mongol-gray, Peach-blossom and Melican-blond.

Beautifully boxed for gift purposes. Price \$1.00 at fine stores everywhere.



TO ACQUAINT YOU with our papers, we offer THE MOOD BOX—a full quire sampler assortment of three Montag papers for the three moods of letter-writing—formal, informal and business. This box only, by mail, price \$1.00 postpaid; Canada, \$1.10. Address Dept. 411

MONTAG BROTHERS, INC., ATLANTA, GA.
New York Showroom, 200 Fifth Avenue

Montag's
FASHIONABLE Writing PAPERS

nature, and he was never a technical Christian."

Herndon writes:

No man had stronger or firmer faith in Providence—God—than Mr. Lincoln, but the continued use by him late in life of the word "God" must not be interpreted to mean that he believed in a personal God. In 1854, he asked me to erase the word "God" from a speech which I had written and read to him for criticism, because my language indicated a personal God, whereas he insisted no such personality ever existed.

He is as frank, as straightforward with himself about religion and morality as he is in all his doings. He says that his code is like that of an old man he once heard speak at a church meeting: "When I do good I feel good, and when I do bad I feel bad, and that's my religion."

He could not have any other religion than this; and even though he reads Kant and Locke, Fichte and Emerson, is acquainted with the writings of the Illinois Freemasons and also with certain monistic books from Scotland, they are of little interest even to his brain, and certainly never touch his heart. When he makes an old woman's will, he can indeed, at her request, repeat for her a psalm from memory; and when, after the death of their little boy Eddie, Mary joins the Presbyterians, he rents a pew in the church and becomes friendly with the minister; but he himself does not become a church member.

He says: "Probably it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight, feeling and reasoning my way through life, as questioning, doubting Thomas did."

Yet when his son is bitten by a mad dog, he takes the boy to distant Indiana to touch a famous wonder-working stone there. Lincoln has grown up among simple-minded farmers and woodmen, and the knowledge and the doubts of riper years have not uprooted his primitive superstitions, but only refined them; indeed, they actually become intensified as he reaches the climax of his career.

This is natural enough. His loneliness, the growing recognition of his own eccentricity, inevitably incline the skeptic to believe in signs and wonders; and such a belief is in accordance with his general outlook on life.

"There are no accidents in my philosophy. Every effect must have its cause. The past is the cause of the present, and the present will be the cause of the future. All these are links to the endless chain stretching from the finite to the infinite." He smiles at the idea of the freedom of the will, says we are only entitled to speak of the freedom of the spirit, and is fond of quoting Hamlet's saying: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

So firm is his faith in predestination that he says, "Brutus was forced to kill Cæsar by laws and conditions lying outside the power of his own will." Long after this, and after he meets his own fate at the hands of the Brutus who awaits him, this conviction of his is recorded by his wife, who says: "Lincoln's only philosophy was that what would happen, would happen, and that no prayer could avail to alter what was predestined."

There is, then, a tragical ring in what Lincoln once says to Herndon: "Billy, I fear that I shall meet with some terrible end."

So firm a conviction that everything which happens is an inevitable concatenation of causes and effects leaves one who holds it no room for choice.

The feeling that he is under the domination of necessity inclines him, nevertheless, to pay heed to signs which may forewarn him of coming events. Warn him, merely; not enable him to avert them.

Lincoln's superstition is passive and never leads to active determinations. In the crisis of his destiny he tries to interpret dreams and visions, but he does not act on their indications. All he hopes is that he may be able to get a glimpse through the veil hiding the future, to learn what is coming, though he will not be able to alter it.

We never find that he changes his plans because this sign or that has disquieted him; but he not infrequently has forebodings. Even on the last day of his life, we see him pensive in the shadow of such an anticipation.

HE RUNS FOR THE SENATE

The Douglas affair has done even more than Mary's urgings to revive Lincoln's repressed ambition after a lapse of five years. He decides to run for the Senate. The restlessness inspired by the feeling that he can make a better job of it than his rival, the belief that Douglas is animated by self-seeking, the long-standing awareness of the conflict between their characters—these things, in conjunction with the politician's natural desire to take advantage of the weakness of Douglas' present position, induce him to come forward as a candidate.

He describes his opponent privately as "the most dangerous enemy of liberty, because the most insidious one"; and he says: "You can't overturn a pyramid, but you can undermine it; that's what I've been trying to do." He is full of hope and confidence, writing that he has a good chance, and doing his best to enlist the support of influential people.

Mary is filled with enthusiasm. To become a senator's wife will repay her for all these dull years of waiting. She already fancies herself in Washington, in a position of much more importance than that of a Congressman's wife.

The Whigs really do not know how far their influence extends, for here in Illinois, as everywhere, half of the Democrats are forming against Douglas and are voting against slavery, thus favoring Lincoln's chances for the senatorship. But at the eleventh hour the shrewd Democrats put forward another candidate, Trumbull, opposed to slavery and one of Lincoln's close friends.

This leads to Lincoln's defeat, greatly to the wrath of Mary, who is in the gallery of the Legislature while the election is taking place. So fierce is her anger that never again does she speak to Trumbull or to his wife, who had been a girlhood friend of hers.

Lincoln speedily reacts from the depression of this reverse, writing to a friend next day: "I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it."

Matters ripen as the time for the Presidential election draws near. The Democrats, though to outward appearance they still form a compact body, are inwardly disunited; the Whig party actually breaks up, and it is decided to form a new party.

The discontented Democrats, who are known as the "free-soilers," and the antislavery section of the Whigs join forces, animated by the approval of the best-known men in America. Calling themselves Republicans, in honor of Jefferson, who had been Lincoln's exemplar for twenty years, they get together at Philadelphia and choose as Presidential candidate John C. Frémont,

pathfinder and pioneer, who in age and in appearance, in record and in views, is the best possible counterpart to old Buchanan, the Democratic nominee.

In his own state Lincoln is naturally to the fore in the foundation of the new party. Indeed, there is a general feeling that it is in large measure his creation, so that even at Philadelphia, where he is personally unknown, he secures a number of votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination. His destiny is, indeed, working itself out.

The abandonment of the Missouri Compromise and the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill have been the outcome of Douglas' ambition; thence has arisen the crisis in the Democratic Party, leading to the formation of the Republican Party; and the burden of the new party is being to a considerable extent upborne by Lincoln's strong shoulders. It is natural, therefore, that he should wield considerable influence in its councils and secure widespread support, as is shown shortly afterward in Decatur, where the constituent committee of the party recommend him as candidate for the governorship of Illinois.

Everyone knows that this is a step towards the Presidency. Lincoln promptly declines the recommendation, saying: "If I were chosen, the Democrats would say we were only trying to put new life into the old body of the Whigs; I should be elected as a Whig, and our new ideas would come to nothing."

He recommends, as alternate, a man whose nomination would bring a great many Democrats to their side. The old diffidence, the old caution; but in the mixture of motives, prudence now takes the lead over modesty, for there are many indications that his self-confidence is growing throughout this year.

In the crucible of the new party, various ingredients are to be smelted together. It includes outspoken abolitionist elements, like Herndon, now mayor of Springfield. When Herndon calls a meeting of those in Sangamon County who favor "the policy of Washington and Jefferson," to select delegates for a convention to be held at Bloomington, he includes Lincoln's name among the summoners of the convention without consulting his partner, who is absent on circuit. Some of Lincoln's old Whig friends disapprove, so Herndon writes to Lincoln for an indorsement.

Lincoln replies: "All right; go ahead. Will meet you—radicals and all." Thus does Lincoln declare himself a Republican.

In Bloomington, at this first Republican State Convention of Illinois, Lincoln delivers a unifying speech, a masterpiece of passion and shrewdness, diplomacy and conviction, designed to supply a common platform for those who have hitherto been representatives of three conflicting tendencies. For a remarkable reason, there is no detailed report of this speech. A few minutes after the orator begins, the reporters drop their pencils and devote themselves to listening with breathless attention.

Eyewitnesses say that Lincoln has the appearance of a man who is approaching a crisis in his life. He begins hesitatingly, with suppressed emotion, but grows vigorous and impassioned as he goes on.

As he moves slowly towards the front of the platform, eyes flashing, he seems to the audience to grow taller and taller; once, indeed, he increases his great height by rising on tiptoe, and a member of the audience says afterwards: "At this moment he looked to me the handsomest man I had ever seen in my life."

The reason for this excitement is the



"No, I'm too tired to play..."

TOO tired. You like to play... but your energy is low. Why? Has sluggish health taken the snap out of living and made your physical condition a source of constant complaint?

Constipation—insidious foe of health—will undermine even the strongest physique. The wastes produced by the body must be thrown off, else disaster is certain. Constipation is the root of nearly all sickness!

For all its bad effects, though, constipation is readily conquered. Simple water washing will dispel the most stubborn case. If ordinary drinking water were not absorbed and passed off by the kidneys, it would

water is fortified, sealed in sterilized bottles, and shipped to every part of the world. Thousands of people annually travel to French Lick to drink the health-giving waters; you, in your own home, may enjoy the same health benefits!

Used regularly, Pluto Mineral Water prevents constipation and its disagreeable results. (Many take a little each morning upon arising, diluted in plain hot water.) Or Pluto Mineral Water affords sure, safe, and rapid relief—even in the most stubborn case of constipation. It acts gently, yet surely. From thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, and is sold throughout the country at drug stores and at fountains. Ask the fountain specialist to mix your drink of Pluto Mineral Water with any of the popular thirst-quenchers.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL

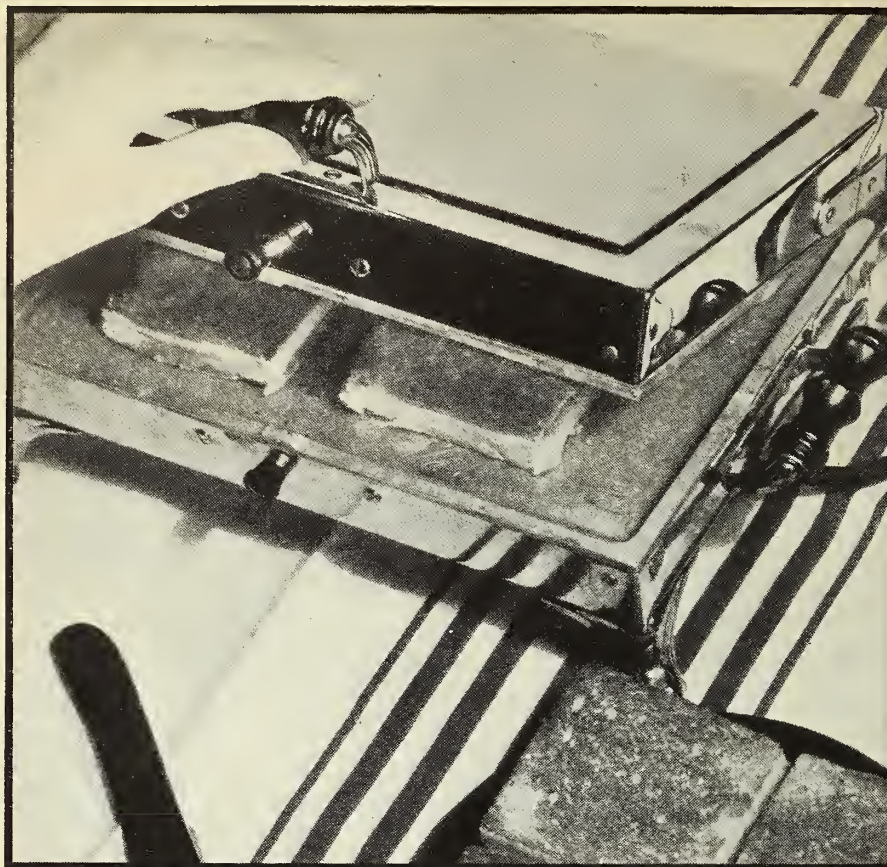
Since earliest times, French Lick has enjoyed a reputation as a health resort. Today French Lick is America's foremost spa, where thousands come to take rejuvenating baths and drink the health-giving waters. Golf (two eighteen-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, and other outdoor sports; a huge 800-room fireproof hotel; complete medical staff in attendance. For reservations address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind., T. D. TAGGART, Pres. Booklet free.



When Nature
Won't,
Pluto Will

PLUTO
America's Laxative

WATER
Mineral Water...



THE ARANIUM

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

TABLE COOKER—UNIQUE IN ITS SERVINGS AND IN ITS ELABORATE LUSTRE

IF TOASTED cheese sandwiches are in order, make them on the Manning-Bowman Table Cooker. In a minute and a half they are crisp confections, as delicate as cheese itself—with the butter-flavor and the cheese-flavor driven all through.

The Table Cooker does other unique things. It grills steaks or chops . . . it cooks bacon wrapped around mushrooms or oysters . . . bakes bananas in lemon juice . . . browns sausages in the cored hollows of apples. It has opened up a new school of cookery—always driving the flavor through a serving.

Unique as the Table Cooker is, its lustre is even more so! The whole outside of the Cooker is of shining Aranium. It looks like

silver, pewter, or white gold—and nothing can dim its lustre. Have an Aranium coffee urn bubbling coffee near the Table Cooker. A glistening Aranium tray awaiting the hot, crisp sandwiches. Aranium knives, forks, spoons.

Aranium is displayed at electric, house-furnishing and department stores. It is less expensive than silver. The Aranium Table Cooker costs little more than a waffle iron, yet you will find it more useful. Aranium Table Cooker, \$22. (Cooke made in nickel, \$18.)

If not in a store near you, a Cooker will be shipped to your address if you send us check or money-order for the amount. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

rapid advance in the South of a movement tending towards secession from the Union. Lincoln is aware of the imminence of this danger; he dreads the consequences; and he earnestly desires to prevent the disaster.

Clay and Webster, whom he takes as his models, had long since prophesied that civil war would be the upshot of an agitation for the freeing of the slaves. Here, Lincoln speaks more of the Union than of slavery. He strives to warn rather than to convince. The phrasing of his speech is simple; but the battleground seems to have been transferred from an economic and moral question to the very fundamentals of existence.

The audience hear the rumble of the coming thunderstorm, and the pleasure of their applause is mingled with alarm. At the climax, apostrophizing invisible adversaries, Lincoln exclaims: "We won't go out of the Union, and you sha'n't!"

The fame of this speech soon spreads throughout Illinois. No detailed reports are available, but those who have heard it declare that the speaker is ripening for the Presidential chair.

Buchanan is elected President. Once more the Democrats are victorious, but a third of their votes are transferred to the new party. Most of the leading spirits of the nation fight on the side of the Republicans. Emerson, Motley and Longfellow refrain from a proposed European tour in order to vote against slavery.

The leaders of the Republicans in the new Senate are Chase, author of an antislavery proclamation, a young and resolute man of a lively temperament, and Seward, ambitious but thoroughly trustworthy, a lover of mankind but too much of an optimist to escape disappointments. In contrast with the old leaders, these two men strongly advocate the continuance of the Missouri Compromise.

But most notable of all, a man of swiftly moving intelligence, is Sumner, a senator and professor of law at Harvard, who as a young man studied in Europe for three years. He is fearless, ardent and, like Lincoln, endowed with a keen sense of justice.

In the Senate, during the debate on the Kansas affair at the time when excitement about the election in that state is at its height and a senator takes the floor with a pair of cavalry pistols buckled round his waist, Sumner denounces the Kansas-Nebraska Bill as a swindle and holds one of its authors, Andrew Butler, up to the scorn of the world.

Two days later, Brooks, a nephew of Butler, attacks Sumner as he sits writing at his desk in the Senate chamber and beats him brutally over the head with a stick, so that he falls unconscious to the floor. For years Sumner's health is seriously impaired by this outrage.

The attack on Sumner is, in fact, the first blow struck in the Civil War. By the champions of the South, Brooks is acclaimed a hero. A number of students club together and present him with a gold-headed cane. The Northerners are scoffed at as cowards because no one issues a challenge against Brooks. In reply, the men of the North speak sarcastically about the honor of southern gentlemen and mock at their readiness to use pistols as well as bludgeons. The whole country is convulsed with excitement and everyone takes sides with Sumner or with his assailant.

A final decision of the Supreme Court during these days adds fuel to the flames.

A southern gentleman had migrated to one of the new northwestern states,

ARANIUM TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN
(a superior chromium finish with an extravagant lustre)

taking his slaves with him. One of these, more intelligent than his master new, aware that he was north of the Missouri Compromise line, had claimed freedom for himself and his family, taking the case through one court after another up to the Supreme Court.

Taney, the chief justice, is a learned and venerable man, one of the pillars of the nation. But the air of Washington, the prevailing opinion of the society in which he moves, the ruling-class mentality of the southern slave owners and to some extent, no doubt, party feeling influence Taney and the other justices of the Supreme Court, men appointed for life but pledged to guard the Constitution as a sacred flame. They decide that a negro slave is not entitled to sue in the United States courts, and that neither Congress nor a local legislature can forbid anyone to take back his slaves from a free state to a slave state.

This decision as to the freedom of the slave Dred Scott is a decision concerning the liberties of the United States. If the highest judges in the land protect slavery, the program of the new political party is unconstitutional. The North is furious; the South exults and expresses its firm intention to secede unless the Northerners bow before the decision of the Supreme Court. A fresh cause of turmoil comes when the constitution of Kansas, voted by force and fraud, is indorsed by the President and the Senate, but is not accepted by Congress, and the question arises whether, in these circumstances, the new state can become a part of the Union.

Two lightning flashes clarify the situation. With one exception, all the leaders know exactly where they stand. The exception is Douglas, whose position has now become extremely complicated. He has been the great champion of state sovereignty. How is he going to reconcile that championship with the Dred Scott decision and with the coercion that has been exercised upon Kansas? How can he at one and the same time, in the ensuing year, placate the Illinois voters upon whom he depends for his reelection to the Senate, and satisfy the Southerners to whom he must look subsequently to send him to the Presidential chair?

After all, the matter of the negro is not of such pressing importance; but the blow against Kansas cannot be justified. Deciding that the northern voters are more important to him for the moment, he votes against a slave-state constitution for Kansas. Feeling that a defeat in the senatorial election will wreck his future, he hastens back to Illinois.

At this juncture comes an unexpected offer, the acceptance of which requires more youth than is left to Douglas and more courage than he has ever possessed. Since the line he has taken upon the Kansas question has to some extent estranged him from the Democrats, it seems to the Republicans that there may be a chance of attracting this man of outstanding talent and reputation to their service.

Horace Greeley (editor of the New York Tribune and the most influential journalist of the North), Seward and some of the New England leaders, wishing to mitigate the extreme abolitionist trend of the newly-formed Republican Party, hope that under Douglas' leadership it will be easier for them to keep in touch with the South, to accommodate matters in a way which seems essential to the business affairs, the peace, nay, the very existence of the Union. Greeley, in particular, considers the line that is being taken by the Republicans unduly sentimental. He wants what he calls a practical policy; and he advises



Sometimes husbands must be mothered

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1943, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____



KAFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

his readers in Illinois to vote for Douglas, hoping thereby to win over Douglas to the Republicans.

Thereupon, for the first time, Lincoln takes a strong line. As leader of the left wing of the Republicans in Illinois, he insists that such machinations are a danger to the integrity of the newly formed party.

Greeley does me an injustice. I am a true Republican and have always stood in the forefront of the battle. Now he is negotiating with Douglas, the typical compromiser, at one time the tool of the South, and now opposed to the South. This is the man he is trying to put in our front line . . .

He thinks Douglas' superior position, reputation, experience and ability, if you please, would more than compensate for his lack of pure Republican position, and therefore his reelection to the general cause of Republicanism would do more good than would the election of any one of our better undistinguished pure Republicans. What does the New York Tribune mean by its constant eulogizing, and admiring, and magnifying Douglas? Does it, in this, speak the sentiments of the Republicans at Washington?

Have they concluded that the Republican cause, generally, can be best promoted by sacrificing us here in Illinois? If so, we would like to know it soon; it will save us a great deal of labor to surrender at once.

As yet I have heard of no Republican here going over to Douglas; but if the Tribune continues to din his praises into the ears of its five or ten thousand Republican readers in Illinois, it is more than can be hoped that all will stand firm. I am not complaining—I only wish a fair understanding.

A FIGHTING LINCOLN!

Here is a new Lincoln—a fighting Lincoln! He is indignant; he feels that he is being unjustly sacrificed for the sake of a cunning adversary. Doubtless these letters will go the rounds in Washington, and it will surprise a good many to learn of the temerity of this tall lawyer in Springfield who ventures to measure swords with Douglas.

No one sees the anger that flames in the heart of the man who has been waiting so long when he finds his old rival represented as a sort of colleague, and one who is to be preferred to himself. To have Douglas as an enemy is tolerable, and is a spur to competition; to have Douglas ranking as a comrade and a superior in the struggle against slavery rouses Lincoln's ire.

New York is suspicious of Springfield; and Lincoln, who has just been nominated as candidate for the Senate, has to give proof that he is not intriguing against Seward. "I have made no move as regards the nomination for the next President, or as regards the governorship of Illinois. Neither directly nor indirectly have I taken any steps in this matter. We must be careful to avoid having any unjust suspicions of one another."

His political career being thus uncertain, Lincoln is obliged to devote himself for the time being more assiduously to his law practice; and at this juncture, when his career as a lawyer is almost finished, he wins several cases which greatly enhance his fame and thus react

favorably on his position in the political struggle.

His success in the suit of the Illinois Central Railroad has made his name known to thousands of the electors. Another famous case is a murder trial in which socially prominent people of his town are involved. In a brawl, a young man fatally stabs another, and is tried for murder.

The accused is the grandson of Peter Cartwright, who twenty years before had charged Lincoln with being no Christian. In the trial, Lincoln puts the aged Cartwright in the witness box and is able to elicit evidence which induces the court to acquit the accused.

In the West of those days, deadly quarrels, as the outcome of drink and political animus, were still common. One day Lincoln reads in the newspaper an account of such a dispute during a drinking bout, as a sequel to which two young fellows are accused of murdering a third youth. One of them has been condemned to eight years' imprisonment; the other has still to be tried. The latter, says the report, is named Armstrong.

Lincoln is startled. Can that be the son of Jack Armstrong, the friend of his youth? In fancy, Lincoln sees himself as a young flatboatman, newly arrived at New Salem, wrestling with the village champion Armstrong, and winning. He recalls how the vanquished wrestler defended him against the angry villagers, how he and Armstrong became fast friends, how Armstrong's house sheltered him when he returned in despair from Ann's grave. He pictures himself sitting beside the fire, rocking the baby—"Duff" Armstrong, now in danger of being hanged.

Dear Mrs. Armstrong:

I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder. I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime alleged against him. It does not seem possible.

I am anxious that he should be given a fair trial, at any rate; and gratitude for your long-continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf. It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received at your hand, and that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a grateful shelter, without money and without price.

A country lawyer is writing to a poor widow whom he has not seen for twenty years, recalling the hospitality of her simple home, and yet the words sound as if addressed to humanity at large, as if spoken in the voice of one who feels an eternal responsibility.

Since local feeling has been running high against Duff Armstrong, Lincoln asks for a change of venue and succeeds in getting the trial removed to Beardstown. Believing that young men will be more sympathetic than old towards a hot-blooded youth, he sees to it that as far as possible the members of the jury are young.

In his examination of the principal witness against the accused, Lincoln shows that this witness had an animus against Duff, whereas Duff had not been an enemy of the man who was killed. This witness testifies to having seen Armstrong strike the victim in the right eye with what appeared to be a sling shot.

This had been within the edge of a wood at eleven o'clock at night. Lincoln asks the witness how he was able to see so clearly.

"By the light of the moon."

Lincoln sends for an almanac, consults it and gives it back to the attendant. The proceedings continue. Examining a medical witness, Lincoln shows that both the injuries to the dead man's head might have been caused by the same blow: either by a fall, or by a blow struck by the other assailant.

THE DEFENSE

As to the sling shot which Armstrong is alleged to have used, another witness testifies to having made this particular sling shot, which had been in his possession on the day of the fight, and the day after had been thrown away by him at the place where it was found. Lincoln cuts open the sling shot and shows that it is made as the witness had sworn.

When other evidence less favorable to the accused is being put in, his mother, who is in court, begins to cry. Lincoln goes up to her and says, "Be easy, Hannah. Duff will be freed before nightfall."

The mother looks up at his long, stooping figure half incredulously, and yet hopefully.

He begins his speech for the defense slowly and cautiously; dwells on the conflicting character of the evidence; seems to be feeling his way. But when he comes to discuss the evidence of the chief witness who testified to having seen the murderous attack by moonlight, he sends for the calendar once more and shows that at the hour named the moon had not been high in the heavens but low in the western sky, within an hour of setting.

However, the main force of Lincoln's speech for the defense lies in his appeal to the sympathy of the jurors. He speaks of the youth of the accused; describes what he himself owes to the kindness and friendship of young Armstrong's parents; refers to the recently deceased father's determination to devote all his worldly goods to the defense of his son; pictures the hopeless plight of the widow if Duff should be taken from her. As he has promised Hannah Armstrong, the young man is acquitted before nightfall.

Naturally the tale of this case goes the rounds at the time; and it still contributes to his popularity long after his death. Strange, is it not, how the temptations and the opportunities, the puzzles and the tests of fate come to the right person?

A murder trial in which there is a false witness, defended and won by any chance lawyer, may speedily be forgotten; but that letter in which Lincoln announces his determination to intervene, the emotional impetus with which he takes up the matter even before the accused's innocence has become plain to him, in conjunction with the caution and versatility of the born orator, are as typical of the man as his general behavior in the slavery question. The way in which he saves an innocent man from the hangman's noose is closely akin to the way in which, a few years later, he liberates millions of human beings from slavery.

He is guided by the practical idealism of one whose gaze is fixed on what is eternally right, but at the same time he knows how to realize his aims in the hard world of reality.

Such is Lincoln's way.

Next Month—Emil Ludwig shows Lincoln as President-elect—melancholy still, constantly on the watch for signs and portents, asking himself whether he should not resign to prevent the outbreak of civil war

own playtime, they might become intolerably despotic. She said obligingly as the wine waiter went away:

"Now tell me about lions and crocodiles and how you quelled a native rising single-handed by sheer personality, implying all the time subtly but truthfully that a woman's only a woman, but men get things done."

"I shan't. I'd rather tell you how pretty you are, and what a jolly frock you've got on, and how I'm enjoying myself."

"THIS frock isn't 'jolly,' my poor friend. It's a Paris model and a poem. One advantage I have is that at least I display creditably the goods I sell. I wore it for you, really. In the midst of an English winter, with Christmas only a few weeks ahead, nothing cheers up the lonely empire-builder more than a good frock worn by a true-blue girl at home."

"You mayn't believe it but I've hardly seen any frocks since 1914. I went straight out to Africa in 1916, and I've spent most of my leaves in the wilds. Queer

in a way because in 1914 I rather fell for frocks and girls and so on. However, Africa teaches you simplicity of life."

"In 1914 I was nearly nine years old. The Great War means no more to me than the Peninsular War or the Wars of the Roses. No wonder you find me so demoralizing and improper, Mike. As for me, I keep a bridle and bit on my tongue all the time I'm with you. I keep saying to myself: 'Not before the child!' and I always feel I ought to shroud myself in a long brown mackintosh for your benefit."

"I believe pre-war people have most peculiar ideas about the amount of leg we ought to show. Try to realize that all my life I've never not shown my legs. They mean absolutely nothing to me."

"Don't be so disgustingly ungrateful. They might be like that woman's over there. They'd mean something to you then."

The dance band began to croon irresistibly. Michael invited her with a look and she rose and gave herself into his arms.

"Don't be too hard on me, will you?" she pleaded. "I know you learned to dance in the days when dancing *was* dancing. Heavens, how I cry sometimes when I realize I was born too late for the lancers, and the schottisch!"

He only laughed and held her in a light, sure clasp, and they began to weave gay, effortless patterns on the parquet floor. Ann felt careless and happy. He was rich enough to spend money on her without any need on her part for scruples of conscience, and he had a definite appeal for her in his detached, speculative fashion. She felt he could take the next ship back to Nigeria without giving her a second thought and longed to deprive him of this splendid immunity. Besides, so far he had neither kissed nor attempted to kiss her.

"In the case of ninety-nine men out of a hundred," she thought, "I'd say that proved definitely that I hadn't been a success, but then if you aren't a success they don't ask you again, and this is our third party; but Jack and Mary complicated the other two. I wonder!"

They drifted back to their table. The waiter brought coffee. Gazing round that charming room, (Cont. on page 147)





More *than* Biography—
the Human Story
of a
Great Human

LINCOLN

Illustration by

“A HOUSE divided against itself cannot stand!” In the crowded hall at Springfield, Lincoln thunders forth this Biblical aphorism, which sounds like a trumpet calling to war. It is part of a speech which, contrary to his usual custom, he had committed to writing beforehand and had talked over with some of his friends. They had objected to this sentence in particular, as unwise.

“But are you not on the side of the abolitionists?” Lincoln had asked them. For Douglas had come to Illinois, and his double-tongued utterances had roused Lincoln to the attack.

He says what he planned to say, and his hearers are startled. He goes on: “I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other . . . I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.”

Then he challenges Douglas, who is absent, to say clearly, unambiguously, what he thinks about Kansas and the Dred Scott decision; to say in plain terms whether he wants to see slavery restricted or enlarged. None the less, he protests against the theories of those abolitionists who advocate forcible interference with any attempt to recapture runaway slaves; he insists that the Dred Scott decision, though morally unjustified, is good in law, and can be fought only by legal methods.

In other connections, he now formulates his deciding theories: “I protest, now and forever, against that counterfeit logic which presumes that because I did not want a negro woman for a slave, I do necessarily want her for a wife. My understanding is that I need not have her for either, but, as God made us separate, we can leave one another alone, and do one another much good thereby. There are white men enough to marry all the white women, and enough black men to marry all the black women; and in God’s name let them be so married.”

With such striking words he inflames the enthusiasm of his auditors, and the news of this inspiring speech spreads like wildfire. Lincoln understands its importance.

Rather pathetically he says: “If I had to draw a pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift of choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerased.” The shadows of coming events are beginning to cast themselves into his mind, and by slow degrees he grows aware of his position as a historical figure.

Now, Lincoln determines to do a thing that never before has been done in American history: He challenges his opponent Douglas to a debate.

Will it be agreeable to you to make an arrangement for you and myself to divide time and address the same



of the People By EMIL LUDWIG

Harvey Dunn

audiences in the present canvass? Mr. Judd, who will hand you this, is authorized to receive your answer; and, if agreeable to you, to enter into the terms of such arrangement.

This is both bold and shrewd. For in this way Lincoln will be able to get the ear of Douglas' audiences. That prospect is far from agreeable to Douglas, who would gladly evade the issue if he could. He says that he has already made all the arrangements for his campaign speeches, and he is surprised that Lincoln did not come forward with the proposal earlier.

STILL, he then proposes several towns. Lincoln protests against the implication of unfairness, and agrees to speak at the seven places named. "As to the other details, I wish perfect reciprocity and no more. I wish as much time as you, and that conclusion shall alternate. That is all."

And now they begin in Ottawa, on a platform in the open, their first debate for a seat in the Senate: Douglas one hour, Lincoln one hour and a half, then Douglas a half-hour. So on in succession. Huge audiences flock to hear these redoubtable champions; all Illinois is talking and writing about the contest; the telegraph gets to work, and after the third debate all the country knows about it and asks: "Who are the two fighters on the platform?"

Look at them: they are irreconcilable. The one, called the "Little Giant," is only just over five feet high, but strongly built, with powerful neck and shoulders, deep chest and massive head, vigorous and tenacious, but all the same lively, even elegant. His clothes are well cut, and his linen is spotless. As he speaks, he often shakes back his long gray-sprinkled hair with a quick movement of the head.

His features are mobile; there is the deep furrow of a strong will between his eyes—those fine blue eyes that exercise a seductive force. Not until he stops speaking, not until his face is in repose, does one notice the dull and unwholesome tint of his skin, due to drink and town life. The play of his shapely hands, too, shows that he is not at home in the open air of the country.

But if this man is unduly short and thickset and muscular, the other is unduly tall and lean and bony. His nose is bold; his gaze is questing rather than piercing; his wrinkled visage has no brilliancy of expression. His ill-fitting clothes hang awry on his bony form; they are creased and much too short. His great feet are those of a man who walks slowly and cautiously; his sinewy hands are those of one who has been accustomed to carry loads. It takes a poet to decide at first sight for Lincoln.

The two men mount the platform. Now we are going to hear them! Douglas is the opener this time and is hailed with salvos of applause, which he acknowledges with a gracious gesture as he (*Continued on page 117*)

The Story of
a Guy
who Just Knew
He Had IT

by
Jerome
Beatty

One-Eyed.



SINCE I broke in the motion picture acting game so successful a couple of months ago, Mr. Editor, I have read most every issue of your magazine, Cinema Confessions, and in the one I bought yesterday like the one I bought about a month ago I am surprised to see how you have not got nothing about me, Oklahoma Jack Gilligan.

I do not raise no complaint about you putting in Bow and Garbo and Davies, for they are prominent stars, too, and perhaps you will say that you know more about getting out a movie magazine than I do. But what is the sense of filling everything up with girls and how did they get in the movies when I get letters almost every day from somebody asking how did I ever get in?

That shows how the public is interested in the life of big male stars like we Westerns and if you could read my fan mail you would be surprised. Just today I got two letters from all over the United States asking for my photo and saying how wonderful I was, one enclosing ten cents in stamps.

I do not want to tell you how to run your magazine but it seems to me like you would want to sell more, and you could if you would run my picture on the front and put under it reading like

OKLAHOMA JACK GILLIGAN NOTED AND HANDSOME MOTION PICTURE SUCCESS KNOWN AS THE JACK OF HEARTS TELLS HIS TRUE STORY BY PUBLIC REQUEST ABOUT HOW HE BROKE IN THE MOTION PICTURE ACTING GAME AND MADE SUCH A BIG SUCCESS AS THE GREATEST WESTERN STAR IN THE WORLD

So I am sending you two pictures to take your choice. The best one is where I have my arms around my horse's head and am looking into his eyes and on the back I have wrote the line from the picture that goes with the scene which is, "Old Pal, whatever the weather, we forge on together, just true pals." It is poetry and I read poetry which shows that I am not dumb like a lot of stars that never read good books.

The other good still that I am sending you is where I am standing with my arms spread out in a very sad pose which could be entitled, "Gone." The pose represents that my sweetheart has run away with a dirty rustler but that Jack of Hearts never forgets an injury and will take a terrible revenge in the fifth reel.

When you put that picture on the cover and the words about how Oklahoma Jack Gilligan tells how he broke in the motion picture acting game you should put something inside telling that, so I am writing you the piece to put inside which is entitled, "How I Broke In

Beautiful
smiled. I
was sunk. I was in love.
I did not know nothing.

the Motion Picture Acting Game By Oklahoma Jack Gilligan the World-famous Star Holder of Twenty-eight Rodeo Medals and Cups and Highly Praised by Press and Public."

It seems like only yesterday when I was not a great movie star. Here I sit with my poetry book

and my little wife that I call just My Little Wonder Girl in my big house in Hollywood that I wish all of my public could visit me in.

Every day the mailman leaves thousands of letters in the mail box from lots of people asking me why I do not tell how I broke in the moving picture acting game. The anxious ones must be answered and so I will open my heart and tell the road to my success so that other handsome and good-looking fellows who wish to work hard can travel the old trail to the biggest honor the world can give, a job of famous movie star.

Alas, I must do it. So My Little Wonder Girl kisses me and says, "Good-by, My Big Wonder Boy," and goes downtown to buy her some more diamonds and leaves me alone with myself in the empty room. My Little Wonder Girl has done it all for me except what I did for myself being good-looking and holding a lot of rodeo medals and cups and working hard.

AS THE poet says, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," which he meant to show how a horse is important in everybody's life, even a king's. That is why they call playing the races the Sport of Kings and why race-track guys is all right.

When I felt the call of the motion picture acting game I was teamed up with a Mex named Razor Valero selling tip sheets at Tia Juana. I did not know his true character until the last day of the meet which I will tell you about later.

A stud dealer at the International Club brands us the One-Eyed Jacks, which is a gambling term, even if we did have two eyes and looked good.

When I write *looked good* it is just my little joke. I believe that clean fun is always welcome by readers of good books and we ought to have it in our lives and that is why I put that joke in. I do not believe in jokes that offend and I feel sure that that there little innocent joke and the hearty laughter that it causes will not offend none of my public.

Take your deck out of your pocket and deal off the Jack of Hearts and the Jack of Spades, which is the

stands there, the center of approving glances.

He speaks in a vigorous but mellow baritone; his pronunciation is clear; he can suit the action to the word, and what he has to say comes trippingly from the tongue; he fetters his audience by his sophisticated fencing. He is artful and aggressive, blunt and straightforward, bold and self-possessed by turns, thus holding their attention like a coruscating firework—which is forgotten a minute after it has burned itself out.

Lincoln makes a bad entrance, after so sparkling an exit. Ungainly of aspect, he stands on the platform with everything hanging loose about him: clothes, arms and head. His feet are planted firmly, one next to the other; he stands free—no leaning against walls. He has no charm and when he folds his hands, perhaps twiddling his thumbs, you might think him a schoolmaster, beginning with harsh aloofness to cross-examine his pupils.

LINCOLN, THE ORATOR

Soon, however, he warms to his subject; his tones are more convincing; he lets himself go. He swings his left arm backward, props his right arm akimbo, makes gestures with his head rather than with his hands, but sometimes expresses his emphasis by pointing his theories into his hearers' heads with a long, bony forefinger.

When, at some great moment, he flings both hands upward to show joy, or when he clenches his fists in silent condemnation against slavery, the audience feels the power of these rare gestures. Ungainly though the orator may be, in such a moment he stands on the platform an imposing figure, and everyone feels that his emotion is genuine.

He begins by making far-reaching concessions to his adversaries. His righteous feeling, his Socratic logic, here on the political platform no less than in the law courts finds the strong points in his rival's case, and with manly consideration he does his best to expound them. This frankness inspires confidence. But he goes on, by degrees, to expose the fallacies of the opposing arguments, cutting these arguments open as if he were in the post-mortem room pitilessly laying bare all the weak spots.

Then, with crystalline serenity, he proceeds to the offensive. Drawing his instances out of happenings in the daily lives of the farmers who form the majority of his audience, men among whom he has lived and worked, he proceeds from inference to inference in a clear and simple style. Now, as always, his aim is heartfelt, a moral aim; but the path thither is logical.

In debate, Lincoln is transfigured. When he has finished, Douglas, the wily gladiator, proceeds to falsify Lincoln's arguments, since he cannot disprove them; the applause of his friends encourages him to be personally abusive, and whereas Lincoln has poked genial fun at Douglas, Douglas tries to make Lincoln seem ridiculous.

The diplomatist proves a less successful debater than the lawyer; the man used to platform oratory is troubled by the local acoustics, but the farmer masters them. The short man influences the crowd, the long one influences isolated individuals; the former's influence is strong but evanescent, the latter's is slower and lasting.

"So that is what the big chiefs in Washington are like," think people when they hear Douglas. But when they see Lincoln, they say: "If once we could

have a man like this in Washington!"

Douglas is successful now, and for a brief space; Lincoln is successful later, and in the long run.

Destiny stands behind Lincoln, driving him on into the slavery fight. Looking back on the pre-war period with a knowledge of the disastrous events that followed, we cannot but ask ourselves whether so fierce a controversy was essential, whether there was no possibility of such a compromise as the moderates of both parties desired.

The Illinois debates did not actually cause the war, but they had wide reverberations: they went further than the discussions of Congress; they arrested the attention of millions; they helped to intensify the conflict.

"I do not wish for a moment to imply that I am unselfish," Lincoln says in a debate; "I do not pretend that I am not eager to be elected Senator. Such hypocrisy is far from me. But I tell you that in this great struggle in which we are engaged, it matters no whit to the nation whether Judge Douglas or I should become Senator. For Douglas, as well as for me, that is a matter of no importance in comparison with the great problem on which the fate of the country now turns."

The immanent moral law which guides Lincoln's whole life, and which in the end will lead him to the cross, drives him forward in such a fashion that the nearer he comes to personal power, the more is he impelled to think only of the cause.

Douglas, too, feels that the forces of destiny are at work. He sends a message to his opponent: "Tell Lincoln I have crossed the river and have burned my boats."

An emotional note, very different from his usual elegant manner, and he probably believes what he says, for he declares more than once: "I do not care whether the vote goes for or against slavery. That is only a question of dollars and cents. The Almighty Himself has drawn across this continent a line on one side of which the earth must forever be tilled by slave labor, whereas on the other side of that line labor is free."

A SNARE FOR DOUGLAS

Lincoln shows that Douglas' doctrine of popular sovereignty necessarily will make slavery a national affair, will lead inevitably to the reopening of the African slave trade. "No one can forbid me to take my slave to Nebraska, just as I can take my horse thither. Why did our fathers make it a capital offense to import slaves from Africa? Why did they not make the catching of wild pigs a capital offense? Why is the slave dealer in the South a person regarded with such contempt that no one will shake hands with him; a person whose children are not allowed to play with the children of the southern gentry, although the children of the slaves may play freely enough with the children of the slave owners? Why have so many slaves been set free, unless from the promptings of conscience?"

"If we once abandon the principle of our fathers, that all men are born free and equal, and if we declare that negroes are not the equals of whites, the next step will be to declare that not all the whites are equal . . . What will then become of the fundamental idea of our Constitution, that no one is entitled to issue orders to another unless that other be a consenting party? . . .

"Those who like to play the master will always tell you that really they have no taste for mastership, but are only thinking of the interests of the people who are better off when ruled. This argument of kings becomes none the more forcible because it is employed by the members of a higher race against the members of a lower."

The general concept of social equality always underlies these utterances. When Douglas rails against the northern boot-makers who are on strike for better wages, Lincoln rejoins: "God be thanked that we have a labor system in which people can go on strike!"

Rarely, in these debates, does Lincoln give his passion free rein. What especially moves him is not the curse imposed on those with black skins, but the curse from which those with white skins suffer because of the indolence of their hearts. That is why, in his inner self, he dislikes the ostensibly neutral Douglas more than he dislikes the slave owners, who stand up for their morals.

Once Lincoln sets a snare for Douglas. The question he puts contains the magic antithesis between the two rivals: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

The questioner knows that Douglas' own measure of popular sovereignty, which declared that the people of a territory should be left to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way subject only to the Constitution, is incompatible with the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, to the effect that slaves, being property, under the Constitution cannot be excluded from a territory. Lincoln knows that if Douglas answers the question in the negative, his reelection as Senator for Illinois will become impossible. If Douglas says, "Yes," he will estrange the southern voters and will never become President.

For the moment, Douglas wriggles out of the dilemma adroitly enough. "It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the Constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations."

Thousands of farmers and shopkeepers listening to these subtleties recognize only that a shrewd question has been answered shrewdly. They begin to shout from both sides, and the rival bands begin to play simultaneously, each trying to drown the other. Amid the clamor, no one seems to know the importance of that question. And yet Lincoln's clever trick becomes a matter of destiny when the lawyer develops into a statesman.

Two years later, matters were to turn out as he had foreseen. From the first, when Douglas' answer became known, the South turned against him, for it was the general demand of the slave owners that the Union should everywhere enforce the protection of slavery. In order to win his reelection as Senator, Douglas had forfeited his chance to be President.

Douglas had won the first round. He had inflicted a signal defeat on Lincoln, had returned as Senator to the capital, whereas the other went back to his

lawsuits in the small town: it seemed to be a case of "as you were."

Lincoln had encountered some terrible moments. In Petersburg, where he had been hooted for half an hour; in Ottawa, where some stalwart young fellows had carried him about triumphantly on their shoulders, with his long legs hanging down and his trousers rucked up to the knees; in another town, where he was decorated with garlands. He had to put up with these things, but he hated them.

A lady had teased him by dangling a black doll in front of him, but he had turned the laugh against her by inquiring tranquilly: "Ma'am, is that your baby?" But when, at an open-air meeting, a gentleman on horseback rode close to the platform and shouted, "Would you like to sleep in the same bed with a negro?" Lincoln did not deign to answer, but looked at the man with so great and silent a look that the latter turned about and rode off, followed by the booing of the auditors.

And, in truth, it was not a case of "as you were." A notable thing had happened. All America had got to know the name of Abraham Lincoln. While the Democrats took the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee from Douglas because of his ambiguous rôle, all the North spoke of "Abe the Giant Killer." There was even a new town in Illinois that took his name.

A stranger wrote to him:

You are like Lord Byron, who awoke one day to find himself famous. You were nothing more than a fairly well-known Illinois lawyer; then, of a sudden, you have a national reputation.

The upshot of it all was that his Illinois supporters began to think, not only that he could be useful to the party, but also that he must be a great man.

What was Lincoln's own view?

On a summer's eve during the debates Lincoln was waiting with Villard at a station. A thunderstorm came up and the two fled into an empty freight car and squatted down in the dark. In these primitive surroundings, without light, without chairs, Lincoln's thoughts roamed back for twenty years and more, and compared today with yesterday.

Soliloquizing, he said that when he had been a country store clerk at New Salem his highest ambition had been to get into the state legislature. "Since then," he went on, laughing, "of course I have grown some. But as to running for Senator, my friends got me into it . . .

"Now, to be sure, I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States too!"

As he squatted there on the floor, hugging his knees, he shook with laughter at the thought, and said:

"Just think of such a sucker as me being President."

The results of the debates for Lincoln were that he returned home about twenty pounds heavier and several thousand dollars poorer. His income from the law business had fallen off with only his partner Herndon to look after it, while his expenses had been heavy; and although he might now expect to restore the balance, for the moment he was short of money for current expenses.

Still, he was not seriously embarrassed. He had been granted a piece of land by the state in return for his military services of old days and had inherited

another piece of land; these two plots, together with the house in Springfield and various moneys owed him, represented a value of somewhere near twenty thousand dollars. In good years his law practice brought him more than three thousand dollars.

Mary's demands were considerable. She thought this a suitable occasion to buy a new carriage, and Lincoln paid the bill without a word. She knew how to live up to his growing reputation, how to smile at the right moment, how to make the prevailing crinoline fashion advantageous to her stoutness; but she made enemies by her overbearing manners . . .

In common with the whole nation, Lincoln feels that the struggle is not yet over. Not even the speech-making contest. For soon both rivals are on stump again in the West, and everywhere it is the defeated Lincoln who (to his great annoyance!) is welcomed by the braying of bands.

In his speeches, now, he tears Douglas' theories to tatters: "What, at bottom, is this popular sovereignty? . . . It implies the assertion that when one man makes a slave of another, no third party may interfere . . . Another's enslavement seems a little matter to Senator Douglas. He is the only man in the nation who has never said whether he regards slavery as just or unjust."

JOHN BROWN'S RAID

He is full of doubt as to where events are going, and as to what he should do. He is anxious, disquieted. And something happens which cannot fail to increase his discomfiture.

John Brown, a well-to-do farmer, a fanatical abolitionist, an idealist and a militant, again appears on the scene. Three years before, he had played a conspicuous part in several adventures in Kansas; in his most daring adventure the Southerners had killed his son, on whose head they had set a price.

Brown is now a lean, handsome old fellow, with the aquiline nose of an aristocrat, and the beard and flowing locks of a frontiersman; a passionate lover of freedom, inspired with a religious fanatic's conviction of God's approval and God's help.

With a guerrilla force of only eighteen men, five of whom are negroes, he captures a United States arsenal, intending to make this the base for starting a slave revolt in the South. This naïve raid fails; he is captured, tried, sentenced and hanged.

Within a few weeks he becomes the martyr of the northern abolitionists. And while Douglas is able to make much of the disastrous consequences of this agitation, Lincoln is not slow to grasp how much damage Brown has done.

Ere long he has a chance of saying this in public. The year of the Presidential election has come round once more; it is February, 1860, and the nominations are to take place in May. Not for decades has there been such universal excitement, for everyone knows that the integrity of the Union is involved in these elections.

Issues and moods being thus uncertain, people in the eastern states wish to see this eccentric Westerner, Lincoln, for themselves. His avowed intention to speak in Brooklyn has aroused so much interest that he is asked to deliver a speech at Cooper Institute in New York.

From the start Lincoln is somewhat embarrassed at having to face these shrewd and superior persons, whose moral cloak (he feels) is padded with cotton. Such unsympathetic feelings are, to begin with, reciprocal. The audience notes with disapproval the old-fashioned

cut of the speaker's clothes, while he finds his thoughts continually wandering from his topic to dwell upon the contrast between the elegant attire of his auditors and his own ill-fitting coat.

There follow extracts from the reports of two eyewitnesses:

His head was propped on a long, lean stalk, and not until he opened his hands in a gesture did I realize how huge they were. He began in a deep voice, like one accustomed to open-air speaking and afraid of talking too loud: said, "Mr. Chairman," and used other antiquated expressions. I said to myself: "Old fellow, you won't do; it's all very well for the Wild West, but this will never go down in New York" . . .

In all respects he looked like one of those simple folk with whom he was glad to be numbered. There was nothing imposing about his appearance; his clothes hung loosely on his giant frame; his features were dusky, pale, colorless, roughly chiseled, bearing the signs of privation; and his deep-set eyes were full of care . . .

But as he developed his theme, his face was lit up by inner fires . . . His voice rang out. His oratory was terse; he had, in great measure, the extreme simplicity of the Bible . . .

There was such profound silence while he was speaking, that in the pauses one could hear the hissing of the gas jets. But at the climaxes, there were terrifying thunders of applause. When he wound up, I leapt to my feet and yelled like a mad Indian. So did the others. An amazing fellow!

Thus one evening suffices to win for Lincoln in the East the reputation of a great orator. Other states invite him to speak. A professor delivers a lecture on his Cooper Institute speech. The widening of his fame reacts not only on Illinois but also on himself. For the first time he has contemplated directly what is known as the "great world"; has appraised himself by its standard; has come to recognize the power of its external, the weakness of its internal qualities, and yet in the end the strength of the profounder elements of this noisy world of business.

On his way home he finds his own name in the papers as among the possible Republican candidates for the Presidency. Only a few weeks before, in a list of thirty-four political notables, there had been no mention of Abraham Lincoln. Six months earlier, in a letter expressing a doubt as to whether Chase was the most suitable candidate for the Presidency, he added: "I must say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency." But these six months had taught him much.

LINCOLN'S RIVALS

Now Lincoln suddenly recognizes more enemies within his party than without. The power of the Republicans is growing so rapidly, their program is so well designed to catch the popular imagination, that one who secures the Republican nomination is practically certain of the Presidency, and for that reason many are against Lincoln's nomination.

His rivals are stronger and more influential men, and Herndon writes:

He had no money with which to maintain a political bureau, and he lacked any kind of personal organization whatever. Seward had all these things, and, behind them all, a brilliant record in the United States Senate with which to dazzle his followers.



Portrait painted for The Hoover Co. by Ralph Fisher Skelton

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

Am I the Woman of a Year Ago?



I WONDER if you remember me—you husbands to whom I said last Christmas the things I could not say to my husband? ¶ I was the woman whose husband gave her each Christmas some pretty trinket. The woman whose youth was slipping from her too fast. The woman whose cleaning burdens were too heavy. The woman who wanted, but could not ask for, a Hoover. ¶ I'm not the woman of a year ago. ¶ In one short year I have discovered that youth need not go so swiftly—that cleaning duties need not be burdensome. ¶ *For last Christmas my husband did give me a Hoover!*

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

Sons and Daughters at school . . . talk to them often by Telephone

A Bell System Advertisement

WHEN sons and daughters go away to school there's one sure way to keep in touch with them—

By telephone!

What could be better than to hear their voices once a week or oftener all through the year. To talk things over with them just as you do when they're home. To *know* that they are well and happy.

A telephone conversation is so satisfactory a means of communication. It is so direct, so quick, so personal. Out of town calls are as easy to make nowadays as local ones. And they are inexpensive. A weekly call costs less than almost any other little gift you could make. Yet it pays such big returns in affection and personal satisfaction.

Have a telephone understanding with your boy and girl throughout the school year. "Voice visit" with them at least once a week for a little heart-to-heart chat. . . . A telephone call is a round trip for both of you.

And bear in mind that, at but slight extra cost, you can have quick, convenient telephone service throughout your house. The extra comfort is amazing.



It seemed natural to expect that Chase, governor of Ohio, or Seward, governor of New York, would be preferred to Abraham Lincoln. Their records in the antislavery campaign were as long and as honorable as his, and Chase had been even more radical; both were Senators, famous lawyers and men with wide political experience in Washington and elsewhere. Seward, in particular, by his culture was superior to the poor provincial, who had only once been at Congress, and then without attracting any attention. Had he not been in the bad books of Greeley, the influential newspaper man of the East, Seward would have been nominated.

By chance, the Republican State Convention of Illinois is held at Decatur, the town into which Lincoln had driven so many years before with an ox team. And here Lincoln receives the name and the symbol that is to help him so much later—Lincoln the "Rail Splitter."

The crowd is fascinated by two old fence rails exhibited by Lincoln's cousin, John Hanks. The man who had split three thousand rails becomes more to them than the man who won an oratorical victory over Douglas.

Lincoln stands there with mixed feelings. His father, who had never been much good, is now described as a famous pioneer; and he himself, who had swung an ax only for the sake of the half-dollar a day he earned by it, is now to be repaid far more richly for his labors after the lapse of a generation!

Does he smile or chuckle to himself? Does he understand how important the old fence rails will be tomorrow? "I suppose I must say something about this. That was a long time ago. It is possible I may have split these rails, but I cannot identify them . . . I can only say that I have split a great many better-looking ones!"

In May, when the National Republican Convention opens in Chicago in a newly built frame hall which had been christened the "Wigwam," forty thousand strangers flock to the youthful city for the great occasion; brass bands and supporters turn up in exceptional force. The general belief is that at this first Republican Convention in the grand style Seward will be nominated. Two thousand of his supporters have come from New York.

Of course Lincoln's friends are busy too: Herndon and Logan; Davis and Swett, and other judges and lawyers who had been old-time associates of his on circuit; the Chicago Tribune espouses his cause. He is also favored by the circumstance that the supporters of other possible nominees are prepared to concentrate on the new man rather than on Seward.

They also manage to prevent Lincoln from being nominated for Vice President, which he at once refuses. At the eleventh hour, he imperils his prospects by his honesty; he sends a note stating that no binding engagements are to be made on his behalf, thus preventing his intimates from buying support by the customary promises of office.

While this goes on, Lincoln remains at home in Springfield, as excited as Carmen outside the bull ring, and hears the shouts of the masses by the telegrams of his friends which he goes to fetch from the telegraph office. He tries to compose his nerves by reading Burns; tries to pitch horseshoes.

In the end, he is taken by surprise when a messenger boy hands him a telegram, with the exclamation: "Mr. Lincoln, you have been nominated!" Shouts from the bystanders!

Lincoln stands silent for some minutes, and then says: "I reckon there's

Women! Extra Money Quick

In Your Own Home!

An easy, pleasant, dignified way! No canvassing, no soliciting. No previous training needed. Notedious study nor memorizing. Decorate lovely giftwares in your spare moments. WE SHOW YOU HOW. With Monsieur Petit's Secret of Three Simple Steps you can start at once for fine cash income. We guarantee your success. We want women in every community. Be the first! Given You To Decorate!

Begin Right Away!

We send you BIG COMPLETE GENEROUS KIT WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Thousands of women, many prominent socially, are happy in this delightful pastime—making from hundreds to thousands of dollars. An easy way to bring in money of your own. No interference with other work or duties.

FREE!

Beautiful Fireside book showing giftwares in full colors. Explains everything. Fill in and mail coupon. No obligation. Act now!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES,
Dept. 23-W, Adrain, Mich.

Send me Free Book. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

Address



a little short woman down at our house that would like to hear the news."

Probably the moment of this return home is the happiest in all their married life.

A poet is the first to understand what is happening here; Bryant writes: "A poor flatboat man—such are the true leaders of the Nation!" He finds himself alone in this opinion, for in general the Republican leaders are far from happy. One of them writes:

I remember that when I first read the news on a bulletin board as I came down the street in Philadelphia I experienced a moment of intense physical pain; it was as though someone had dealt me a heavy blow over the head; then my strength failed me. I believed our cause was doomed.

In the eastern states it is said that Seward has been sacrificed; that he is the real chief of the young party. He is even advised to ignore the decision of the Chicago Convention. But Seward, being a gentleman, is prompt to congratulate his rival, and when the New Yorkers find no one to write an article on Lincoln, he writes the first, though it is a rather cool estimate.

The tone of the Democratic papers is savagely derisive. He is "a third-rate country lawyer." He is "a nullity." He is "in the habit of making coarse and clumsy jokes." He cannot "speak good grammar." He is not a gentleman: is accustomed to sit in his shirt sleeves; tilts his chair. He can split rails, that is all he is fit for. As for his looks, he resembles a gorilla.

The results of the nomination are ominous. For years the Southerners have been vociferating that the Union will break up if a Black Republican is elected President. Now, when there has been a nomination far more offensive to the South than the nomination of Seward would have been, the question of slavery passes suddenly into the background, and the whole nation is inquiring whether Lincoln's election will not involve the break-up of the Union.

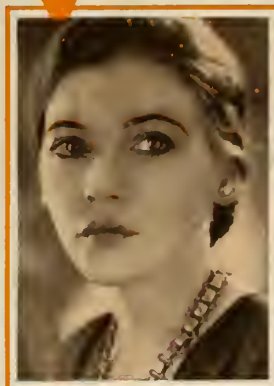
The change is such as occurs when a man, who in the course of his career often has had to decide whether to turn to the right or to the left, is suddenly overtaken by grave illness, so that the only question with him is: "Shall I be alive next week?"

Never since the foundation of the United States has the hatred of the South for the North flamed so fiercely. Only the South hates, and that is because the northern condemnation of the "peculiar institution" of the South is a moral one. Those who feel that others regard them with moral contempt, react with passion rather than with argument. "Free society?" writes a southern newspaper. "We loathe it! It consists of greasy mechanics, unwashed laborers, hard-fisted farmers and crack-brained theorists! Nowhere in the North is there any kind of society in which a gentleman of breeding can suitably mix. The people one meets in the North, especially in New England, are mostly working men trying to cut a shine, and small farmers, persons who would not be fit associates for a southern gentleman's valet!"

While this fresh campaign is in progress, certain army officers in the border fortresses announce: "If this fellow is elected, we throw up our commissions and withdraw to the South." Northern business men take alarm. Trade is bad; southern debtors will not pay their northern creditors; the stock market



This V-type dental curve needs the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.



U-type dental curves can best be cleaned with the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.



The Square-type dental curve needs the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic.

50% of tooth trouble starts with the molars

One of three*Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes is scientifically designed to guard *your* teeth

NO single brush will clean *every* part of *every* tooth—especially the molars, where 50% of all tooth decay starts—except that tooth brush shaped to clean *your* individual dental curve.

Your teeth are set in a U, V, or Square shape. Science knows that all teeth are set in one of these three curves.

That's why Pro-phy-lac-tic now brings to you three utterly new brushes, scientifically shaped to clean—*really* clean—the three types of dental curves.

To decide which brush is the

one for you, simply look in a mirror. If you have a round face, you're a U type and your teeth need the famous PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TUFTED. The slender-faced folks belong to the V-type; they want the PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC OVAL. Squarish jaws can best be cleaned by the new PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC MASSO.

Decide your type. Pick your Pro-phy-lac-tic *today!* It will guard your molars, bring you cleaner, whiter teeth—healthier gums—a more appealing smile!

*"Guarding or preserving against disease"
WEBSTER'S NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

50¢ Tooth Brushes 50¢

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASS.

becomes jumpy; money is tight; the financial situation "borders on panic."

Everywhere there are meetings in favor of maintaining the Union, advocating compromise. In Boston, an anti-slavery gathering is broken up by an angry mob. Ere long, however, the Northerners begin to realize that the prospect of Lincoln's election as President is, for the South, a mere pretext. They do not want compromise; they no longer desire union with the North; they wish to set up a separate confederation.

No one is more alarmed than Lincoln. Meanwhile there is a split among the Democrats, as Lincoln, with the eye of the statesman, had foreseen two years before. If Lincoln is the "rail splitter," Douglas may well be called the "party splitter." He waffles between North and South, and ruins his chances. The South repudiates him.

Soon there are three candidates in the field in opposition to Lincoln, but they are more concerned in fighting one another than in fighting him. This split had been prepared by Douglas and forced into existence by Lincoln, so he himself can be said to have calculated and decided his election.

THREATS OF ASSASSINATION

During this electoral campaign, Lincoln has to change his habits a little, and yet he remains the same. In the morning when he is seen leaving the post office laden with the heavy mail (for he never thinks of sending for it), anybody can walk up to him and accompany him to the Capitol, where the door of his room is open all the morning, although threats of assassination already have been uttered.

He has, however, now taken a secretary, Nicolay, of German origin, serious-minded, diligent, taciturn; a student, who has been studying under him. Later, Nicolay is assisted by Hay, a law student with a poetical disposition, humorous and musically inclined.

All who now flock to Springfield in search of information or advice, or hoping for the promise of a place, are received with equal friendliness—and with equal reserve. And Lincoln tries to answer personally as many as possible of the thousands of letters he receives.

One of the strangest of these letters comes from a little girl, who seems to have made an inquiry about Lincoln's family and to have told him he ought to grow a beard. Here is the reply:

Springfield, Illinois,
October 19, 1860.

My dear little Miss, your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven. They with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, since I have never worn any, do you not think that people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin wearing them now?

I am your true friend and sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln

In actual fact, however, almost immediately after this he begins to grow a beard. This may have been an old topic of discussion between Lincoln and his wife, for we can hardly suppose that he would do this without her consent.

However this may be, during the next weeks the good citizens of Springfield watch black bristles sprouting on the familiar countenance—familiar and unforgettable in its wrinkled and bony nakedness, whereas the beard and whiskers give his visage a softer and more

yielding aspect, deprive the broad mouth of some of its defiance, hide the pointed chin and the scraggy neck and the prominent Adam's apple. Thus it comes to pass that Lincoln's unique portrait is left to posterity considerably softened.

At length in November comes Election Day. According to all the indications, Lincoln's election is practically certain, so that at Springfield and throughout Illinois interest mainly turns on the question of how big the majority is going to be. Just as had happened twenty-five years before in New Salem, so now in Springfield even the Democrats cheer in favor of their beloved townsman.

That was what Lincoln wanted, what he had underlined in his autobiographical sketch. Nothing could have been more gratifying to him, whose fundamental honesty and straightforwardness made him rejoice in the affectionate approval of those among whom he lived; just as nothing was more painful to him at this time than the unanimous hostility of the clergy of Springfield.

In the election, Lincoln receives nearly 1,900,000 votes, and Douglas 1,375,157. The other two candidates secure between them another million votes, so that actually Lincoln is elected by a northern minority. Out of 303 electoral votes, Lincoln receives 180. In fifteen states of the Union, he gets no electoral votes; and in ten states not a single popular vote. But for the first time in the history of the Union, the North uses its numerical strength to vote down the South. This is menacing, but it is also symbolical, for it shows what will be the outcome of a civil war, should war come.

Will it come? That is the question which this serious man is now turning over in his mind day and night; suffocating the hilarity which helps him to live, tormenting him also when jubilant crowds are filing past his house.

There are thousands upon thousands coming to pay homage to him! Has he, then, won a great battle? Has he saved the country, or unified it? Whither is destiny, in which he believes, now leading him? What struggles are awaiting him in that uncongenial capital where people love the South?

He knows his own strength, and he knows his own limitations, for he contemplates himself dispassionately: Is he strong enough to withstand that Douglas atmosphere which can outweary the strongest? Will the North support him when so many Northerners are in favor of compromise? Or will they want him to resign? Can he effectively represent a cause which has, indeed, been espoused by the majority of the nation, when the minority is so hopelessly refractory that the Union made by their fathers is about to be broken?

Thus must he ponder moodily, as from his wooden balcony he watches the interminable processions, listens to the braying of the bands and to the triumphant choruses of the campaign songs, while Mary stands beside him, graciously acknowledging the acclamations of the crowd. She, at any rate, is happy, and so are the children pressing close to her side, and the masses below, thoughtlessly cheering anyone elected.

Abraham Lincoln alone has a heavy heart, thinking that he, who as a boy in a log cabin long ago with a glowing heart had read by the firelight from a tattered book the story of George Washington—was now to be his fifteenth successor.

Not yet, indeed! Four months have still to pass before he can take up the reins of office, and the interval is perhaps the most trying period in his life.

In peaceful times, a man who has been nominated for the Presidency can devote the many months that elapse before he begins to wield power to the study of personalities and conditions, to marking out a line of action. It is like the epoch of a betrothal, during which he revolves in an orbit round the Presidency as a pledged lover circles at a distance round his fiancée, pending the consummation of marriage.

For Lincoln, however, there is vouchsafed no such forecast of perfect happiness. He is listening, in imagination, not to the strains of the "Wedding March," but to the threatening pulses of martial music. Evil tidings become terrible facts. There is firing on all sides of the President elect.

On the day after the poll, the Charleston Mercury publishes the information of Lincoln's election under the caption, "Foreign News." The governor of South Carolina officially advocates the purchase of arms and munitions, and in private enters into arrangements with the governors of the other southern states, which for the last four years had been resolved to break away from the Union should a Republican be elected President.

Four days after the election the United States Senators from South Carolina resign. A week later the South Carolina journals issue extras, announcing in gigantic headlines the dissolution of the Union. This, which raises a hubbub in the streets, is premature; but only five weeks afterwards the South Carolina legislature passes an ordinance of secession and begins to organize an independent government.

The North, meanwhile, is clamoring for compromise. Some of the points in the Republican program must be withdrawn; the trouble, say these weak-kneed Northerners, is not due to the recalcitrancy of the southern states, but to the excesses of the radicals. Above all, Lincoln is to blame!

He receives sackfuls of scurrilous letters, in which he is abused as a negro, mulatto, buffoon; in which he is threatened with caning, burning, shooting and hanging. For his part, he is looking neither to the North nor to the South, but towards Washington.

Everything there depends on the conduct of the retiring President: if he remains true to his oath to safeguard and maintain the Union, if he counteracts every attempt at treason, if he strongly upholds the rights of the Union and is prepared to use all the force at his disposal against any state that tries to disintegrate the Union, then attempts at secession will be unavailing.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN

Buchanan is a venerable-looking old man, with white hair, but somewhat shifty eyes. He always wears a white necktie, which gives him a somewhat clerical aspect. In truth, he is cold and obstinate, cautious and none the less unstable. Those who extol him as eminently practical do him too much honor, for his cleverness lacks grip, and he is timid in his shrewdness.

Apart from his character and his record, it is natural enough that an old man approaching the end of his term of power should be loath to imperil his reputation, his peace of mind and perhaps his life. Let the tall lawyer from Illinois deal with these thorny matters when the time comes!

Buchanan, elected partly by the South, had, by his election, become chief of the whole Union. Typically enough, therefore, he adopts a middle course, and his main desire is that the crisis shall be held in suspense for another twelve



It's always summer-time in your kitchen

Do you sit back and sigh with relief—now that summer is over? Do you think that your children's food is no longer open to the hot-weather dangers of contamination?

It's *always* summer-time in your kitchen. And the dangers of food contamination are present—as long as it is possible for the temperature in your refrigerator to rise above fifty degrees.

Physicians agree that 50 degrees is the danger point in food preservation. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply alarmingly. Moisture, too, helps them thrive. But the constant dry cold of the General Electric Refrigerator checks their growth effectively.

Faithfully, quietly, automatically—every hour of the day and night—the General Electric gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It

makes plenty of ice cubes, operates without ever needing to be oiled, creates no radio interference. It has an accessible freezing regulator.

Important, too, is the fact that it is the *only* refrigerator which has an all-steel cabinet. It cannot warp . . . its doors cannot sag. It is the perfect cabinet for the safe and simple mechanism which is placed on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing. For details write Section E-12,

Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.



An Amazing Record

There are more than 350,000 General Electric Refrigerators in use and no owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. Consider this record when buying a refrigerator.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

weeks, until he can retire to his Pennsylvania home, and there play the part of dispassionate spectator.

Therefore, in a message to Congress, he declares that while a state has no legal right to secede the Federal Government has no power forcibly to prevent secession. It need hardly be said that this message is an encouragement to the South to secede, and that its effect in Europe promotes a conviction that there is no possibility of maintaining the Union.

All the while Lincoln is living quietly in his little house in Springfield, far from the great happenings for which he is so soon to be responsible; listening, pondering, ceaselessly questioning his brain and his conscience.

Should he resign? He is publicly advised to do so. Will anything be gained thereby? Only with a surrender. Ought he to surrender? Never! In this matter the new President is unyielding from the first and will remain unyielding to the last.

"We are told in advance the government shall be broken up unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices. In this they are either attempting to play upon us or they are in dead earnest. Either way, if we surrender, it is the end of us, and of the government. They will repeat the experiment upon us *ad libitum*. A year will not pass till we shall have to take Cuba as a condition upon which they will stay in the Union."

Now, week by week, he grows more anxious. His appetite fails; he becomes thinner than ever. His friends declare that his melancholy visage is a danger.

He is on the watch for signs and portents, for between the field of the country lad and the field of the philosopher stands the huge and ancient tree of

superstition, casting its shade on either side. Here is a happening recorded by a friend in Lincoln's own words:

Once, after a tumultuous and tiring day, he throws himself down on his old sofa at home. "Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other.

"I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say, five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as if something uncomfortable had happened.

"When I went home again that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterwards I made the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

Must this not alarm him? How often, during these weeks, he must have asked himself whether he should not retire for the sake of peace, leave the way open for a fresh election, to assuage the

intensity of popular passion under new conditions, to prevent the outbreak of civil war by the disappearance of his personality! If he did not give way to such promptings, his decision to persist must have been dictated by positive considerations.

But now he is startled by a sign. Though he tries to explain what happens, though he speaks with the utmost precision of "three inches" and "five shades," though he forgets "nearly but not quite," though he looks for the manifestation again, finds it, and then fails to find it, there remains a disquietude which he cannot banish from his heart.

But Mary faces up sturdily to the uncanny phenomenon. Her vitality is such that she refuses to accept it as a warning of anything that will cost her the goal of her ambition; and yet her infallible instinct, which long before had made her anticipate Lincoln's career, now discloses to her alone Lincoln's end.

Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor is held by Major Anderson for the Union and is, by December, in an extremely difficult situation. From Washington he had been receiving orders and counter-orders to deliver up guns, when he was requiring reinforcements, and at last had retired by his own decision to the strongest position, Fort Sumter, convinced that the authorities were playing double.

There is an uproar alike in the North and in the South; and early in January the President yields to popular clamor, sending a vessel, the *Star of the West*, to Anderson with supplies. The ship is fired on by the South Carolinians as she enters the harbor, and has to withdraw. This is, in reality, the opening of the war.

In Charleston, there are exultant demonstrations, in which people trample on



EACH TIME
YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH
THIS WAY

...you guard The Danger Line



the banner of the Union. During this same month of January, five additional states secede: Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi. Like South Carolina, they all proceed to make ready for war.

In Washington, Black and Cass resign, wishing to have no further responsibility. Cobb, now that the treasury is empty, also resigns, saying openly that it will be his business henceforward to work for the Confederate Government. President Buchanan, hoping to check the progress of national disaster, orders a general Fast Day!

When at Washington on this occasion General Scott wants to hold a review of the troops, Buchanan forbids this at first, and then allows it. By turns, the President commissions officers to the forts and issues counter-orders when they arrive. It is common talk in the White House that documents are being stolen from the archives.

Panic is widespread in the North; there is a general desire for peace. Should business be ruined, should well-being be undermined, for the sake of a few thousand slaves? For an idea? Leading Northerners write to the South proposing an accommodation; and similar attempts are made in Congress.

For news of his own country Lincoln is dependent on smuggled letters and secret messages; he is an imprisoned king. When a captain in the Charleston fort writes secretly to a brother in New York, the President elect, in Springfield, is glad to get a glimpse of the letter, and it is good luck for him that old General Scott, considering himself snubbed by the old President, applies indirectly to the coming one and receives the indirect answer: "I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either hold or retake the fort, as the

case may require, at and after the inauguration."

Thus cautiously the elected of the nation negotiates with a defender of the Union, as if both were spies! Trumbull, in Washington, is nearer to Lincoln, and many letters are exchanged between them. On Christmas Eve, Lincoln writes:

Dispatches have come here two days in succession that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the order or consent, at least, of the President. I can scarcely believe this; but if it prove true, I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparation will proceed somewhat on their side, as well as on the other.

In the beginning of February the representatives of nine southern states assemble at Montgomery, Alabama, and found the Confederate States, with a constitution similar to that of the Union. Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, becomes president.

"You are President elect. I congratulate you and thank God. The great object of my wishes and labors for nineteen years is accomplished in the overthrow of the slave power. The space is now clear for the establishment of the policy of freedom on safe and firm grounds. The lead is yours. The responsibility is great. May God strengthen you for great duties."

This is among the first congratulations received by Lincoln after his election; it comes from his rival Chase. When Lincoln forms his Cabinet, his main desire is to include Chase and Seward, though both are accounted extremists. Seward

takes three weeks to consider and becomes Foreign Secretary; Chase, after three months' deliberation, becomes Secretary of State.

There is a chaffering about the other ministerial offices which Lincoln finds extremely distasteful. He tells a friend: "If I could choose a Cabinet from among the lawyers I traveled with on the Eighth Circuit, I would be able to prevent a war." "But those lawyers are all Democrats," the friend objects. "I would rather have Democrats I know than Republicans I don't know," observes Lincoln.

Before removing to the turmoil of Babel, Lincoln is drawn to the quiet places of his youth. He rides about in that old country, meets the surviving members of the Hanks and Johnston families, orders the neglected grave of his father to be cared for. They laugh when they see him, recalling his funny stories; the graybeards remember the stalwart young fellow who once drove the oxen wagon.

Only his good stepmother is silent, and at parting seems to have warned him of his enemies, as does old Hannah Armstrong. He reassures the latter with a jest: "Hannah, if they do kill me I shall never die again."

Mary is full of cheerful anticipations, speaks continually of "our promotion," and enjoys the present of a new tall hat for her husband. She has made a shopping expedition to New York, traveling by special train, accompanied by her sister and bubbling over with delight.

She gives a great reception, "dressed plainly, but richly, wearing a beautiful full trail, white *moire antique*, with a small French-lace collar. Her neck was ornamented with a string of pearls. Her headdress was a simple one, a delicate

A NEW and modern hygiene is being practiced by thousands who realize this vital truth: *That merely brushing the teeth is not enough for adequate protection.*

No tooth-brush can reach those out-of-the-way places—The Danger Line, where teeth and gums meet—the tiny pits and crevices about your teeth. As a result, food particles collect. They ferment. Acids form and pave the way for decay or diseases of the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream was developed to meet this condition. It contains more than 50% of Milk of Magnesia, long known as a safe, effective antacid. Every time you brush your teeth with Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia neutralize acids at The Danger Line.

Is tooth decay dangerous? Physicians and dentists agree that many disorders, kidney

troubles, rheumatism, neuritis, result from tooth decay. Tooth decay is caused by invisible germs that generate acid in remote places about the teeth. Squibb's Dental Cream containing Milk of Magnesia is a most effective material for neutralizing acid. It is safe to use in the mouth and will reach the remote crevices.

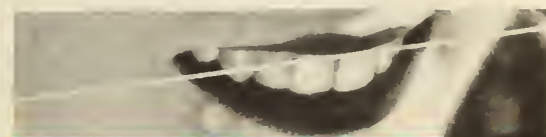
You'll appreciate the fine sense of security that comes with the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It polishes teeth beautifully. Contains no grit, no antiseptics. It is extraordinarily soothing and you can use it to brush the gums.

Protect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream twice each day. At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S
dental cream

vine arranged with good taste . . . She is a lady of fine figure and attractive manner, and is well calculated to grace and do honor at the White House."

In the afternoon before the departure, Lincoln comes down to his law office to examine some papers. Then he throws himself on the sofa, and there is silence for a time.

"Billy, how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years."

"We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"No, indeed we have not."

Lincoln then recalls some incidents of his early practice, gathers up a bundle of books and papers and starts to leave, but pauses at the signboard which swings on its rusty hinges.

"Billy, let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened."

As the two men go home together he says: "I am sick of office-holding already, and I shudder when I think of the tasks that are still ahead." That evening, at the hotel office, Lincoln himself writes the labels for his trunks: "A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, D. C." Then he ropes the trunks with his own hands.

HIS FAREWELL TO SPRINGFIELD

It is a cold morning in the middle of February. At the little station there are a hundred people to bid him farewell. In the car are his old friends Judd and Davis, the new secretaries Nicolay and Hay, two governors, some army officers, his brother-in-law Todd; but one of the travelers is a man with a cheerful countenance, and fine teeth. Hill Lamon, whom Lincoln has summoned to come with him; the David who is to cheer up the melancholy Saul.

Mary is on the platform; she will follow some days later. She will join him later and show tact and courage throughout the journey.

There he stands with his curious stove-pipe; he steps onto the platform of his car and finds a few words:

"My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a youth to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried.

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail.

"Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all may yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The sadness of his words and look, his word about the grave and the timid "yet" of hope have deeply moved the auditors. No one feels hopeful as the train vanishes in the morning mist.

He spends ten days on this journey through the northern states, for everywhere people wish to see him and to listen to him. A good many are disappointed, for his prevailing mood is one of depression, but sometimes he amazes adversaries whom curiosity has brought to his meetings.

On the whole, he is pale and sad

throughout this journey and only cheers up when Hill Lamon plays the banjo and sings coon songs to him. He feels, as many others doubtless feel, that torch-light processions and serenades are out of keeping with the conditions of the time. Moreover, he has to be extremely careful in what he says; and sometimes, after preparing a speech, he has to modify it at the last moment because of telegraphic news from Alabama, where the Southerners are holding a congress.

Before reaching Baltimore he is warned by a detective that there is a plot to assassinate him there. He will not believe it at first and wants to continue his route, but when soon after this Seward's son brings a warning from his father, he makes up his mind to change his plans.

Some of his friends consider that it will make a bad impression. Lincoln, however, is too shrewd, is too much the countryman, to risk his life needlessly for the sake of a public reception, the hundredth during these weeks. Had there been a battle imminent in Baltimore; had it been that the coming of the President was essential for the encouragement of the troops in such a battle!

But he will not, simply to make a parade of courage, put himself in the power of a group of cowardly conspirators. Leaving the last reception at Harrisburg by a side door, in a soft hat, and ignoring the special train that is waiting to take him to Baltimore, he drives to the station and boards the ordinary train, which has been detained to receive "an important parcel for Washington."

Lincoln has only one companion on this journey. His wife, his sons and all the other members of the party travel by the special train. Only one man follows him on this last adventurous part of his journey: Hill Lamon.

In February, it is still dark at six o'clock; the streets are lost in dusk, for the lanterns are out. Only two persons know who is arriving: Seward and Washburn, who come to meet him.

Now the four drive to a hotel. The town is still asleep, though some of the conspirators may have been in Washington eagerly awaiting news of a successful coup in Baltimore.

None of them knows that the man of whom they had hoped to rid themselves is already driving through the lonely streets. Should any of the southern cavaliers pass the carriage on their way home from a late party, they may suppose the travelers to be business men come to Washington on the chance of a munitions contract—or are they spies?

Unrecognized, a stranger, Abraham Lincoln drives through his capital, to become the successor of Washington.

THE INAUGURATION

The fourth of March dawns. Even yesterday in the capital people were still betting against Lincoln's chances. But now at noon, old Buchanan drives up to Lincoln's hotel in an open carriage: clerical of aspect, as usual, with his white necktie; a face much wrinkled, his head twisting to the left, for he has a wry neck; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat and swallow-tailed coat. They drive off together.

For the first time the streets leading to the Capitol are occupied by troops. Now the stately procession emerges from the entrance of the Senate. The terraces are not as full as they might have been, for a good many people have been kept away by dread of bullets, but there is none the less a brilliant assembly. All eyes are centered on the tallest man in the advancing company, who, carrying

hat and stick, walks slowly through the corridor to the platform in front of the east portico in full view of the multitude of spectators.

There he stands, burdened with things which his fashionable wife must have forced upon him, elegantly attired, lest he should look like a backwoodsman. For the first time he is to speak to the nation as a whole, but he is embarrassed by this fine new stick with a gold knob and the terribly shiny top hat. What is he to do? Dreadful moments.

But Fate has sent him his long-time enemy, who, as if in irony, is watching his plight close at hand. Douglas of the serpentine wiles, who can wriggle out of a difficult situation so promptly, and is therefore prompt to help here. Douglas as a rescuer; Douglas as a valet; Douglas who stretches out his short arm to take the shiny hat and hold it for half an hour like a footman till all is over and the new President can take it from the Senator with a friendly nod.

Lincoln has begun by saying that his party never has made any attempt to interfere with the institution of slavery in states where it exists. "I take the official oath today with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the constitutions or laws by any hypocritical rule."

During the seventy-two years that had elapsed since the first inauguration of a President under the national Constitution, fifteen different citizens had, in succession, governed her, and generally with success. "Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task . . . under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted . . .

"The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere . . . That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no words to them."

There has been applause here and there at notable passages; Buchanan has listened attentively, and so has Douglas, who, the instant the speaker has finished, jumps up, shakes hands with him and expresses cordial approval. But here comes the clerk with the Bible. All rise to their feet, and Buchanan, the retiring President, with his crooked head takes his stand beside Lincoln.

A very aged man presides over the ceremony, pushing his mummylike shape in the black robe to the front: Taney the Chief Justice, who had been responsible for the famous Dred Scott decision. No less patriotic a man, his features betray the emotion he feels when administering the oath in virtue of which his adversary rises to supreme power.

Lincoln, after glancing respectfully at Taney, lays his hand on the Bible and slowly pronounces the oath: "I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

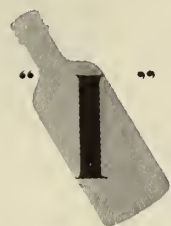
Now the company disperses, the outgoing President and the newly inaugurated one walking away arm in arm.

Now the carriage drives off to the White House. Mary is radiant. This



TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?



SAYS **A**BSORBINE JR.



FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "athlete's foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "athlete's foot" usually

appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

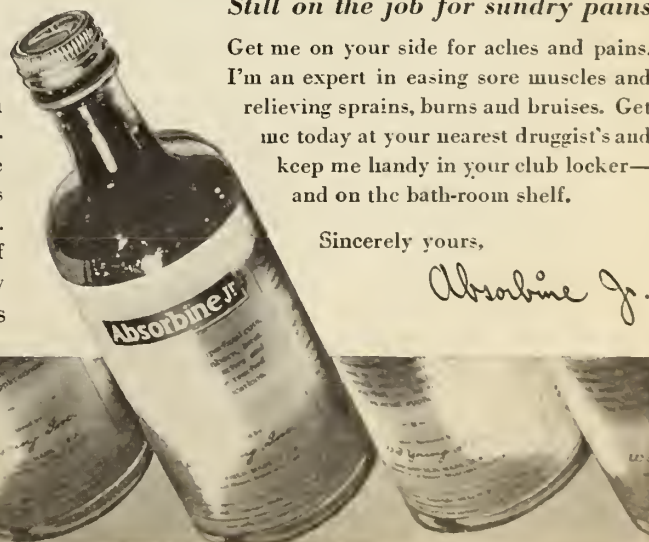
I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.

Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.



Indigestion goes quickly



The Cholic by Cruikshank - 1835

DON'T let heartburn, acidity or indigestion—those troubles that come from imprudent eating—punish you as they do so many!

Take Gastrogen Tablets at the first sign of distress. They're pleasant in taste. They bring relief in five minutes. And they work quietly, efficiently—without belching or distress from gas or hiccoughs.

For Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda bicarbonate—that's their great advantage over other methods! Read carefully the Vinegar Test to the right and you will quickly see why this is so!

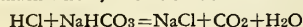
Indigestion stops but digestion goes on!

With Gastrogen you get quick, effective relief—free from the embarrassing aftermath of hiccoughs, belching or internal rumblings so often caused by soda. Normal digestion isn't held up—the stomach is soothed, not irritated.

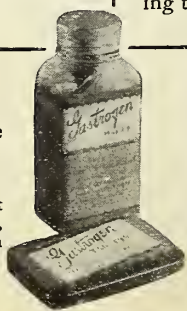
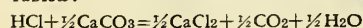
Except in severe cases three or four of these harmless, spicy tablets will relieve you in five to ten minutes. Remember the name—Gastrogen Tablets! And the next time you are afflicted with heartburn, acidity or indigestion, have them on hand ready to use.

Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:



Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:



The Vinegar test shows Gastrogen's quiet action

1. Take two tumblers. Pour a little vinegar into each.
2. Into one tumbler drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.
3. Into the other, drop three or four Gastrogen Tablets.

SODA BICARBONATE



GASTROGEN

Notice the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the "bicarb." Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen!

The same thing happens in your stomach when you take soda or preparations containing it. You see the reason for the disturbance that soda causes—the embarrassment of hiccoughs and rumbling.

But Gastrogen Tablets have no bad after-effects. They set free *less than half* as much gas as soda, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-129
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

©1929

posse of servants, male and female, these silent liveries, cannot fail to remind her of the slave state of her youth. It has been a lovely journey, eight days—and before that twenty years, but now, at last, they have arrived. She is both tired and excited. The goal is reached; the dream has become reality.

How quickly she takes in the suites of rooms and halls, the handsome vases, the soft carpets; how the gilded chairs and the glittering chandeliers flatter her eyes! It seems to her that there is a good deal to be improved, but there will be plenty of time. We have four years, anyhow; nothing but death can expel us from this house.

But Lincoln is heavy-hearted as he stalks through these same apartments, wondering within himself whether there may not be other forces than death to drive him, and the Union, out of this, and while Mary is admiring the damask hangings of the walls, he is asking himself what they may have heard within the last three months. All that awaits him is a writing table, more heavily laden with work than was his old office table in Springfield even in the busiest days; and, as he begins to dictate, perhaps his eyes rove among the cold splendors in search of a familiar leather-covered sofa.

The very first letter he writes, on the same evening, is to William H. Seward, and runs as follows:

My dear Sir,

Your note of the 2nd instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me, and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by nine A. M. tomorrow.

Your obedient servant . . .

The same regal dignity, the same skillful reserve; an expression of personal esteem, but an ultimatum for the very next morning.

The rats are deserting the ship, thinks the captain; deserting it at the very moment he is taking command. And as he looks out through the window into the night, what does he see and fancy?

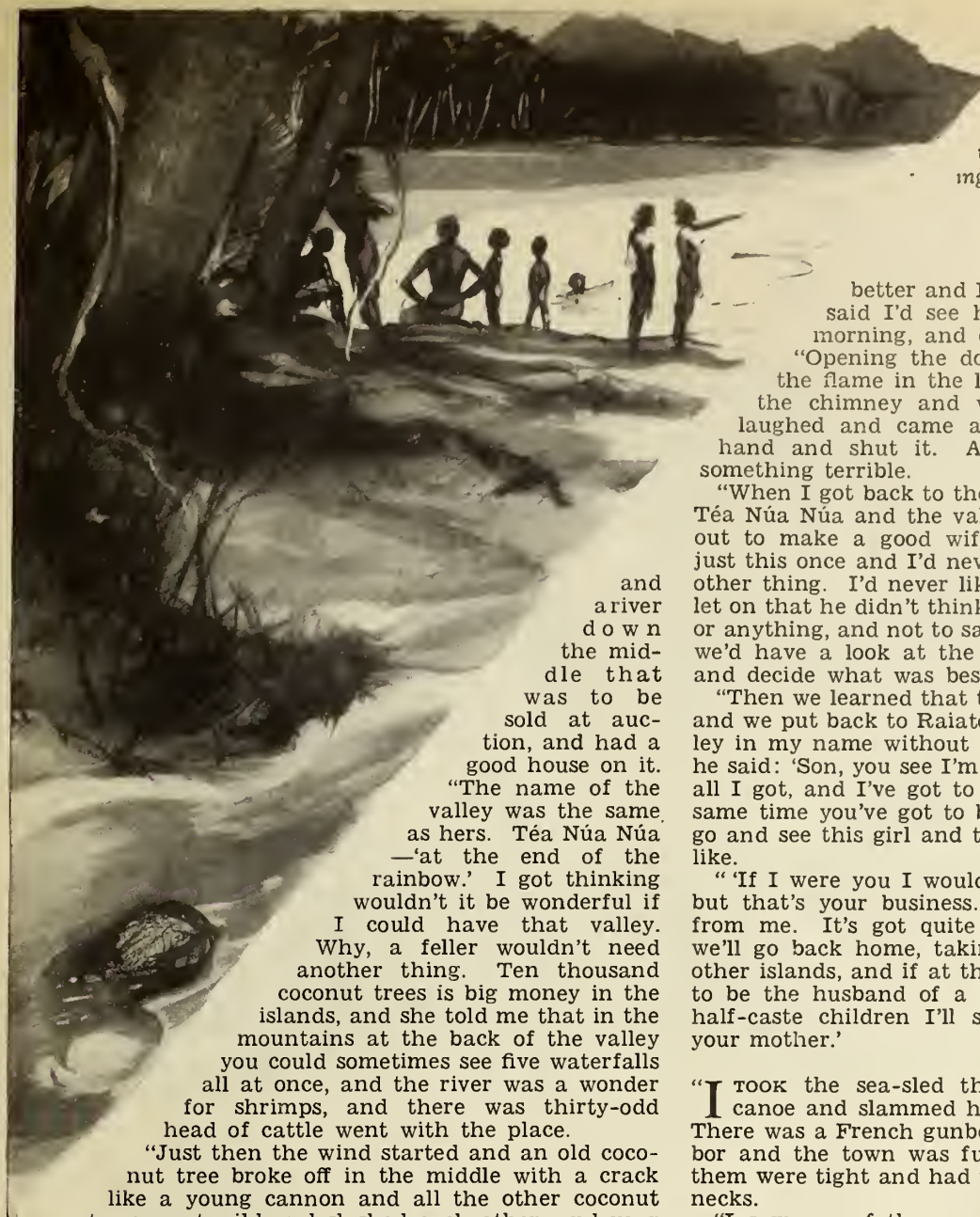
Those dark shadows—are they spies, assassins or slaves? Is the town really full of rebels? Surely it must also contain well-wishers, kind citizens, who are considering his strength?

Over there is the Treasury; it is empty; the money has been taken South. That other house over there, the War Office, may contain stacks of documents, but the forces inscribed in the lists are away over the border; so are firearms and ammunition; and there is scarcely a ship left to the North.

In the distance, broad as a sea, flows the Potomac; he can make it out from the window. Beyond it stands the enemy under arms, with forts, money and men—and hearts fired with passion. Tomorrow they will strike; or, if not tomorrow, within a few weeks. Is he, then, master of the White House or only its prisoner?

All depends on one thing: to be strong enough for destiny.

Next Month—Emil Ludwig relates the thrilling events that led to civil war and the victory that was the occasion for the publishing of Lincoln's great Emancipation Proclamation



“Evenings everybody goes swimming. Tua and I went. There’s no undressing. You just go in as is.”

and
a river
down
the middle
that
was to be
sold at auc-
tion, and had a
good house on it.
“The name of the
valley was the same
as hers. Téa Núa Núa
—‘at the end of the
rainbow.’ I got thinking
wouldn’t it be wonderful if
I could have that valley.
Why, a feller wouldn’t need
another thing. Ten thousand
coconut trees is big money in the
islands, and she told me that in the
mountains at the back of the valley
you could sometimes see five waterfalls
all at once, and the river was a wonder
for shrimps, and there was thirty-odd
head of cattle went with the place.

“Just then the wind started and an old coco-
nut tree broke off in the middle with a crack
like a young cannon and all the other coconut
trees went wild and slashed each other, and your
ears hurt like when you’re making a deep dive. Then
we shut the house door so that the wind couldn’t get
in and lift the roof off, but it seemed like the whole
house would go.

“I was awful scared, but Téa Núa Núa just laughed.
It all struck her as funny. I never knew a girl to be so
feminine and have so much sand at the same time.

“She guessed her folks would take shelter somewhere
and not show up till the wind had blown itself out.
Every now and then she’d smile at me in a funny way,
kind of the way you smile at somebody that’s just
proved they don’t know anything. And the wind blew
and blew until you got kind of used to it and felt as if
there was always a noise like that going on.

“I got dark and she lighted a kerosene lamp, and we
talked about the valley at the end of the rainbow.
And I kept thinking to myself that I was twenty-one and
my own boss and could do as I pleased, except Father
and Mother have all the money, and that I could marry
this girl if I wanted to and nobody could stop me. And
then I’d think of the two sisters that got money off
sailors, and somehow you just couldn’t believe that Téa
Núa Núa was that kind too.

“The wind went down so that it was safe to go outside
and I said I guessed I’d better be going back to the
village—there was a path along the water—as it was
getting late. There was one thing about this girl—she
never argued about anything. All she said was that I
needn’t go if I didn’t want to. But I said I guessed I

better and I thanked her for the eats and
said I’d see her again soon, maybe in the
morning, and opened the door to go.

“Opening the door let in a puff of wind and
the flame in the lamp gave a hop to the top of
the chimney and went out, and Téa Núa Núa
laughed and came and took the door out of my
hand and shut it. And my heart began to beat
something terrible.

“When I got back to the yacht I told my father about
Téa Núa Núa and the valley and how she was just cut
out to make a good wife, and wouldn’t he stake me
just this once and I’d never come down on him for an-
other thing. I’d never liked the old man so much. He
let on that he didn’t think I was awful foolish or wicked
or anything, and not to say anything to my mother, and
we’d have a look at the valley, and think things out,
and decide what was best to be done.

“Then we learned that the auction was to be right off,
and we put back to Raiatea and Father bought the val-
ley in my name without us ever having seen it. Then
he said: ‘Son, you see I’m playing fair with you. You’re
all I got, and I’ve got to be on the level with you, but
same time you’ve got to be on the level with me. You
go and see this girl and tell her—tell her anything you
like.

“‘If I were you I wouldn’t make too many promises,
but that’s your business. And give her this envelope
from me. It’s got quite a lot of francs in it. Then
we’ll go back home, taking plenty of time and seeing
other islands, and if at the end of a year you still want
to be the husband of a native girl and the father of
half-caste children I’ll see you through, and so will
your mother.’

“I took the sea-sled that’s faster than any sailing
canoe and slammed her across the lagoon to Pateo.
There was a French gunboat, the *Cassiopee*, in the har-
bor and the town was full of French sailors; some of
them were tight and had wreaths of flowers round their
necks.

“I saw one of them walking with a girl out on the
path that leads to the point, and when I got closer I
saw that the girl was Téa Núa Núa and that they had
their arms round each other.

“I stopped still in my tracks, and I never felt so bad
before—ever. They lurched along for a few steps and
then they stopped and the sailor pulled a bottle out
from somewhere, and they each took a good swig out
of it.

“On the way back to the yacht I was seasick once.
And I guess there ain’t anybody ever felt any worse
than I did or such a big fool.

“Just because a girl has eyes that you could drown
kittens in is no reason for a man to make an ass of
himself. So ends this day.”

“Aug. 25th, 1929. This day, just one year from the
last entry, comes in leaping and skipping for joy. Birds
in the high hall garden—Maud—Maud—Maud—Maud
they are crying and calling.

“I’m engaged to be married. She told me so only last
night, Maud did.

“Father and Mother are crazy about her. The for-
ward light is shining bright and all’s well. This is just
the time when I thought I’d be going back to Téa Núa
Núa, and my valley.

“Maybe I’ll never even see my valley. After all, it’s
at the other end of the rainbow, and contrary to the
world’s opinion it’s at this end that a man must look
for his pot of gold.

“So ends this bright day.”

Fort Sumter Bombarded! Secession! WAR! A
The Monitor and the Merrimac! The Dark Days of Defeat!



Illustration by

The Life of Lincoln

WHEN Lincoln awakens for the first time at the White House, the day after being sworn in as President, there is a letter from Fort Sumter on his table. It comes from the commandant, who now addresses himself to the new President, the old one having given him no help for months past.

The writer says that unless reinforcements are sent, he will not be able to hold the fort for more than a week longer.

Perhaps the recipient, reading the signature, may recall that Anderson was the major who had administered the military oath to him in the Indian war in Illinois nearly thirty years before, and, in his secret heart, he may compare the terms of that oath with those of the one he had taken yesterday. Is either to be held less sacred than the other?

The main difference is that the Presidential oath will be harder to live up to. Anyhow, in taking it, he has sworn to maintain the possessions of the Union, and the fort in question is one of these. "If Anderson evacuates Fort Sumter, I shall have to evacuate the White House," he says.

Since January this fort on an island in Charleston harbor, garrisoned by no more than three hundred men but well supplied with artillery, had been the object of a sort of implicit truce. The unexpressed compact between the hostile brethren was that no attack would be

made by the Southerners so long as no attempt was made by the North to reinforce it.

Seward, however, now advises surrender; and even old General Scott declares the stronghold to be untenable. Here is the first instance of discouragement, and again and again during the next few years we find that the hesitating President is forced to stimulate the hesitating military arm.

The question is not merely one of courage; it is one of diplomacy as well. Evacuation will set an example which will encourage the South all along the line. On the other hand, to send troops and munitions will be an open challenge to the enemy, will start the war, will from the first put Europe out of humor with the North and will provide all the local adversaries with catchwords for use in their criticisms.

Are not these criticisms already acrimonious enough? Throughout the country the radical press is declaring that the President is blind, incapable, or cowardly, and that he has been infected with Seward's pacifism. What has he done? The one positive action with which he can be credited is his refusal to receive a deputation from the rebels.

On the other hand, the Democrats are clamoring for the evacuation of the forts and for peace at any price. They want no truck with the black Republicans. At the same time the wildest rumors are current, one of them being to the effect that more and more officers of the regular army are deserting to the South.

Kingdom for a Commander! McClellan's Failure! The Battle of Antietam! The Emancipation Proclamation!



Harvey Dunn

By
*Emil
Ludwig*

Lincoln, listening to it all, reads the papers; hears what visitors, experts and ordinary folk have to say, and throughout March is pondering a solution.

At last he finds one. March is drawing to a close; Anderson's difficulties are increasing, and probably the garrison is already on short rations. Now comes the first grand reception at the White House: Lincoln appears in a new swallowtail coat beside his elegantly attired wife, and hundreds of people are watching maliciously for some breach of decorum.

He is the same as usual, easy-going, cheerful and sociable; and next day the Times correspondent reports that the President regaled the company with numerous anecdotes concerning horses, drunken drivers and other incidents of western life. In view of this, the guests must think that there can be no imminent danger—the very impression Lincoln wishes to produce.

BUT to his ministers he speaks otherwise. Requesting them to stay after the reception, he tells them how Scott is urging him to evacuate Fort Sumter on the instant. They leave the White House greatly excited, to return in a few hours for an early morning session, and to learn the President's decision.

Lincoln is going to send a ship laden with provisions to the fort, and will inform the governor officially that the aim is merely to save the garrison from starvation. If the governor does not take the step amiss, the

prestige of the United States government will be restored and the garrison's most urgent necessity will be relieved.

If, on the other hand, the governor proves as bellicose as he has given himself out to be for weeks past, he will regard the action as provocative and will retaliate by firing the first shot, thus relieving the tension, making the South responsible for the commencement of hostilities and arousing

in the North the indignation without which a victory never can be won.

Such is the tenor of Lincoln's first order, for the President is Commander in Chief of the army and the navy of the Union, and as such can do everything and will do much that as a civilian he could not do without consulting Congress. The notion is that of a farmer and a diplomatist, and all happens as he has foreseen.

Troops advance from the South simultaneously with the dispatch of the relief ship from New York; and the southern forces bombard the fort, shoot down the flag and continue firing until Anderson capitulates and withdraws the garrison.

The effect is terrible, and it is uplifting. A cry rises everywhere from the North: "The star-spangled banner has been shot down by rebel troops!" A clamor for revenge unifies on the instant all the millions of the North, party disputes are stilled, opponents become reconciled or cease to quarrel; everyone feels that a dreadful thing has happened, (Continued on page 169)

By J. P. McEvoy

Mother's



Ⓒ Ruthie

Hello, says she, looking surprised,
I didn't know you was in town.
What, says I, didn't you get my vi-
bration?

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al Evans.
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

Here's the loot from Chicago. Give a special look at the Mother Day order from the What Ho Gifte Shoppe out on West Madison Street. I sure pushed the little Davis bimbo over this trip. She's been playing hard to get with me long enough.

I can stand about so much from them, Al, but when they get so coy that they can't check up their stock it's a challenge to my charm.

Of course, I will say the line had something to do with it. It's the hottest Mother stuff the old so-called creative department has exuded since I joined up with the outfit. I want to tell you that series of 25-cent deckle-edged Italian stock with those four-line weepers is going to knock all the dealers into a tail spin.

I can tell the way Ruthie took them. The minute I laid them out she grabbed them hook, line and sinker and headed right for the bottom like a pickerel. When they bite like that it's in the bag.

The mothers of our mighty race are going to spend most of May sweeping Gleason cards under the bed to get them out of the way. In my territory, anyway. Of course the other fellows are doing their best but after all it takes more than just a good line of cards to get the business.

Take this little Davis hotsy, for example. I bet you there isn't another fellow on the road who could get her to go for Mother cards the way I did the other day. If you ever talked to her for a few minutes you'd know why. One of those long-legged, short-haired Green-wick Village gals that wear batik bloomers and talk about their complexes. Rather confusing at first for a simple country boy but I dote on difficulties. Especially when it means jacking up the old sales quota.

Of course I've been rushing her around getting her all flushed and hectic, but even so she's been throwing most of her business to Gibson, so this time I says to myself, Ruthie, old socks, I'm going to bear down on you with this mother line, complexes or no complexes, so I dons the gray double-breasted with the light blue pin stripe and I wafts over to the What Ho and floats in on a cloud of masculine It.

Ruthie is talking to a slick little dark-skinned guy who looks like a hammered-down Valentino.

You see, Al, I read an article in a magazine about everybody having different vibrations, and that's one of Ruthie's bugs too, that and complexes. So then I opens up the bag and fishes out the new Mother cards.

Just as luck would have it 25M-7 comes to the top, I would bring you a smile, Mother, for each tear I have caused you, I would bring you a joy, Mother, for each grief you have had, etc., and the little sheik speaks up and says, that's beautiful, that's just what I've been looking for. Could I buy it? Oh, no, says Ruthie. That's just a sample, but you can have one of them when the shipment comes in, and then Ruthie says to me, Mr. Capistrano has been trying to get a specially nice card to send to his mother. By the way, Ramon, meet my friend Mr. Kerrigan. He sells me these cards you've been buying.

So I says, oh, is Mr. Capistrano one of your good customers? And Ruthie says, only Mother cards; comes in almost every day and buys a card to send to his mother in New York. I wish there were more of you, says I. I could graduate out of the chevy class.

Well, we bickered back and forth like this for a while and then this Capistrano bird disappears—just sort of melted away. It was uncanny, Al. One minute he was there talking to us, the next he was gone. Where did Mother's boy go? I says, and Ruthie says, oh, he probably slipped out the back way. He's very shy and he's terribly afraid of crowds. You know, it's a kind of a complex; it's called ochlophobia.

The same to you, says I, and many of them, but all phobias aside, I never saw you looking so cute. Sometimes when I'm out of town and I'm in my lonely hotel room just lying there looking at the ceiling, I think about your eyes, and I



Ⓒ Those aren't gunmen, says I. Not so loud, says Sunny. Mother's boy and Ruthie were mooning into each other's eyes.

The Life of Lincoln (Continued from page 73)

something unparalleled since the stars and stripes first waved above Washington's head eighty years before.

At this moment, and only now, Lincoln has the country in his hands. An appeal for 75,000 volunteers is answered within a few days by 92,000; in June there will be 300,000. But they are enrolled for three months only, the longest period allowed by the law.

Immediately Virginia announces its withdrawal from the Union and thus the Potomac becomes the frontier. The enemy is only just across the water, within sight of the White House. Things have turned out as the new President had feared they might when he assumed office five weeks before.

The news of Virginia's secession has a paralyzing effect in Washington. Where are the troops? Not a solitary new soldier within sight! Lincoln, pacing his room, is asking himself: "Why don't they come?"

A kingdom for a military commander! The best would be Lee. He is over there in Virginia, but has always been loyal to the Union and has opposed secession. Lincoln appoints him Commander in Chief.

Lee refuses the post, saying that he cannot be a party to an invasion of the southern states. At the same time he sends in his papers to General Scott, his superior officer and a fellow Virginian, withdrawing from the United States army. "This is a more serious loss than would be the going over of twenty thousand men," says the veteran Scott, and he is right.

At the same time Baltimore demands of the President a pledge that he will cease from conveying troops through that town. All right, they can make a detour round it. "No," says Baltimore; "we are neutral, and the troops must not march round us either."

"We must have troops!" rejoins Lincoln. "As they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it, they must come across it."

Thereupon the Marylanders break down the bridges, so that on three sides, now, Washington is cut off from reinforcements, while on the fourth side it lies open to the enemy. Then comes the first brush with the Southerners, and wounded are borne back on stretchers through the streets.

It is the blood of his brothers that Lincoln for the first time sees oozing through the hastily improvised bandages; the blood of innocent youngsters who have no interest in politics and are neither for slavery nor against it; men who have only rallied to the colors in response to the cry: "The Union has been broken."

This first blood gives the great lover of mankind proof of the soundness of his inward conviction that, so far as the popular imagination is concerned, the Civil War is not being waged on behalf of an abstract ideal. People are giving their blood, not for the freedom of African blacks but for the sake of their American fatherland.

Six o'clock in the morning and the streets are almost empty. Someone passing the White House sees a tall man in blue socks and big slippers standing in the doorway. This man, whom the passerby knows well by sight, calls to him in a friendly way: "Good morning, good morning. I am looking for a newsboy. When you get to the corner, I wish you would send one up this way."

Lincoln is still the same as he was

in Springfield. Even if he does not stand like this at the house door every morning, the anecdote shows that restless curiosity from time to time revives old habits.

Of course, if he wants anything, he need only tug at the fine long bell pull that hangs close to the writing table. But as he sits in his armchair now, a ring, while it doubtless will bring a servant, will certainly not bring his secretary Nicolay at that hour, for the President is the earliest worker in the United States—a remarkable thing in a man not accustomed to regular hours either by disposition or by training.

The office is roomy, since there must be space in the middle for the oak table at which the sittings of the Cabinet are held. There are two sofas, both of horsehair; but the fact that there are two, and that he (who loves to stretch out his long legs and to lie reading at full length) is thus enabled to change from one to the other, is perhaps the only gain in the way of personal comfort accruing to Abraham Lincoln in compensation for the manifold burdens imposed on him by the Presidency.

There is nothing, however, to remind one of the war in the aspect of the men who begin to arrive toward nine o'clock; and the Cabinet, by whose appointment Lincoln has startled the country, would have been much the same in time of peace. As he takes his seat at the head of the gathering, partly to read his own report on current affairs and partly to hear what the ministers have to tell him, he shows a tranquil self-confidence, though up to now he never has taken the chair at such a meeting.

Yet those who sit around the table and regard him more or less mistrustfully are all men with a wealth of practical experience, and therefore inclined to believe in themselves rather than in him. Why does not this newcomer surround himself with personal friends? Instead, he sits among a phalanx of strangers, half of whom are members of an alien party, while the other half (though they belong to his own party) are personal adversaries.

When he is asked why he has appointed four Democrats and only three Republicans, he replies: "I am a Republican myself, and that makes things equal." Surely it is a sign of unusual tolerance and political wisdom that he should make a special effort to enlist the services of political opponents who regard themselves as his rivals.

Or is he merely out of humor and hypercritical, this man sitting beside Lincoln and scrutinizing him through half-closed lids? Even if Seward were less vain than he is, it would be natural enough that he, whose training and services, reputation and talents, would seem to have destined him for the highest office in the land, should now be disgruntled at having to serve another. He is a man of distinguished appearance, but the fine nose and mouth are marred by a sour expression, and the shrewd eyes are clouded by ambition and jealousy.

His vis-à-vis is likewise fuming with jealousy. He does not say anything against Lincoln, but his silence is eloquent—for he, too, was Lincoln's rival, and he considers that he has been cheated by the party. An unyielding opponent of slavery, of a more ardent temperament than Seward or even Lincoln, Chase as Secretary of the Treasury remains at once master and servant in

FEELING SLUGGISH?

MAYBE you are eating too many heavy dishes. Winter diets should be just as well balanced as summer ones. They need crispness for both variety and health!

Tomorrow morning, try a crisp, ready-to-serve cereal. Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk or cream, with canned or preserved fruit added. See if you don't feel better! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are remarkably easy to digest. And appetites respond to their crispness and flavor. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, Whole Wheat Krumbles, Kaffee Hag —the caffeine-free coffee.

ACCOUNTING

How to Learn Accounting

THOUSANDS of ambitious men are earning more money today because they know Accounting. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first lesson. Both will be sent free.

International Accountants Society, Inc.

A Division of the

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Dept. 100, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Free Information ON SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

A specialized service in choosing a school absolutely free of charge to you. For busy parents and questioning boys and girls reliable information about the kind of school desired. Why select hurriedly when expert advice can be had by writing to

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Dept. C, Daily News Plaza, 400 W. Madison Street, Chicago

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—turnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 155-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

BIRD LOVERS Free

50-Page Bird Book in Colors
"Canaries for Pleasure and Profit"
Gives expert professional advice on breeding, rearing, training, feeding and care of canaries. Keep your birds in song. Sent free together with liberal samples of West's Quality Bird Foods on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover mailing cost.
West's Bird Foods are sold at all good stores
Magnesia Products Co., 1601 Hubbard St. Milwaukee, Wis.

the sober realm of figures, and though he is at times somewhat pompous, his self-conceit does not undermine his willingness to serve the man who in the end has become the chosen representative of the people.

The next man, no less honest and well informed, is equally uncomfortable. This is Gideon Welles, whose appearance instantly arouses thoughts of the sea; he has keen eyes, though the skin beneath them is baggy, a white spade beard, shaved round the mouth to leave the narrow lips free, and long gray hair; he is a veritable sea dog and looks more like the naval captain of those days than Secretary of the Navy. He will hold his office for four years and will prove the most successful of all Lincoln's ministers of state.

Blair, the Postmaster-General, member of an influential family with far-reaching connections, is as passionately opposed to the rebels as Fox, and no less practical. Bates, the Attorney-General, seems to be a man of cooler type; he is from Missouri, and is therefore likely to understand the South. As for Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, who hails from Indiana, he is a reputable citizen who probably will have a better understanding of things close at hand than of those distant perspectives that shade off into the unknown.

When Lincoln lets his discerning eyes roam around the table he cannot fail to be impressed by the uniqueness of the head of the seventh and last of these ministers of his—though all are individual types. Number seven is beardless, has grayish-white hair, a well-shaped forehead, a big nose, penetrating eyes and pinched lips, the mouth of a man with a bent for silence and reserve. He looks as if he were one little inclined to be accommodating; one who enjoys feeling contempt for his fellows and makes it his business to overreach others. This is Cameron, forced upon Lincoln by his party.

It is an amorphous Cabinet that assembles around this council table. The President's first and most difficult task is to unite these men of conflicting aims and temperaments, to convince them of his own capacity and thus to subject them in the spirit to a leadership which as yet he holds only in the letter. That is the crucial test applied to him as one able to know men and competent to manage them; that he stands this test is perhaps the greatest of Lincoln's victories.

LINCOLN'S BÊTE NOIR

Lincoln is a match for anyone whom he can meet with the shafts of his humor. But place-hunters are really more than he can face. They are a heavier burden than the fate of the nation, for this he expects to cope with.

"It was bad enough before I left Springfield, but there it was child's play when compared with the barbarism of the present situation. They hardly give me time to eat and sleep. Every one of the hungry pack looks on me as his lawful quarry."

Only his sense of humor lifts him to the height of reflective detachment. His ability to make fun of such people, to outwit them by his superior brains without giving offense, provides him with moments of refreshment.

Meanwhile the press is urging a forward move to Richmond, for there is dread of European intervention and a general belief that the enemy, being equally ill prepared, can be forced back more readily by a prompt onslaught. Is it only arrogance that has made the Confederates establish their new capital so close to the old capital of the Union?

Why do they not choose New Orleans, far to the south, instead of a place only a hundred miles from Washington?

Virginia is a powerful state, and one of the first importance, one from which pressure can be exercised most readily on the border states. Besides, the world shall see: "It is only a step to Washington and we shall soon be back!" Thus it is that the eastern theater of war is narrow, whereas the western is of almost boundless extent.

While the new regiments are streaming in, stronger than expected or demanded but untrained and almost unled; while the Union capital, so close to the frontier, becomes an armed camp and tens of thousands of soldiers are quartered in the environs; while the President consecrates banners, visits hospitals, holds reviews and sees the national will straining toward an advance—he cannot order this advance because he is short of generals.

"I have more pegs than holes to put them in," he says in a powerful metaphor; and when he appoints Buell to the command of the Army of the Ohio, McDowell to that of the Army of the East, neither he nor the country knows anything to speak of about either man. Only Frémont, who takes charge of the Army of the West, has a name likely to inspire confidence.

Thus Lincoln and Scott are driven onward by the vague hope of the country. Lincoln, indeed, warns against a general attack, points out the inadequacy of railway communication and advises that the initiative shall take the form of a feint attack which will lead to a dispersal of the enemy's forces and will obviate the possibility of a defeat. But Scott will hear nothing of this, orders a general onslaught by the Army of the East one Sunday in July, and sustains the first severe defeat at Bull Run.

There is a retreat upon the capital, the panic being intensified by senators and other sight-seers who have driven out toward the scene of action in the hope of enjoying the spectacle of a victory. Rumor seeks to outdo rumor, and there is certainly good reason to expect the Southerners to follow up their victory by an advance.

Amid the widespread confusion the President is notable for his composure. He orders the necessary measures in the capital and wires the defeated general: "Save Washington and save the Army."

Obviously, the immediate need is to find a new military chief. The country wants a youthful hero.

Since no man of ripe experience is forthcoming, the President asks himself who is most loved by the soldiers and best known to the people. Who has a name that can exercise the suggestive force indispensable at such a moment? Who will be able to extract some positive achievement out of the first three months of the war?

McClellan has quickly and successfully organized the new State of West Virginia (the part of old Virginia that has remained loyal to the Union), expelling the last southern elements from the region and thus securing public approval. Not much of a qualification for an army commander, but it is more than any of the others have.

Is he an officer on the active list? He has been. Now he is a railroad executive, but in the Mexican War he did good service as an engineer officer.

Is he a Republican? No; a Democrat. All the better! The country will realize that he has been appointed only because he is a man of genius. But is he? Who knows? Anyhow, people say that he is a second Napoleon.

The new commander considers it necessary to devote three months to the training of his quarter of a million soldiers. Lincoln is uneasy.

Eastern Tennessee, threatened by the South, is sending reiterated appeals for help, and he wants at any cost to retain this northern outpost thrust forward into the enemy land. But he is in thrall to the plans, nay, the whims, of his generals; he is a prisoner; public opinion swears by, the Cabinet believes in, the second Napoleon.

When, at this juncture, an old friend tells him that McClellan cherishes designs on the Presidency, Lincoln replies carelessly: "I am perfectly willing, if he will only put an end to this war." Meanwhile, for him and for us there is nothing to do but to leave the new commander busily drilling his troops beside the Potomac. What is going on in the West? There, perhaps, we can discern more encouraging prospects of victory.

GENERAL FRÉMONT

Here in St. Louis, likewise, there is a handsome general mounted on a fine horse and attended by a brilliant retinue; but Frémont, at any rate, has a great past, or the legend of greatness. He is the western pioneer, the pathfinder, the man whom the newly formed Republican Party had nominated as its first Presidential candidate and for whom Lincoln had fought.

Glitter, the power of silence and the lack of experience as a commander in the field are qualities he shares with his colleague beside the Potomac; but in contrast with the eastern organizer, the western war lord is inactive in respect to the peaceful doings of the army as well, while his vanity makes him an easy prey to fraudulent army contractors (who perhaps are not unknown to the Secretary of War also), and his main industry is to appoint brigadiers on his own initiative and without consulting the President. Within a few weeks, materials for grave accusations against Frémont make their way to Washington!

The man who was formerly an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency is said to aim at founding a northwestern union. The rumors lack foundation, and Lincoln does not credit them, but the fact that they are current serves to show what people regard as possible.

One morning in August, the President reads in a newspaper that General Frémont has issued a proclamation to the effect that the property of all Missourians who shall take up arms against the Union, or shall in any other way help the South, will be confiscated forthwith, and their slaves, if they have any, will be declared free.

What does Lincoln think and feel as he reads this? With the self-restraint of a statesman, with the sense of responsibility proper to a reigning sovereign, in defiance of his natural sentiments and wishes, since the beginning of the war he has refrained from opening the slavery question, being convinced that his first business is not to free the slaves but to save the Union.

Only if the preservation of the Union remains his war cry can he count upon a Democratic majority in the loyal states and upon the neutrality of the border states. If by any war measures on behalf of the slaves he shows that this is a war for abolition and not a war for the maintenance of the Union, he will lose ground and therewith lose the war; and even in the confiscation ordinances customary in war-time he has been careful to avoid mentioning slaves.

Now comes one of his generals thrusting clumsy fingers into this political

web, completely ignoring his subordination! Next day the dormant controversy reawakens all over the country. The radical press of the North applauds the bold soldier who has outdistanced the hesitating President.

The border states, on the other hand, and Kentucky first of all, are infuriated at what is now, they say, openly disclosed as the purpose of the war, and once more they threaten to secede. Will not the General be cashiered?

Not a bit of it. Lincoln writes him a friendly letter:

I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph [of the proclamation] . . . will alarm our southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress . . . This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure.

When, in the end, he finds it necessary to recall Frémont, his messengers cannot at first get access to the General, upon whom the letter has to be forced by a stratagem.

And McClellan? What is our handsome friend doing, meanwhile, beside the Potomac? During the last three months he has been training and grouping 170,000 men. Will he not attack now? Will the President order an advance, or discuss the matter with the General?

McClellan does not want advice from anyone, and least of all from Lincoln. He complains in private that the President's frequent visits to the camp are a nuisance. He writes:

I am becoming daily more disgusted with this administration—perfectly sick of it . . . I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Cabinet, and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen.

The mood of the nation passes from uneasiness to anger, from anger to derision, from derision to mistrust. Does this Democrat cherish political ambitions; would he fain make his way to the highest office upon the field of inaction rather than with renown on the battlefield?

Impossible, for the President promotes him. When the veteran Scott is now dismissed into honorable retirement, young McClellan is appointed Commander in Chief. Why? Lincoln has no one else for the job! He even puts up with discourteous treatment from the General, allows himself to be kept waiting, so that the matter gets into the papers and arouses angry comment.

Is the President himself put out of humor? Not in the least! He does not trouble about personal dignity, for his sole concern is to win the war. "I will hold McClellan's stirrup for him, if he will only win us victories."

At length, one day on returning to his quarters the General finds that Lincoln and Seward are waiting for him; he goes up to his room and sends down a message saying he is sorry but is too tired to see them today. The Secretary of State is in a rage, but the President remains unmoved. He pays no more visits to the General, however, and thenceforward his orders are curter.

In this deadlock of depression, the scandal at the War Office has a certain ventilating effect. Cameron has unquestionably been too credulous in his

dealings with army contractors, and many go so far as to say he is taking a share in the spoils. Socks that can be torn to pieces with a moderate pull, blankets that are too thin, knapsacks put together with glue instead of being stitched—all are laid to the Secretary of War's charge.

A committee of inquiry is appointed but Lincoln stands up for Cameron, declaring that he himself and the Cabinet are jointly responsible for anything that is amiss. Even in the case of this man of dubious character, this man who has been forced on him, he prefers, without any need for it, to stake his own much vilified name and to bear his share of the blame for questionable machinations rather than to sacrifice a colleague when the battle is raging.

How much importance he attaches to a cause and how little to personal concerns, how readily he overlooks a slight when he thinks an adversary may be useful to the imperiled nation, is strikingly proved at this juncture by his appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War.

Twice only had Lincoln seen this man, at one time a lawyer, then Attorney-General under Buchanan. For a moment only, nearly a year before, when he had himself assumed the Presidential office; and once again seven years before.

That had been in Cincinnati, on a day when Lincoln's self-esteem had been more gravely affronted than on any other occasion during the last twenty years. In an important trial, two noted eastern lawyers had been briefed on the side which, for political reasons, a Westerner, Lincoln, was also summoned to support. The latter was really the best informed of the three regarding the topic of dispute; it was the first time he had traveled so far afield in a law case; and he had for several days been only a silent participant.

Stanton had prevented his taking part in the trial and had said to his friends that nothing would induce him to associate with "such a damned, gawky, long-armed ape as that." The two were staying in the same hotel, and for the whole week Stanton's manner toward his western colleague was insolent.

Yet now Lincoln summons Stanton to one of the most important posts in the administration, and one which will involve persistent contact between the two men. He does it because Stanton is inviolably faithful to the Union, and combines instinctive energy with knowledge, zeal with diligence.

Abraham Lincoln is learning strategy. During these winter months, when nothing happens, when each general in turn has something fresh to ask for and finds a new excuse for not marching against the enemy, when the war is dragging on and the differences between the commanders are growing, he realizes that it has become necessary for him to gain a personal understanding of the main business of his post.

Day and night that winter, and especially in December and January, the President is deep in the study of strategical works, maps and other documents relating to the leadership of armies, their provisioning, their march.

When illness now gives McClellan another pretext for postponing the advance, and when a series of questions sent him by the President are returned with nothing more than fugitive penciled comments, Lincoln begins to address inquiries to the General's senior officers, and in this way learns a good deal more than is agreeable to that commander. The new Secretary of War,

BORN WITH Club Foot

How Harry McGuire's deformity was corrected at McLain Sanitarium is shown by photos and father's letter:

Our boy was born with a Club Foot. Plaster Paris was used and the foot operated on without satisfactory results. Finally we took him to your Institution. His foot is now straight and he walks, runs and plays as though he never had a crippled foot. We will gladly answer letters.

LENARD MCGUIRE, R. R. No. 8, Mt. Vernon, Illinois

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS

"Deformities and Paralysis" and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

936 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live Para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting. Can be worn under hose—or worn at night reduces and shapes while you sleep. You can note improvement in shape of ankle at once. Relieves swelling and varicose veins.

In ordering send ankle and calf measure and check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE C. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City



RADIO FREE CATALOG

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

198 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid, all electric, A.C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as \$15.95. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 55, CHICAGO

Maybelline

DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES AND BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Liquid form Solid form

Ugly Pimples

NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and painted roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR**—NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR**. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—**at druggists—only 25c.**

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and beautiful 1930 calendar.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.
Dept. 4-K, St. Louis, Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

who has up to now been on friendly terms with McClellan, has an unpleasant way of going straight to the goal.

He growls his discontent, and writes: "This army has got to fight or run away; and while men are fighting nobly in the West, the champagne and oysters on the Potomac must be stopped."

In this gloomiest period of the war, and indeed of his life, when Lincoln is exposed to political onslaughts from both sides, an object of derision for society people, despised by his generals, uncertain how and when the whole terrible business will end, groping his way forward toward light and knowledge amid a crowd of warring counselors—his two younger sons, infected at a hospital they had visited, fall sick, and Willie, the twelve-year-old boy to whom he is devotedly attached, succumbs within a few days. Lincoln watches with the nurse at the children's bedside.

He questions the nurse, a sincere Christian, as to her own situation. She is a widow; her husband and two children are in heaven; she is reconciled to her afflictions and has learned to love God more ardently than in happier days. How has that been brought about? By trusting in Him, believing that all He ordains is for the best.

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?"

"Only by degrees. As blow followed blow, I learned better how to submit."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Your experience will help me to bear my afflictions . . . This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?"

When he is told that many Christians are praying for him, he says: "I am glad to hear that . . . I need their prayers . . . I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of, and I trust God will give it to me." He goes on to speak of his mother, buried so many years before in Indiana: "I remember her prayers, and they have always followed me."

MRS. LINCOLN'S PROBLEMS

Great, indeed, is Mary's disappointment! She had dreamed of a goal, has striven toward it, has attained it in defiance of all reasonable expectation—and, having done so, at length mistress of the White House, really the first lady in the land, it is to find, what? War, which forbids her entertaining on a large scale. Once, when she gives a dance, there is acrimonious criticism in the newspapers; and any public entertainment she attempts entails embarrassing comment.

She has overlooked one thing in all these years of anticipation: that it is hard to pass in one leap from Springfield to Washington, from the social life of a western provincial town to that of a great capital; that the promotion (as she regarded it) will find her as unprepared as her husband, the only difference between them being that her ambition is mortified, whereas he is unruffled. Toward her, born in the South, the Washington ladies display a contempt which she has done nothing to warrant.

The most urgent and serious problem is that of dress. Between the election and the inauguration, she has been ordering clothes in New York; now she passes in review the dressmakers of all her Washington acquaintances, and decides upon a negress who is accounted the leading modiste in the capital.

The fact that the woman has made gowns for Mrs. Jefferson Davis (a rival she simultaneously despises and admires) may well have weighed with Mary. The only person of color with whom the wife of the liberator of the blacks is on friendly terms is this dressmaker, who for thirty years has been a slave; indeed, by degrees she becomes

intimate with Mrs. Lincoln and remains a close friend in the days of misfortune. Now she makes eighteen dresses for the President's wife.

The first, about which there are tears and a scene because it arrives almost too late for the occasion, is a bright rose-colored moire antique with an immense train, cut low at the neck. It is suited to Mary's ample proportions, and she looks well in it.

Her husband, at first sight of it, walks all around her with long strides, emits a low whistle and exclaims: "Whew, what a long tail our cat has!" When she is inclined to take umbrage, he says: "No, no, it's very fine indeed; but it would look just as well if the head and the tail were a little closer together."

He speaks of such a rig-out as his wife's "full war paint." When she finds that the custom is for the President to go in first to dinner with the leading lady on his arm, and for the President's wife to bring up the rear on the arm of the leading gentleman, she declares that during her reign no other woman shall take precedence of her, and she insists on going arm in arm with her husband.

When the President's lady goes to visit regiments, she prefers those which flatter her the most. She is not invariably shrewd enough to see through the wiles of the southern ladies who dress themselves up as maidservants and seek employment at the White House, with the sole object of spying out the land. By her own family connections, moreover, she is linked to the South, her three brothers and the husbands of most of her half sisters being in the southern army.

No one can say that Mary is a coward. When the city is in danger, she refuses to betake herself and the children to some safe harborage and stays with Lincoln.

But her jealousy is so preposterous that she makes a black mark against any woman to whom her husband talks for more than five minutes at a time. Before a reception she admonishes him not to act like a beardless schoolboy and conduct flirtations with silly women.

And yet innocent flirtation is the only suitable way in which he can get from women that indefinable stimulus of which he has been in search all his life. Will he not lose his temper, and show himself to be master in his own house as well as master of the country? Not a bit of it! He is content to tease her by making out a long list of the names of women she cannot abide, and with whom, he says, he intends to have amusing conversations.

For the rest, she is the mother of his children, and his love for these children grows with the passing of years and the increasing gravity of the situation. Of the four, only two survive.

The eldest, a student, is almost always away. But Tad, now eight years old, a bright, gentle and lively boy, is the darling of the White House, comes into his father's room whenever he pleases, accompanies Lincoln everywhere, so that on visits to the camps one sees beside the lean tall-hatted giant on the big horse a little figure in a gray cape, mounted on a pony—a lad whose rosy, cheerful face cannot fail to put the soldiers in a good humor.

Evening visitors sometimes find Tad stretched on the carpet reading beside the writing table where his father is hard at work; or the two are busy over the same book, the little man learning and the big man relaxing his mind.

The political aim of the Civil War is slowly shifting. To begin with, it was

the rescue of the Union; now it becomes the abolition of slavery. Inasmuch as the former problem is still far from being solved, and as the latter can be solved only by solving the former, there appear curious ironies and contradictions; but everything that happens and even everything that cannot happen for the moment depend upon the person of the President, are rooted in his heart and brain. Lincoln bears the brunt; to Lincoln accrues the merit.

When the war began as a fight against rebels, the North came together as one man; but when the affair was protracted, there was a revival of party dissensions, Democrat contending with Republican, and the moderate Republicans quarreling fiercely with the radicals.

WHAT CAN LINCOLN DO?

A new outlook, which has been decades in course of formation and is now of a sudden being emphasized, cannot be codified all in a moment—perhaps cannot be codified at all in war-time. The vagueness of the transitional state, in which slavery is here and there beginning to abolish itself without any legal warrant for abolition, cannot but arouse dissatisfaction in all parties.

Why, ask the northern abolitionists, does the President not at least incorporate into the army all slaves that escape from the South, or are captured by the Union forces, seeing that under martial law his powers as Commander in Chief enable him to take far more drastic steps than this? Why, complain the negrophiles in the border states, do the troops treat the slaves that run away to them and the slaves that fall into their hands so badly? Why, exclaim the slave owners in these same border states, are the slaves between the lines protected in a way that infringes the legal rights of the masters?

Has not the South acted more wisely when, in its new constitution, it has prohibited the reopening of the African slave trade and has also forbidden the import of slaves from the North? Therefore the neutral states are saved from the dread that the price of slaves will fall, but are at the same time inspired with alarm lest they be unable to get more slaves from the South!

Amid these discordant voices, what is Lincoln to do? In any case he silences the voice of his own heart and is content to weigh pros and cons as a politician. So far as the North is concerned, it is perhaps unnecessary for him to decide the issue; for there, whence his soldiers come, are as many negrophobe Democrats as negrophile Republicans. An abolitionist decree, such as his commander in the West and his Secretary of War venture to promulgate on their own initiative, will alienate the border States and thus very likely turn the scale against the North.

Hoping to begin in Delaware by gradual abolition with compensation of the masters, he writes private letters to senators who are opposed to the idea, endeavoring to convince them and the press that the purchase of all the slaves in four of the border states will cost the Union as much as eighty-seven days of the war.

Suddenly, a week after his son's death and in the darkest period of inaction, he sends to Sumner asking him to come at once. "I want to read you my message to Congress. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in today." Thus does he overcome his own hesitation and spur himself on toward the goal.

Indeed, he seems to wish to commit himself to the plan he has conceived, for when Schurz returns from Europe and

gives him first-hand information regarding the state of feeling there, gets to work molding opinion in New York, undertakes the organization of an Emancipation Society and submits to Lincoln the draft of a speech he intends to make in March, the President says: "That's the right thing to say. And remember, you may hear from me on the same day."

The message to Congress, wired to New York, is delivered there to Schurz after he has made his speech. Amid general enthusiasm, he reads it aloud at midnight to the audience in the Cooper Union, the very place where, a few years before, Lincoln had first made an impression in the great city.

The message, which does not aim at more than a slow restriction of slavery, cautiously recommends that Congress adopt a resolution to the effect "that the United States ought to cooperate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid, to be used by such state, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system." This gradual and partial liberation of the slaves is advocated by Lincoln only as a means to peace:

"In my judgment, gradual, and not sudden, emancipation is better for all. Such a proposition on the part of the general government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within state limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the state and its people immediately interested."

This resolution is promptly adopted by Congress, and the sum of three hundred dollars is promised for every slave manumitted, but the resolution is ignored by the border states—is received with an icy silence. After four days of tense uneasiness, Lincoln invites the representatives of the five states to an interview and speaks to them in urgent terms, but achieves nothing.

Yet, after all, something has been achieved. As before a *coup d'état*, the supreme authority has shown a benevolent determination to proceed slowly, by Constitutional methods and with payment of compensation—but with the implication: "If you don't like this, we have other means at our disposal!"

Now the radicals and the moderates join forces, things begin to move, fresh ordinances forbid the army and the navy to aid in the return of runaway slaves, the negro republics of Haiti and Liberia are recognized as independent, and one of the newspapers declares: "The guns which fired on Fort Sumter destroyed three-fourths of our boundary lines; this message has made an end of the remaining fourth!"

By the first anniversary of the opening of the war only a little has been achieved in the West, and nothing at all against Richmond. McClellan is still postponing the advance. He insists that the whole army must be shipped to the peninsula between the York and the James rivers.

Why does he avoid action? Has the thought that this is a civil war aroused in him a sort of false chivalry? Or is he afraid to fight the master under whom he has studied the art of war, the glamour of whose authority still overwhelms him? Is he indirectly supporting the enemy, whom he cannot bring himself to hate? Are the warlike traditions of the fighting South too much for him, and would he secretly prefer to be a commander on the other side?

At the same time the Northerners'



Air Ways for Comfort

Most persons think of flying as the *speediest* method of travel. As a matter of fact, the outstanding feature of air travel is *comfort*. Not even an ocean liner can give one such a sense of velvety smoothness as one of the big tri-motored liners of the air.

The latest addition to Cosmopolitan's Travel Library, "Travel by Air," containing map, schedules and the story of air transportation, 25c. Address Cosmopolitan Travel Service.

Schedules and Rates

New York to Atlantic City	once daily \$15	St. Louis to Kansas City	once daily \$32, r.t. \$60
New York to Miami	once daily \$150	St. Louis to Oklahoma City	once daily \$47
New York to Montreal	once daily \$50	St. Louis to Tulsa	once daily \$35
New York to Albany	once daily \$25	St. Louis to Sweetwater	once daily \$73
New York to Boston	twice daily \$30	St. Louis to New Orleans	Saturdays \$30
New York to Los Angeles	twice daily \$34.85 r.t. \$64.70	Kansas City to Twin Cities	once daily \$33
New York to Los Angeles (air-rail)	once daily \$351	Kansas City to Des Moines	once daily \$15
New York to Los Angeles (air-rail)	once daily \$245	Kansas City to Los Angeles	once daily \$175
New York to Los Angeles (air-rail)	once daily \$234	Kansas City to Omaha	once daily \$23, r.t. \$43
New York to Los Angeles (air-rail)	once daily \$217	Kansas City to Denver	once daily \$50
Washington to Pittsburgh	once daily \$27	Kansas City to Dallas	once daily \$22
Washington to Cleveland	once daily \$45	Kansas City to Garden City	once daily \$44, r.t. \$82
Miami to Havana	once daily \$41.25	Kansas City to Wichita	once daily \$17.50
Buffalo to Toronto	twice daily \$17.50, r.t. \$30	Wichita to Amarillo	once daily \$35
Albany to Montreal	once daily \$35	Wichita to Oklahoma City	once daily \$16.50
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	once daily \$18	Dallas to Houston	once daily \$23.30
Cleveland to Detroit	twice daily \$14 r.t. \$25	Dallas to Shreveport	once daily \$21, r.t. \$38
Cleveland to Akron	once daily \$5	Dallas to Birmingham	once daily \$73.25 r.t. \$140
Cleveland to Columbus	once daily \$17 r.t. \$32	Dallas to Sweetwater	once daily \$21.50
Cleveland to Cincinnati	once daily \$27 r.t. \$50	Dallas to El Paso	once daily \$57.90
Cleveland to Louisville	once daily \$35 r.t. \$67	New Orleans to Shreveport	Sat. and Mon. \$30
Cleveland to Chicago	once daily \$37.50 r.t. \$70	New Orleans to St. Louis	Fridays \$50
Cleveland to Kansas City	once daily \$93.50 r.t. \$175	El Paso to Los Angeles	once daily \$77.50, r.t. \$139.50
Cleveland to Garden City	once daily \$137.50 r.t. \$257	El Paso to Phoenix	once daily \$32.50, r.t. \$58.50
Cleveland to St. Louis	once daily \$53.25, r.t. \$118.25	Pueblo to Cheyenne	once daily \$21
Columbus to Cincinnati	once daily \$12.50, r.t. \$23	Albuquerque to Los Angeles	once daily \$90
Columbus to Louisville	once daily \$23, r.t. \$33.50	Cheyenne to Denver	once daily \$12
Columbus to Indianapolis	once daily \$30	Cheyenne to Colorado Springs	once daily \$17
Columbus to St. Louis	once daily \$65	Rapid City to Huron	once daily \$29
Columbus to Kansas City	once daily \$104	Denver to Colorado Springs	once daily \$10
Columbus to Waynoka	once daily \$147	Salt Lake City to Cheyenne	once daily \$51
Cincinnati to Louisville	once daily \$12.50, r.t. \$23	Salt Lake City to Great Falls	once daily \$50
Cincinnati to Indianapolis	twice daily \$17	Salt Lake City to Butte	once daily \$37.50
Cincinnati to Chicago	twice daily \$55, r.t. \$50	Salt Lake City to Pocatello	twice daily \$17.50
Louisville to Evansville	once daily \$14	Phoenix to Los Angeles	once daily \$32.50, r.t. \$58.50
Evansville to St. Louis	once daily \$20	Phoenix to Douglas	once daily \$29
Evansville to Nashville	once daily \$20	Phoenix to Tucson	once daily \$12.50, r.t. \$22.50
Evansville to Atlanta	once daily \$40	Los Angeles to San Francisco	twice daily \$50
Evansville to Terre Haute	once daily \$14	Los Angeles to San Francisco	once daily \$45
Evansville to Chicago	once daily \$35	Los Angeles to San Francisco	twice daily \$22
Evansville to Chattanooga	once daily \$30	Los Angeles to San Francisco	twice daily \$32.50, r.t. \$55
Indianapolis to Chicago	twice daily \$22	Los Angeles to San Diego	four times daily \$10
Indianapolis to St. Louis	once daily \$38	Los Angeles to Bakersfield	once daily \$10
Indianapolis to Kansas City	once daily \$75	Los Angeles to Fresno	once daily \$20
Indianapolis to Waynoka	once daily \$121	Fresno to Bakersfield	once daily \$10
Atlanta to Chattanooga	once daily \$15	San Francisco to Medford	once daily \$40
Atlanta to Nashville	once daily \$30	San Francisco to Portland	once daily \$40
San Antonio to Austin	once daily \$7.50	San Francisco to Tacoma	once daily \$50
San Antonio to Waco	once daily \$17.10	San Francisco to Seattle	once daily \$50
San Antonio to Corpus Christi	once daily \$13.10	Medford to Los Angeles	once daily \$85
San Antonio to Brownsville	once daily \$25.20	Portland to Los Angeles	once daily \$113
Nashville to Chattanooga	once daily \$16	Seattle to Los Angeles	once daily \$75
Chicago to Detroit	twice daily \$30, r.t. \$50	Reno to San Francisco	once daily \$23
Chicago to Green Bay	once daily \$20	Reno to Elko	once daily \$25
Chicago to Twin Cities	once daily \$30	Reno to Los Angeles	once daily \$50
Chicago to San Francisco	once daily \$200	Reno to Las Vegas	once daily \$50
Chicago to Salt Lake City	once daily \$145	Las Vegas to Salt Lake City	once daily \$45
Chicago to Omaha	once daily \$47	Las Vegas to Los Angeles	once daily \$30
Chicago to Des Moines	once daily \$33	Great Falls to Butte	once daily \$16.50
Chicago to Kansas City	once daily \$55.75, r.t. \$104.50	Great Falls to Helena	once daily \$10
Chicago to St. Louis	once daily \$30, r.t. \$55	Great Falls to Pocatello	once daily \$37.50
		Portland to Seattle	once daily \$12

These schedules are furnished according to the latest available information, but changes are being made almost daily and we cannot guarantee accuracy. No reduction in rates for round trips unless so specified—r. t.

For further information address

Cosmopolitan Travel Service

57th Street at 8th Avenue

New York City

command of the sea, their most outstanding advantage, is being imperiled by bold deeds on the part of the Southerners. The first submarine ever made, a southern contraption, is so defective that its submersion will result in the death of the whole ship's complement. With full knowledge of this, a devoted crew goes down and destroys a valuable northern warship.

The Southerners, too, have the first armored cruiser, the Merrimac, which rams and sinks a number of ships off the east coast. The effect of this news is manifested in what Lincoln's secretary terms "perhaps the most excited and impressive Cabinet meeting of the whole war." Will not the entire fleet be destroyed and the blockade lifted, if this vessel is to continue on the rampage?

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

But Lincoln, we are told, displays his wonted calm on this occasion, comparing the telegrams and cross-questioning the officers. When, next day, the Monitor, a lighter-built armored vessel recently constructed in New York, gives a good account of herself in a duel with the Merrimac, Lincoln, taking Chase and Seward with him, goes South to study on the spot the best line of attack upon Norfolk by land and sea, and when, in accordance with his plans, a successful move has been made, the enemy themselves destroy the Merrimac lest it fall into northern hands.

Chase, who has no love for the President, frankly admits later that but for him the successful advance on Norfolk would not have been achieved or the destruction of the southern warship brought to pass. Soon afterwards, by a bold coup from the landward side, the Northerners get possession of New Orleans, the largest city in the South.

But what about Richmond? Everything turns on Richmond! It is late in June; the incomprehensible procrastinator has at length begun the advance, has got within five miles of the enemy capital—to stop short once more. He leaves the adversary time to concentrate and is then defeated in the course of what becomes known as the Seven Days Battles. According to later critics, McClellan might have won an Austerlitz on this occasion.

What says the new Napoleon? "With ten thousand more men, I could gain the victory tomorrow," he wires in mingled rage and despair. "I am not responsible. The government did not keep my army supplied . . . If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you nor to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

Lincoln thinks the man must have taken leave of his senses, and that since he cannot yet be replaced he must be humored like a lunatic. Writing to McClellan, he says:

Save your army, at all events. Will send reinforcements as fast as we can. Of course they cannot reach you today, tomorrow, or next day . . . I have not said you were ungenerous for saying you needed reinforcements. I thought you were ungenerous in assuming that I did not send them as fast as I could. I feel any misfortune to you and your army quite as keenly as you feel it yourself. If you have had a drawn battle, or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington . . . Had we stripped Washington [such had been McClellan's wish], he would have been upon us before the troops could have gotten to you.

Now is the moment for Lincoln to take all the strings into his own hands. It is he who writes soft words to the governors, inducing them to call up the requisite troops and persuading them to send a moderate number promptly rather than more in the vague future.

It is he who smooths things over between governors and generals; and it is he who makes a point of seeing that there shall be rabbits with the armies to care for the spiritual comfort of Jewish soldiers. It is he who hastens to the front, to the battlefields first, and then to the war council on the Potomac, and interviews the subordinate leaders, since he no longer has confidence in the chiefs of this army.

Unceasingly the war presses for a decision of the slavery question; the worse things are for the North in the field, the better the chance for the slaves. They are needed to replace the men leaving for the front, to quiet the northern radicals, to influence Europe.

Letters and newspaper articles, threats and deportations, multiply. Garrison is urging the abolitionist case; a Swiss statesman has called attention to the danger that Napoleon III may intervene in favor of the Confederacy; Quakers and ministers of religion are coming to Lincoln about the matter. Even though emissaries from Kentucky turn up occasionally, to warn him against interference with slavery, the suggestive force of their admonitions is becoming less powerful.

He has to calculate instead of dream. In the South the slaves are tilling the land, so that all the able-bodied whites can go to the front. If they are declared free, many of them will run away; the enemy's ranks will be thinned, and ours will be better manned; and the North will gain the labor power that is being taken away from the South. Legislative methods have failed to induce the border states to accept this plan, so military authority must here supersede that of Congress.

Had not Adams prophesied a generation ago that if ever the South were to become the theater of a civil war or a war for the emancipation of the slaves, the Commander in Chief, in virtue of his supreme position, would be enabled to take independent action? If Lincoln were now to take this decisive step, he would make forever impossible the swearing of a sluggard's peace; a new moral platform would have been established, and thenceforward every victory in the field would be a victory over slavery.

Today, when the war has dragged on for fifteen months, it seems to Lincoln possible to take a step which, at the outset, would have rent the North in twain; for, since the North included four slave states, and the Democrats did not think the question worth so much bloodshed, he would not, at the outset, have felt himself backed up by his half of the nation. After the victory, the war measure might be made constitutional, and would then become law in the North as well. Meanwhile, there would be an inevitable contradiction, inasmuch as the North would free the southern slaves and not its own.

Lincoln has pondered deeply the obligations entailed by the oath of office; repeatedly he has disavowed the abolitionist activities of his collaborators; often and urgently he has recommended the middle course. It is, therefore, only by way of great moral perturbation that he comes to his great resolve.

Almost immediately, and without having discussed the matter, he summons

his Cabinet. He has resolved on his course and has called his ministers together not to ask their advice but to lay the subject matter of his proclamation before them. He shows once more a self-confidence which may lead strangers who know nothing of him but this to regard him as dictatorial. There he sits at the green oval table, surrounded by his silent colleagues, and reads aloud:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States, and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

"That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free . . . The executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States . . ."

The Cabinet is astonished. "This measure," says Stanton, "goes beyond anything I have recommended." The President has already calculated on their objections.

LINCOLN WAITS FOR A VICTORY

Seward, however, has a suggestion to make: "I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of issuing it at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of this important step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help . . . I therefore suggest that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, immediately after the greatest disasters of the war."

Lincoln is quick to see the force of this consideration. He locks the document in his desk and waits for a victory.

But he waits in vain for the victory which is to free the Proclamation from its imprisonment in the drawer. The situation grows more and more critical. Pope, a new general, is defeated by Lee at the end of August, once more at Bull Run. His army retreats in disorder upon the capital, to arouse panic there, while Lee is enabled to invade Maryland, part of the blame for this falling on McClellan, since he does not march in accordance with the orders he receives.

This does not lead to McClellan's dismissal; in fact his position is strengthened in order to promote the reconstruction of the demoralized army, the change being made on Lincoln's wish and in

opposition to the advice of almost all the members of the Cabinet. Although McClellan indeed excels in such organization work and is still loved by the soldiers, and although, since he is a Democrat, political consideration may have made it inexpedient to cashier him, there can be little doubt that Lincoln retains him in his command too long; and it is soon to become apparent that the President is mistaken in his estimate of McClellan's moral worth.

At any rate, in these circumstances Lincoln makes a vow born of faith and superstition, and he discloses the full horror of his internal perplexities; he pledges himself before God to issue the Proclamation as soon as the enemy is driven out of Maryland.

Inclined by temperament to listen, to hesitate, to await developments, Lincoln is now for the second time in his life forced into an impatience uncongenial to his nature. The first time had been at Springfield when he was President-elect, but powerless to interfere. Now again, as Commander, powerless and hoping for a victory which will release the Proclamation from its drawer. All sorts of outside influences are at work, urging him more and more impetuously to utter, at length, the word of emancipation—and yet his judgment and his vow forbid him to declare this word that has long since been made ready!

Every morning, and often in the evening as well, he goes to the War Office and reads the latest telegrams. Then he writes his own dispatches slowly and thoughtfully, moving his lips and muttering each sentence over to himself before he commits it to paper—just as he used to in his young days.

It means a great deal to him, this little telegraph room at the War Department. It is a substitute for the store, where only a few years back he loved to sit on a keg of nails, listening and spinning yarns; it is a kind of hermitage with congenial company.

As of old, he sits on the edge of his chair, with his right knee dragged down to the floor, and in this curious position slowly reads one telegram after the other.

"Well, I guess I have got down to the raisins," he once says. The official looks at him wonderingly. "I used to know a little girl out West who sometimes was inclined to eat too much. One day she ate a good many more raisins than she ought to, and followed them up with a quantity of other goodies. It made her very sick. After a time the raisins began to come. She gasped and looked at her mother, and said: 'Well, I will be better now, I guess, for I have got down to the raisins.'"

At length, in the middle of September, comes the victory. McClellan, having finally made up his mind to advance, defeats General Lee at Antietam. Though the battle is not decisive, Lee is forced to withdraw, and in this restricted eastern theater of war a few miles are important, while more important still is the effect of the news upon the wearied North and upon a skeptical Europe.

"Please don't let him get off without being hurt," Lincoln wires to McClellan. But McClellan is inert and fails to follow up the enemy.

For the moment it is more important to turn the success to account in the political field, for England, which has been on the point of recognizing the South as an independent power, is now given cause to reconsider her attitude.

Lincoln's restlessness is intensified by the victory. His moment has come, and

he must take action as he has vowed. Five days after the victory of Antietam, he summons a Cabinet council without acquainting his ministers with its specific purpose. Lincoln, who after the loss of a battle, and when the safety of the capital is threatened, has always remained calm, however agitated his advisers might be, is today, when there is no danger, greatly excited. What does he do? He picks up the latest issue of a comic paper and reads them a satirical effusion by Artemus Ward, a man whose wit he admires. But at length he lays down the paper and says:

"I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery . . . When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation . . . I made the promise to myself and"—hesitating a little—"to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise . . .

"I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question . . . If there is anything in the expressions I use or in any minor matter which any of you think had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions . . .

"I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him.

"But though I believe I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

And as if wishing to commit himself beyond the possibility of recall, that self-same day Abraham Lincoln makes the Emancipation Proclamation known to the world.

The effect is catastrophic. Confusion is widespread throughout the North; there is a slump on the stock exchange; the elections are adverse; the Democrats declare that thousands of whites are being forced to give their blood in order that their fellow countrymen may be illegally deprived of property.

In the South, no one moves a finger; not a soldier has to be withdrawn from the front in order to keep watch on the freed slaves; these latter go on quietly toiling in the fields; and the southern newspapers point triumphantly to the fact, declaring the slaves to be so happy that none of them wants freedom. From Europe come threats in plenty, and only one congratulatory voice to break the chorus of disapprobation.

Thousands of Lancashire workers, unemployed and starving because the spinning mills are closed for lack of cotton, thank Lincoln for his services to the cause of humanity. They alone understand this man who says: "Wealth is a superfluity of things we do not need."

But once again the victory has not been followed up by an advance against the enemy capital, now so close at hand, as Lincoln urges in his peremptory telegram, and as the nation expects. In vain McClellan, when Lincoln comes to re-



By far the most popular way to travel—15 B.C.

WHEN Augustus ruled in Rome, the noblest Romans of them all travelled in the Cisium . . . Today . . .

Europe by Motor

is the most satisfactory (and the smartest) way to travel in all the countries of Europe . . . Wherever you go, your trip will be planned exactly as you wish . . . The finest of cars . . . Experienced, English-speaking chauffeur-couriers . . . Offices with American personnel at your service throughout Europe.



Write for Booklet D

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., Inc.
551 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

MEDITERRANEAN

CRUISE January 29, \$600 to \$1750

New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc.

EUROPE

CRUISE June 28 S.S. "LANCASTRIA"

CUNARD LINE, 52 days, \$600 to \$1250

Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau Passion Play).

Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

EUROPE 37 DAYS \$295

250 All expense tours \$295 to \$775.

Visit Passion Play of 1930, 1st class Hotels. More motor travel. Send for booklet.

Allen Tours, Inc., 154 Boylston St., Boston.

How to Learn

MAIL THE COUPON

AVIATION AT HOME

Next to actual practical work in shops, the new Extension Course now being offered by Universal Aviation Schools is the best possible initial aviation training you can secure. The knowledge and experience of trained men now instructing in the world's largest system of aviation schools has been combined in the preparation of this course. Entire cost of course credited if Universal Flying Course is taken later. Get the facts. Learn how you can master aviation theory

at home. Clip the coupon, fill in and mail.



UNIVERSAL AVIATION SCHOOLS
Division of The Aviation Corporation
1151 Boatmen's Bank Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send literature describing Universal Aviation School's Extension Home Study Course.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Getting Your Money's Worth

It's rather trite, at this day and age, to remind you how great a part advertising plays in your life.

As a matter of fact, nationally advertised products of every sort are the standard by which other products of a like nature are judged.

You can tell whether you are getting your money's worth in a motor car, a vacuum cleaner, a hair tonic, a blend of coffee, a carpet, or a breakfast cereal, by the information you gain from the advertising pages of national periodicals.

And since it requires a substantial investment, a great organization and a meritorious product to support a national advertising campaign, you are assured of these things when you purchase goods so advertised.

Wide distribution, in turn, is the greatest factor in reducing prices, and *quality considered* the advertised product is the least expensive.

The advertisers in this issue of Cosmopolitan (listed opposite) all have something definite to tell you. Their messages are the news of the world of industry which is organized to make *your* life more complete, more efficient, more comfortable, more enjoyable.

If you look into your own home, and into the homes about you, you find that the happiest, healthiest and most progressive families are those who spend wisely in providing themselves with advertised products.

COSMOPOLITAN'S JANUARY ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISER PRODUCT PAGE NO.

A

Allen Tours, Inc.	European Travel	175
Allied Radio Corporation	Radios	171
American Chain Company, Inc.	Weed Chains	143
American Hard Rubber Co.	Ace Combs	131
American School	High School Course	157
American Tobacco Co.	Lucky Strike Cigarettes Back Cover	
Amorskin Corporation	Amor Skin	107
Art Craft Guild Travel Bureau	European Travel	163
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co.	Spud Cigarettes	123

B

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.	Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers	167
Beech-Nut Packing Co.	Beech-Nut Black Cough Drops	125
Book-of-the-Month Club	Books	5
Bristol Myers Co.	Ipana Toothpaste	103
Bristol Myers Co.	Sal Hepatica	111
Buescher Band Instrument Co.	Trustone Saxophone	178
W. Atlee Burpee Co.	Seeds	163

C

Campbell Soup Co.	Campbell's Soups	89
William Campbell Co.	Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp	151
J. & J. Cash, Inc.	Cash's Names	157
Cathedral of Engraving	Engraving	157
Chicago Daily News	School and College Bureau	169
Church & Dwight Co., Inc.	Arm & Hammer Baking Soda	137
Frank C. Clark	European-Mediterranean Tours	175
Sherwin Cody School of English	Correspondence Course	139
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	Palmolive Soap	109
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	"Seventeen"	117
Cream of Wheat Co.	Cream of Wheat	121
Crescent Mfg. Co.	Mapeline	155

D

D. D. D. Corporation	D: D. D. Skin Lotion	161
Dr. William Davis	Skin Specialist	159
Dearborn Supply Co.	Mercolized Wax	141
C. S. Dent Co.	Dent's Toothache Gum	135
B. B. Dorf Co.	Flavoring Extracts	163

E

Education Department	Residence Schools, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14	
----------------------	--	--

F

Fellows Medical Mfg. Co.	Fellow's Syrup	149
Fels & Co.	Fels Naptha Soap	93
Prof. E. Feuchtinger	Voice Culture	159
Fireside Industries	Home Decorating Work	141
Fisher Body Corporation	Fisher Bodies	Second Cover
Fleischmann Co.	Fleischmann's Yeast	99
Ford Motor Company	Ford Motors	113
Franco-Belgique Tours Co.	Europe by Motor	175
Franklin Institute	Correspondence School	151

G

General Electric Company	General Electric Refrigerators	105
W. Z. Gibson, Inc.	Agents for Men's Clothes	165
H. Clay Glover	Scalp Medicine	153
Mary T. Goldman	Hair Color Restorer	141
Guaranteed Products	Blondex	167

H

Alexander Hamilton Institute	International Accountants Society, Inc.	169
Home Correspondence School	Short Story Writing	135

I

International Correspondence Schools	Correspondence Courses	178
--------------------------------------	------------------------	-----

ADVERTISER PRODUCT PAGE NO.

J

Andrew Jergens Company	Woodbury's Facial Soap	95
------------------------	------------------------	----

K

Kellogg Company	Kellogg's Corn Flakes	169
John T. Kennedy Sales Co.	Clear-Tone for the Skin	165

L

Lambert Pharmacal Co.	Listerine	101
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	Listerine Toothpaste	133
LaSalle Extension University	Accounting	165
LaSalle Extension University	Combination Courses	3
LaSalle Extension University	English	163
LaSalle Extension University	Law	169
Lehn & Fink Products Co., Inc.	Cosmetiques Lesquendieu	129
A. H. Lewis Med. Co.	Nature's Remedy	171
Liggett & Myers, Inc.	Chesterfield Cigarettes	126 and 127
Loftis Bros. & Co.	Diamonds and Watches	151
Luden's Inc.	Luden's Menthol Cough Drops	145

M

Magnesia Products Co.	West's Quality Bird Foods	169
Maybelline Co.	Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier	171
McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium	McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium	171
Kathryn Murray, Inc.	5-Minute-a-Day Exercises	153

N

National Art Studios	Art Correspondence School	163
National City Company	Investment Securities	135

P

Paris Medicine Co.	Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets	161
Perfect Voice Institute	Voice Culture	165
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	Philco Radio	115
The Piso Company	Piso's Cough Medicine	151
Pond's Extract Co.	Pond's Beauty Preparations	97
The Procter & Gamble Co.	Camay Soap	Third Cover

R

Radio Victor Corporation of America	Victor-Radio	1
Reserve Remedy Co.	Musterole	165
Reserve Remedy Co.	Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets	157

S

Schools	Residence Schools, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14	
Smith Brothers	Smith Brothers' Cough Drops	147
E. R. Squibb & Sons	Squibb's Home Necessities	15
F. A. Stuart, Inc.	Stuart's Calcium Wafers	159
Student Travel Club	Student Travel	153

U

Universal Aviation Corporation	Universal Aviation Schools	175
University of Chicago	College Correspondence Courses	161

W

Dr. Jeanne Walter	Rubber Reducing Garments	171
Jason Weiler & Sons	Diamonds	155
Stephen F. Whitman & Sons, Inc.	Whitman's Chocolates	16
Wrigley's	Wrigley's Spearmint Gum	90



"The Happiest Day of My Life!"

"OUR WEDDING DAY! A year ago it seemed like a dream that would never come true, for my salary then was barely enough for one to live on. I faced the facts. Unless I could make more money I had no right to keep Ruth waiting. I must find out how to make myself worth more."

"It was Ruth herself who showed me the way. She clipped a coupon out of a magazine and we sent it to the International Correspondence Schools for information about their courses. Within a week I had enrolled. The training I got from studying at home showed up almost at once in my office work. They gave me more responsibilities. Inside of six months I was promoted, with a substantial raise. Now I'm getting double what I was a year ago—and we're married!"

Employers everywhere are on the watch for men who want to get ahead, and are willing to prove it by training themselves to do some one thing well. I. C. S. Courses have given thousands the special knowledge they need to win better jobs and bigger pay. Why not you?

One hour of spare time a day, spent in I. C. S. study, will prepare you for the position you want, in the work you like best. Find out how. It won't obligate you in the least to ask for full particulars. Do it now—for HER!

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS "The Universal University" Box 2531-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and tell me how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I have marked an X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Architect | ☐ Automobile Work |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ Aviation Engines |
| ☐ Building Foreman | ☐ Plumber and Steam Fitter |
| ☐ Concrete Builder | ☐ Plumbing Inspector |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Foreman Plumber |
| ☐ Structural Draftsman | ☐ Heating and Ventilation |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ Sheet-Metal Worker |
| ☐ Electrical Engineer | ☐ Steam Engineer |
| ☐ Electrical Contractor | ☐ Marine Engineer |
| ☐ Electric Wiring | ☐ Refrigeration Engineer |
| ☐ Electric Lighting | ☐ R. R. Positions |
| ☐ Electric Car Running | ☐ Highway Engineer |
| ☐ Telegraph Engineer | ☐ Chemistry |
| ☐ Telephone Work | ☐ Pharmacy |
| ☐ Mechanical Engineer | ☐ Coal Mining Engineer |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ Navigation ☐ Assayer |
| ☐ Machine Shop Practice | ☐ Iron and Steel Worker |
| ☐ Toolmaker | ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| ☐ Patternmaker | ☐ Cotton Manufacturing |
| ☐ Civil Engineer | ☐ Woolen Manufacturing |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Agriculture ☐ Fruit Growing |
| ☐ Bridge Engineer | ☐ Poultry Farming |
| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ Mathematics ☐ Radio |

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ Business Correspondence |
| ☐ Industrial Management | ☐ Show Card and Sign |
| ☐ Personnel Management | ☐ Lettering |
| ☐ Traffic Management | ☐ Stenography and Typing |
| ☐ Accounting and C. P. A. | ☐ English |
| ☐ Coaching | ☐ Civil Service |
| ☐ Cost Accounting | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| ☐ Bookkeeping | ☐ Mail Carrier |
| ☐ Secretarial Work | ☐ Grade School Subjects |
| ☐ Spanish ☐ French | ☐ High School Subjects |
| ☐ Salesmanship | ☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning |
| ☐ Advertising | ☐ Lumber Dealer |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the
International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited,
Montreal, Canada

EASY TO PLAY

BUESCHER

SAXOPHONE

easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. In one hour, you can learn the scale. In two weeks play popular music. In 90 days you should be able to take your place in a Band. The Saxophone is unrivaled for entertainment at home, church, lodge or school. Good Saxophone Players are in big demand with high pay.

FREE TRIAL—You may have 6 days' free trial on any Buescher Saxophone, Trumpet, Cornet, Trombone or other instrument. Small amount down and a little each month makes it easy to own any Buescher. Mention instrument and complete catalog will be mailed you free. [638]

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
2962 Buescher Block Elkhart, Ind.

Free Saxophone Book tells just what you want to know about Saxophone. Write for copy.

EASY TO PLAY

view the troops, provides a fiery steed for the President. Being a good rider, he hopes that the lanky civilian will discredit himself before the soldiers.

When the General, attended by his glittering staff officers, gallops along the front to the accompaniment of rattling drums, blaring bugles and mortar fire, the civilian President makes as good a showing as he.

But by this time the purport of McClellan's obscure machinations becomes plainer. On the peninsula, even before the Battle of Antietam, he receives an emissary from the Democratic Party, the mayor of New York, who comes to offer him the Presidential nomination for 1864. In return, he is "only" to pledge himself to carry on the war in such a way as to conciliate the South.

After thinking the matter over, McClellan accepts the offer in writing, but, acting on the advice of one of his generals, destroys this document. After the battle, when the compromising visitor returns and succeeds in getting a letter of acceptance, several of the generals get wind of the matter and throw up their commissions.

How far McClellan's behavior is to be regarded as high treason is not easy to decide in a case of civil war. At any rate Lincoln makes up his mind to get rid of this Napoleon if Lee is allowed to escape from the trap.

At length, in November, he comes to a belated resolution, removes McClellan, the Democrat, from command, and replaces him by Burnside, a Republican, though at rather an unlucky moment, for the enemy has been strengthening his position, and in December Burnside sustains a defeat at Fredericksburg.

But time presses, and while the war stagnates, the sands of this agitated year are running out. Many declare that the President will not dare to enforce the Proclamation. In actual fact he is preparing the details of its enforcement.

Naturally, he is well aware of the paradoxical character of the Proclamation. It must have been bitter to him to read the mocking comments of the British press, to the effect that Lincoln is abolishing slavery in the states where his writ does not run, while leaving the institution untouched in those he can effectively rule.

No one sees the dangers more plainly than he, who has hesitated so long before facing them, and he says, with one of his expressive smiles: "We are like whalers who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

Thus skeptical is Lincoln, who, when New Year's Day comes, is keenly alive to the far-reaching import of his signature. His Proclamation reads:

"Whereas on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued . . . containing, among other things, the following . . . Now I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three

. . . designate as the States and parts of States . . . in rebellion . . . [The list follows.]

"All persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and . . . the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons."

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages."

"And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service."

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

"Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh."

When Lincoln reads this document drafted by himself, with the exception of the paragraph invoking the Deity, to his Cabinet on New Year's Eve, the suggested emendations are, in general, matters of little moment. Chase, however, points out that on such an occasion a reference to the Deity is appropriate.

"Yes, I had forgotten that," assents Lincoln, adding the paragraph.

That afternoon, and on New Year's morning, he makes a fair copy of the document. Then he has to leave his writing table because hundreds of visitors are flocking to the White House to wish him a happy New Year. Not until the middle of the afternoon does he get back to his study, and he says to Seward's son, who is waiting for his signature:

"I never in my life felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since eleven o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say, 'He had some compunctions.' But anyway, it is going to be done!"

Thus at the very last moment does his former shrewdness blend with the conviction of his historical mission but he knows that the former is transitory, whereas the latter is eternal. He foresees that out of this war measure there soon will emerge a new general formula of equality, as a complement to the basic ideas of the fathers.

He feels that these strokes of the pen will bring freedom to the last among innocent men who suffer under the curse of slavery; that it will break the chains from the feet of all the negroes suffering like the young mulatto woman he had seen long ago in the southern slave market. And so, slowly and firmly, he writes at the foot of the Proclamation:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In Emil Ludwig's Final Installment Next Month you will read of the events that brought the Civil War to a close, Lincoln's plans for Reconstruction, and the plot that resulted in his assassination

professor, and as there were numbers of students about the campus who got D-minuses, they thought highly of Youth Carringham.

But to continue as the champion of youthfulness, Youth had to do something about it. He had, against his nature, to become wild.

Now that the grandees of the class had taken the trouble really to look at him, his trim slightness and his childish pink-cheekedness made them believe that he was much younger than he was, and they protected him. Only, naturally, they had to have something from which to protect him, and to satisfy them, he, the mildest and least criminal of sophomores, stole the sign from the tailor shop and hung it in his room, let loose a snake in the chemical laboratory and shaved the president's tabby cat—he was fond of cats and didn't enjoy it at all.

The class magnificoes admired, "He's a crazy chump. But of course he's awful young. I used to think he had the big head, but he's a good sport."

This spectacular wildness Agnes Elliott did not like.

She had been proud to be seen with him as the martyr-hero of the Must Drool, but when he became celebrated as a cut-up, she grieved; her fine and rather unhappy eyes followed him as he capered about a dance floor and won vast laughter by pinning a paper tail on Useless Bailey's coat.

"Oh, Youth," she mourned, as they walked across the campus, under elms bursting with May, "isn't your crusade for the young anything but playing like a puppy?"

"Oh, thunder! Be better for all these solemncholy profs if they played like puppies, instead of being so stuffy and dignified."

SHE shook her ringleted head. She might have been the vicar's daughter in an Oxfordshire village. He reached for the books she was hugging under her arm. "No, I'll carry them," she said briefly, and to himself, angry at the snub, he snarled that Agnes was not "eternally young at heart," as he was.

"Darn her, she's a regular fuss-budget. In ten years more, she'll be fussing over how the kitchen floor is scrubbed!"

In his first triumph, there had been a foggy understanding that they were engaged. Now, as vacation time came and they were magically transformed into princely juniors, there was no more hint of engagement, and Agnes angered him the more by not being angry, but merely treating him with sorrowful affection.

"She doesn't understand!" he raged. "She doesn't trust me to tear down this whole fool business of old guys' running things. I will! Just as soon as I graduate. I'll start the Must Drool again, when there's no darned old crab of a prexy to stop me! Anyway, the fellows at the frat house understand what I'm doing!"

But through his junior and senior years, the worthy fellows at the frat house seemed to understand with considerably less fervor. They grew slightly tired of hearing Youth Carringham announce that crabbed age and youth could not live together and therefore crabbed age must be kicked out. So Youth began to associate more and more with the new freshmen.

They had not heard his theories. They accepted him with enthusiasm; they were enchanted to hear that they were as much wiser than their professors as they had privately thought. They were pleased at being allowed in the room of an upper classman, and by the end of his senior year, while Agnes looked on sadly and Roy Orton worried, Youth was seen only in the company of the rawest freshmen. Indeed, outsiders took him for a freshman, too, with his fresh coloring and his neat smallness. He was Youth Carringham indeed.

Then he was in the World Outside, and he was no one at all.

He studied law, a little; he practiced it, somewhat less. He settled in the industrial city of Zenith. His widow mother was dead now, and had left him five thousand a year which, with his small legal fees, was enough for one who was so neatly built that his dress clothes looked good for five years. He was an elegant young bachelor about town, a safe social investment for ambitious hostesses, and he was altogether lonely and forlorn.

Roy Orton had also gone out for law, also settled in Zenith, but in his solemn way Roy was taking it seriously, and less and less did he look patient when Youth dropped in for an evening, to interrupt the study of



The venerable professor of Sanskrit had been found singing on the chapel steps at three A. M.

large buckram-bound books and to explain that the Young Generation was scandalously kept down by the Old—which meant now not professors but district attorneys and growling judges.

There was, in Zenith, a large and choice supply of millionaires engaged in turning out motor cars, paint, machine tools and overalls, but there was a small group engaged in manufacturing poetry and revolution—and Youth regarded himself as both a poet and a rebel.

At last Roy Orton deserted him. When Youth burst in with the news that he had raised—well, pretty nearly raised—anyway, he almost had the promise of—ten thousand dollars to start the Must Drool again, Roy grumbled that he was so cursedly busy that he simply couldn't be an editor.

Youth, so young and gallant in his Norfolk suit, looked once at Roy, hunched in a chair beside a table horridly piled with gray law books; he looked once at the university banner and the old collegiate pipes on the mantelpiece, and walked out, a lone betrayed soul. He fled to Agnes.

She had not married. She had stayed home in Zenith, keeping house for her querulous father. She received him in the old-fashioned (Continued on page 122)

Lincoln's Last



Mary
Todd
Lincoln

Day *described in* Letters of *his* Wife

Cosmopolitan now presents two of the most interesting letters it would be possible to find in the world today. They were written by Mary Todd Lincoln to F. B. Carpenter, an artist friend of the family, after the assassination. The letters come to us through the courtesy of Paul Coster, Jr., of New York, who inherited them from his late uncle, Robert Coster.

These letters are significant in their revelation of the last hours of companionship between the President and his wife; they throw new light on the duel between Lincoln and Editor Shields and they show a mother's grief over the death of a son.

Accompanying the letters is an understanding interpretation by that foremost student of Lincolniana,

Honoré Willsie Morrow

LETTERS from Mary Lincoln! And such letters! It is as if a voice from beyond the grave had spoken. It is as if that woman so long maligned, so long neglected, had at last found a medium for giving the lie to the slandering tongues of many years.

Astonishing letters from any point of view! First of all because direct material from Mary Lincoln's hand is heartbreakingly meager. Secondly because the background against which these letters were written and the state of mind they portray are of poignant significance to any Lincoln lover. And thirdly because Frank Carpenter, the man to whom they were written, is of deep importance to Lincoln historians. And firstly and lastly, and all the time, because they are living documents from a source rich in unique facts about Abraham Lincoln which heretofore has yielded nothing.

Fifty years too late historians are beginning to realize that Lincoln's wife could have given them more than any other human being about his psychology and his history; could have given them precious facts. Nothing I have read has shown me so clearly as these letters what history has lost by their inexcusable neglect.

At the time Mary Lincoln wrote them her mind was still brilliant. She should not have been left a prey to agony and anxiety. Today a doctor would have provided mental stamina for that excited, overwrought mind and would have turned it outward from itself.

She should have been set to writing her husband's memoirs. But no one then understood her needs. She was put down as cranky and left to herself. Her son Robert was too young to recognize her peculiar fitness for such a work. John Hay and John George Nicolay, Lincoln's secretaries, should have recognized her possession of a unique treasure when they wrote their ten-volume life of the President, but they did not.

For nearly fifty years the name of Mary Lincoln has been shrouded in contumely. She has been written into history as a coarse, ill-educated scold, a curse to her husband and her children. To the world at large she has been either a nonentity or a crazy fool.

And then through the discovery of letters such as these she suddenly, after a half-century, reveals herself to us. Not as Xanthippe, not as a clod, but as a lovable, cultured, suffering human soul. And the world's conception of Lincoln's wife is shattered.

How completely these letters accomplish this demolition can be appreciated only by reconstructing the moment at which she wrote them.

She still was suffering profoundly from the shock of the assassination. Waking and sleeping, she still saw

that dead face in her arms, that velvet frock of hers drenched with her husband's blood. From Washington she had fled to Chicago and had buried herself in a hotel in Hyde Park with her two sons. Here, under the fearful stress of the return to normal of a brain which for seven months had been frozen by horror, she wrote to Carpenter.

Frank Carpenter was an artist of New York City. He was firmly convinced that the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln in 1863 was an act unparalleled for moral grandeur in the history of mankind, and he became obsessed with a desire to paint a picture of the President and his Cabinet at the moment of the issuing. He was poor but he had good friends, and after months of struggle and disappointment, he found someone who would pay his expenses, and someone else who would introduce him to Lincoln.

Early in 1864 he was installed in the White House and remained there for six months while he painted the picture now familiar to every school child. He was a gentle soul and he came to adore Lincoln. Mary he liked and admired and she returned his feeling.

IN THOSE long, lonely days and nights in Hyde Park when she checked over in her mind the few names of those on whose affection she might count, Frank Carpenter's was one. She was a human being of extraordinary warmth of feeling and she was starving for affection and for understanding sympathy.

Carpenter, early in the fall of 1865, wrote Mary telling her that a well-known firm of engravers had offered him five hundred dollars to make a black-and-white painting of the Lincoln family; not the pathetic remnant of the family but that happy group of 1861 when Willie too was still alive. Carpenter proposed to build the picture from individual photographs and asked Mary's advice and help.

The letter came at a moment when Mary needed it. Of course she would help. Her hungry heart went out to this man who was not only her husband's friend but hers and the children's. And she wrote him from the depths, giving him one of those glimpses of Lincoln that make us realize how rich a treasure of reminiscences she took with her into the silence.

Chicago Nov 15th

Mr Carpenter

My dear Sir:

Your last letter, has been received—It would be utterly impossible for me, in my present nervous state, to sit

Chicago Nov 15-

Mr Carpenter
My dear Sir:

Your last letter, has been received. It would be utterly impossible for me, in my present nervous state, to sit for a photograph. Although, I should like to oblige you much. There is an excellent likeness of me taken in

my youth, always unusually & an intellect, far, far beyond his years. When I reflect, as I am always doing, upon the overwhelming loss, of that, most idolized boy, and the crushing blow, that deprived me, of my All in all, in this life, I wonder that I retain my reason & live. There are hours of each day, that my mind, cannot be brought to realize, that He, who is considered, so great and good, a God, has thus seen fit to afflict us! How difficult it is to be reconciled to such a bereavement, how much sooner, each one, of our stricken family, if the choice had been left to us, would have preferred "passing away," ourselves.

It strikes me strangely, how such a rumor, should be circulated—that Robert is in Europe—The thought of leaving home, I am sure, has never once, entered his mind. He is diligently applying himself, to his law studies—a most devoted Son & brother—Every thing, is so fabulously, high here, that his third of the estate, an income of \$1800 apiece—with taxes deducted—It requires the most rigid economy, with Robert & the rest, of us to clothe ourselves, plainly & weekly settle our board-bills. Is not this, a sad change for us!—As a matter of course living, every where, now, in the U. S. is high—Yet I cannot express to you, how painful to me, it is, to have no quiet home, where I can freely indulge my sorrows—this, is, yet another, of the crosses, appointed unto me—With my beloved husband, I should have had, a heart, for any fate, if "need be." Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no T—for a middle name—was nicknamed, Taddie, by his dear loving Father—Taddie—is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be at play, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W—As you are aware, he was always a marked character—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was the most correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, if possible, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved him, so very dearly, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

for a photograph—Although, I should like to oblige you, very much. There is an excellent painted likeness of me, at Brady's in N. Y. taken in 1861—have you, ever seen it? I am sure you will like it & I believe, it was taken, in a black velvet. I enclose you one of my precious, sainted Willie. You have doubtless heard, how very handsome a boy, he was considered—with a pure, gentle nature, always unearthy & an intellect, far, far beyond his years—When I reflect, as I am always doing, upon the overwhelming loss, of that, most idolized boy, and the crushing blow, that deprived me, of my All in all, in this life, I wonder that I retain my reason & live. There are hours of each day, that my mind, cannot be brought to realize, that He, who is considered, so great and good, a God, has thus seen fit to, afflict us! How difficult it is to be reconciled to such a bereavement, how much sooner, each one, of our stricken family, if the choice had been left to us, would have preferred "passing away," ourselves—

It strikes me strangely, how such a rumor, should be circulated—that Robert is in Europe—The thought of leaving home, I am sure, has never once, entered his mind. He is diligently applying himself, to his law studies—a most devoted Son & brother—Every thing, is so fabulously, high here, that his third of the estate, an income of \$1800 apiece—with taxes deducted—It requires the most rigid economy, with Robert & the rest, of us to clothe ourselves, plainly & weekly settle our board-bills. Is not this, a sad change for us!—As a matter of course living, every where, now, in the U. S. is high—Yet I cannot express to you, how painful to me, it is, to have no quiet home, where I can freely indulge my sorrows—this, is, yet another, of the crosses, appointed unto me—With my beloved husband, I should have had, a heart, for any fate, if "need be." Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no T—for a middle name—was nicknamed, Taddie, by his dear loving Father—Taddie—is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be at play, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W—As you are aware, he was always a marked character—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was the most correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, if possible, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved him, so very dearly, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

Europe. The thought of leaving home, I am sure, has never once, entered his mind. He is diligently applying himself, to his law studies—a most devoted Son & brother—Every thing, is so fabulously, high here, that his third of the estate, an income of \$1800 apiece—with taxes deducted—It requires the most rigid economy, with Robert & the rest, of us to clothe ourselves, plainly & weekly settle our board-bills. Is not this, a sad change for us!—As a matter of course living, every where, now, in the U. S. is high—Yet I cannot express to you, how painful to me, it is, to have no quiet home, where I can freely indulge my sorrows—this, is, yet another, of the crosses, appointed unto me—With my beloved husband, I should have had, a heart, for any fate, if "need be." Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no T—for a middle name—was nicknamed, Taddie, by his dear loving Father—Taddie—is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be at play, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W—As you are aware, he was always a marked character—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was the most correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, if possible, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved him, so very dearly, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

Dear little Taddie! was named, for my husband's, father, Thomas Lincoln, no T—for a middle name—was nicknamed, Taddie, by his dear loving Father—Taddie—is learning to be as diligent in his studies, as he used to be at play, in the W. H. he appears to be rapidly making up, for the great amount of time, he lost in W—As you are aware, he was always a marked character—Two or three weeks since, a lady in an adjoining room, gave him, a copy of Mr Raymond's, life of the President, for me to read & return to her—After reading it, I remarked to Robert, in Taddie's presence, that it was the most correct history, of his Father, that had been written—Taddie immediately spoke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them"—R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a copy—I press, the poor little fellow, closer, if possible, to my heart, in memory of the sainted Father, who loved him, so very dearly, as well as the rest of us—How I wish, you could have seen my dear husband, the last three weeks of his life! Having a realizing sense,

that the unnatural rebellion, was near its close, & being most of the time, away from W. where he had endured such conflicts of mind, within the last four years, feeling so encouraged, he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness. Down the Potomac, he was almost boyish, in his mirth & reminded me, of his original nature, what I had always remembered of him, in our own home—free from care, surrounded by those he loved so well & by whom, he was so idolized. The Friday, I never saw him so supremely cheerful—his manner was even playful—At three o'clock, in the afternoon, he drove out with me in the open carriage, in starting, I asked him, if any one, should accompany us, he immediately replied—"No—I prefer to ride by ourselves to day." During the drive, he was so gay, that I said to him, laughingly, "Dear Husband, you almost startle me, by your great cheerfulness, he replied, "And well I may feel so, Mary, I consider *this day*, the war, has come to a close—and then added, "We must both, be more cheerful in the future—between the war & the loss of our darling Willie—we have both, been very miserable." Every word, then uttered, is deeply engraven, on my poor broken heart—In the evening, his mind, was fixed upon having some relaxation & bent on the theatre—Yet I firmly believe, that if he had remained, at the W. H. on that night of darkness, when the fiends prevailed he would have been horribly cut to pieces—Those fiends, had too long contemplated, this inhuman murder, to have allowed, him to escape. Robert informs me, that the best likeness of himself, is at Goldin's, in Washington, taken last spring. We have none, unframed. The attitude in the one, you sent me, of myself, is very good, my hands, are always made in them, very large and I look too stern. The drapery of the dress, was not, sufficiently flowing—and my hair, should not be so low down, on the forehead & so much dressed—I am sending you a long & most hastily written letter, which I pray you excuse—My sons desire to be remembered to you. Whilst I remain

Very Sincerely

Mary Lincoln.

Robert approved of Carpenter's purpose, but he came home from the law office in Chicago where he was working one evening in December much disgruntled. Frank Carpenter, it seemed, was running a series in the New York Independent on his White House experiences and he had used parts of Mary Lincoln's letter.

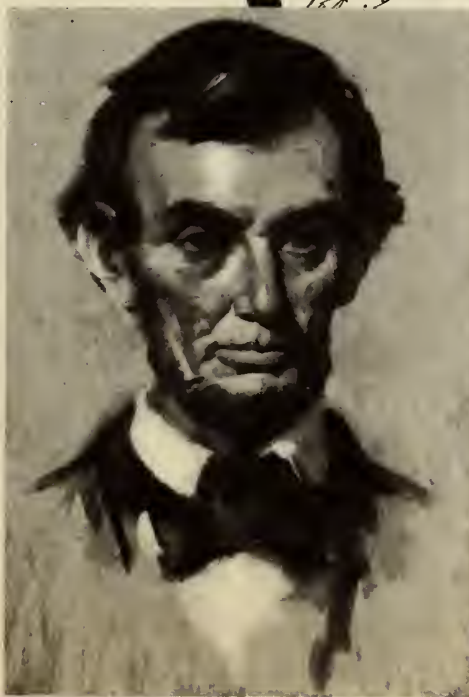
They had hoped, he and his mother, that the days of public exposé of their lives were over. But although Carpenter was handling them gently, it was all distasteful and poor Tad had come in for one or two hard bumps. Carpenter wrote:

I was sitting in Mr. Nicolay's room about ten o'clock, when Robert Lincoln came in with flushed face. "Well," said he, "I have just had a great row with the President of the United States!"

"What?" said I.

"Yes," he replied, "and very good cause there is for it, too. Do you know, Tad went over to the War Department today and Stanton, for the fun of the thing, commissioned him lieutenant. On the strength of that what does Tad do but go off and order a quantity of muskets sent to the house!"

"Tonight he had the audacity to discharge (Continued on page 210)



"I broke up & said "Mother, I am going to save, all the little money, you give me & get one of them." R. told him, he need not, as he would buy, a poor little

if possible, in my mind, Father, very deep, rest of it, could be - band, of his

have both, been a Every word, then deeply engraven, on my poor broken heart - his mind, was having some sent on the firmly believe, had remained on that when the he would cut to free had too this visit have at the

Robert and I look too stern best not, sufficiently flowing - at - head & so much dressed - sending you a long & most hastily written which I pray you - My sons desire remembered to you I remain

Very Sincerely
Mary Lincoln.



Illustration by
Harvey Dunn

Lincoln

By Emil

THE White House is brilliantly illuminated, and Washington is thronged with strangers, for Grant is coming today to take over the supreme command of all the armies, with the rank of Lieutenant General, which before him none but Washington and (in brevet) Scott have held.

Grant was, for Lincoln, the only one among his army leaders worthy of complete confidence. At first the President had asked for confidential reports about the General, and after a while had said: "I can't spare this man; he fights." When people complained that Grant drank, Lincoln (to whom toppers were uncongenial) made a reply recalling that which George II is said to have made when a similar charge was brought against General Wolfe: "Can you tell me the kind of whisky? I should like to send a barrel to some of my other generals."

Today the streets are filled with carriages and riders, the rooms with officers, diplomatists and smartly dressed women, for it is March, 1864. Grant has captured Vicksburg; Meade has defeated Lee at Gettysburg; everything is taking a favorable turn. The multitude has received an answer to the refrain which has been voiced all over the country: "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man."

But, like Lincoln three years earlier, Grant has made an unobtrusive entry into the capital, turning up that evening accompanied by his little boy, whom he always has with him in the field, and now, quitting his hotel unnoticed, one officer among many, he makes his way

to the White House, which he enters for the first time. A vague dread of intrigues and scandals, and, above all, a fear that the politicians would try to influence him, had kept this soldier away from Washington.

Not even now does he have himself announced; he will find tall Father Abraham for himself; it is only half past nine, and there is plenty of time. One comfort is that his wife need not thrust her way into this turmoil! In a few moments, however, Lincoln's sharp eyes pick him out; soon they are both ringed round and no longer can move, the rather small, bronzed officer beside the long-armed giant in a swallowtail, the two men united by their intrinsic seriousness and by a diffidence they never have been able to shake off, though both have long been accustomed to command.

At length they are able to get away from the press of people and take refuge behind a sofa. Grant is introduced to Mrs. Lincoln and to the ministers of state, but the crowd wants to see him, and with internal trepidation the fearless General allows himself to be applauded—saying afterward: "This has been the warmest campaign I have witnessed during the war."

of the Most Tragical Day in American History. NOW read
concluding chapters of his human story of a Great Human



the Martyr Ludwig

To prepare Grant for the ceremony of conferring the new commission, the President gives him a copy of the speech he himself proposes to make on that occasion, saying: "You are, perhaps, less accustomed to public speaking," and asking him to stress two points in an answer of equal brevity—a word or two which might tend to minimize the jealousy of the other generals, and something about kindly feelings towards the Army of the Potomac.

BUT when, next day, the ceremony takes place in the presence of the Cabinet, Grant, reading aloud the address he has penciled on half a sheet of note paper, has to contend with difficulties similar to those General Washington had encountered when delivering his first official speech, but the three well-formed sentences do not contain a single word about the two matters for which Lincoln had stipulated. Nothing but the General's determination to remain independent of the politicians can account for this difference with the President.

It remains the only one. For though Stanton and

Halleck warned Grant not to tell Lincoln too much about his plans, the General finds that Lincoln does not even ask about

them. After their short, matter-of-fact conversation, they take to each other, but Grant feels ill at ease in Washington and refuses Mary's invitation to a banquet.

"I must be in Tennessee at a given time."

"Mrs. Lincoln's dinner without you would be 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

"I appreciate the honor, but time is very important now. I ought to be at the front, and a dinner to me means a million dollars a day lost to the country."

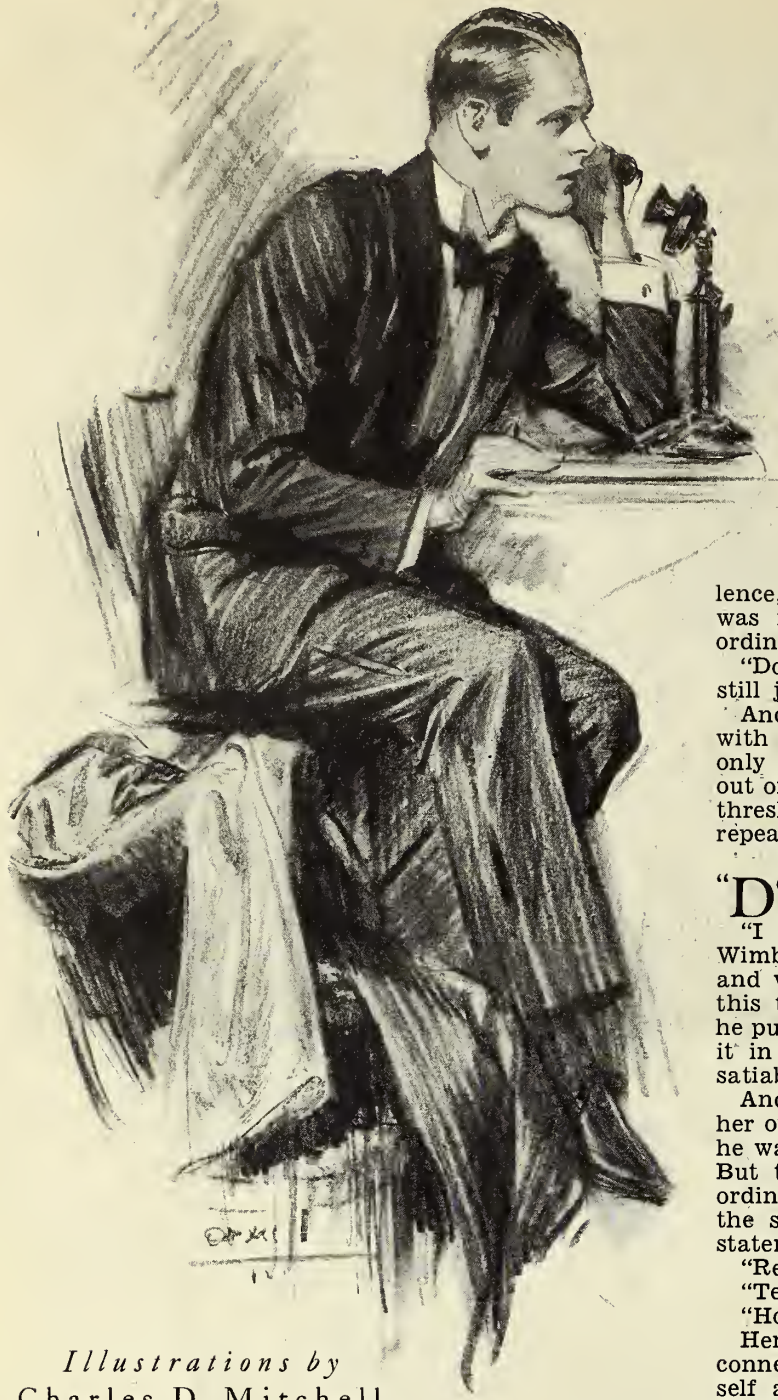
When he departs, Lincoln says: "I hardly know what to think of him. He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw. He makes the least fuss of any man I ever knew. I believe on several occasions he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have that he's in any particular place is that he makes things move . . .

"As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with the plan of a campaign, and as much as say: 'Now I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted *me* to be the general.

"Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me. When any of the rest set (Continued on page 205)

Says He: "Do you."

How Silly, but so Human
has tapped *Your*
By Denis



Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

THE affair has probably been mentioned before, for you hardly can help noticing it as you struggle through this vale of tears; but it is an entertaining affair, sometimes, for all that. At or after a certain age some strange instinct causes men and women—or boys and girls, as they are all called nowadays—to select some member of the opposite sex, and to insist on regarding him or her as a complete exception to the rest of the human race.

The practice is often described as falling in love, and when the illusion is reciprocal frequently leads to something called marriage, which in turn— But this is a very short story, and we'll have to tell you all about that some other time.

The point which we wish to bring out is the curious incredulity displayed by so many members even when overwhelming evidence indicates that their passion is returned. Taking, for instance, quite an ordinary and representative case, you'd have thought—wouldn't you?—when Charles Wimbish (who had been simmering for

months) suddenly went on the boil, and informed Miss Padbury that life was insupportable without her, and when she acknowledged this intelligence by melting gracefully into his arms and allowing him to cover her face with kisses which she instantly restored to him with great violence, that almost anyone might have guessed that she was rather keen on him. But not, apparently, the ordinary and representative Charles.

"Do you love me?" he asked, though her cheek was still jammed against his nose.

"Do you love me?" he asked, though her cheek was still jammed against his nose. And though Miss Padbury was kind enough to reply with an emphatic and superfluous affirmative, he not only reiterated the question five times before they got out of the taxi, but twice on the pavement, once on the threshold of her apartment, as well as ringing up and repeating it as soon as he got back to his own.

"Do you love me?" he asked the mouthpiece of his telephone.

"I adore you, darling," said the receiver; and Mr. Wimbish replaced it with a fond sigh, and sat down and wrote a long letter to Miss Padbury in which, by this time, you will scarcely be surprised to hear that he put the same inquiry on every page, as well as adding it in the form of a postscript. "P.S.," wrote the insatiable Charles. "Do you love me?"

And Miss Padbury was just answering this query on her own note paper, when he rang up again to say that he was coming around to see her, at the same time— But there; you know well enough by now what this ordinary and representative young gentleman did at the same time. Miss Padbury, according to her own statement, did love him.

"Really?" asked Mr. Wimbish.

"Terribly," said Miss Padbury.

"Honestly?" asked Mr. Wimbish.

Here, we are rather glad to say, the line became disconnected, and Charles Wimbish had to reassure himself as best he could until he could take the matter up again in Miss Padbury's actual presence. Nothing, however, more serious than the eccentricities of the so-called Telephone Service came between this devoted couple on the rest of that auspicious day.

A short interview with Miss Padbury's parents put the engagement on an official footing—for wasn't Mr. Wimbish rich, as well as young and clean? Mrs. Padbury snuffled slightly, it is true, and Mr. Padbury cleared his throat a good deal, but these tributes to sentiment or convention hardly disguised the satisfaction which they both felt at their daughter's choice.

"Hrrm," said Mr. Padbury, slapping his future son-in-law on the back. "And now I expect you'd like a word with Polly. Eh? What? Ha, ha!"

And Charles burst from the room, and fled in search of Miss Padbury, and found her, and she hurled herself into his outstretched arms.

"Is it all right?" she asked eagerly.

"Rather!" said Charles. "No trouble at all with the old birds. In fact, your mother suggested the end of next month."

"Oh, darling! How marvelous!"

McCourt did not appear to have heard her. He and Hal looked at each other. She felt herself pushed aside, a helpless spectator.

There was Hal, slouched a little in his chair, hands gripping the arms hard, lean face in profile, grim and haggard—facing it. Across the desk sat old McCourt, seeming suddenly to have become embarrassed.

Hal waited for him to speak and when the pause became intolerable he said: "My wife thinks we can raise the money, but I know better. It would take us probably five years to repay you."

Janet made one more effort, remembering Crosby Linn. "I can get the money for you in a day or two, Mr. McCourt," she said.

"My wife," said Hal, "knows very little about money. We might as well face the facts. They are as I told you."

The banker stared at the carpet a moment. "Perhaps with a small stake you could win enough on the market shortly," he suggested.

Hal shook his head. "No. I'm through with playing the market, Mr. McCourt."

Was that the beginning of a smile on old Andy McCourt's face? Janet could not be sure.

McCourt cleared his throat.

"I wish you young fellows would stay out of General Lead," he said finally, grouching deepening his voice. "It's tricky stuff and you had no business butting in, Bailey. You got in before my merger was ready, and when I sent out reports of its failure to force the stock down to a point where a man could buy it reasonably you were caught out on a limb. It's annoying to see such asininity."

"I'm not blaming you, Mr. McCourt," Hal said.

"Well, and then you go and take thirty thousand out of my balance. Think where that might have landed me. I was out of town and couldn't be reached quickly. Supposing you needed margins to hold a likely block against a quick fall? You'd have had to go and sell my stock. Is that any way to treat a client?"

"No, sir."

"You deserve to go to the penitentiary for this."

Janet clutched at her throat. Hal nodded.

"I am expecting to," he said.

"Well, all I say is," growled McCourt, getting to his feet, "you've got to quit messing around in my operations or you can't be my broker any more."

Hal and Janet watched him walk to the door. Then Hal found his voice.

"But you haven't told us what you intend to do about that thirty thousand, Mr. McCourt!"

McCourt looked over his shoulder. "Do? What can I do? You'll not pay it back in the penitentiary. I don't suppose you'll ever pay it back outside, either. But you might."

"Oh, Mr. McCourt," cried Janet, "I can get the money for you today if you'll only—"

"See here, Bailey," said McCourt, "is your wife going to interfere in our business deals after this? If she is I'll have to get another broker. Now—as I was saying—about the thirty thousand. You might send me your I.O.U. when you get around to it. I don't think it will ever be worth anything but—h'mph—a bad debt is deductible from that confounded income tax."

"Right this minute, Mr. McCourt."

Hal grabbed a pen and started to write. But it dropped from his fingers in a splutter of ink. He looked at the paper in a dazed, stupid way.

"Mail it," said old Andy McCourt from the door. "I can't wait all day."

As for Janet—like an overwrought young lady of the Victorian Age—she fainted quietly and decorously in her chair.

The Thespians' première in "The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved" at the Little Playhouse turned out to be too priceless for anything.

"Wasn't Janet Bailey a surprise, though?" Lydia Johnson squealed at Professor Lawson. "All the rest of us giggled at our lines now and then, but Janet never cracked a smile. You would have thought she was taking her part seriously."

Lincoln the Martyr (Continued from page 35)

out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it—and it was generally cavalry.

"When Grant took hold I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand men, or thereabouts, up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sent to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of 'em or disband 'em."

Thus at length, toward the end of the war and his life, Lincoln finds a man of his own caliber, a man equal to himself in simplicity, straightforwardness and insight. Since Grant now takes charge of the center (where, by the way, he retains Meade in a post of honor and full responsibility), he appoints to his former department his friend the swiftly moving and clear-sighted Sherman, who continues, even when winning splendid victories in the later months of the year, to look upon Grant as his master. Now Sherman, with a superior force, begins

to push back his adversary Johnston upon Atlanta, and finally achieves the conquest of this leading position well within enemy territory.

Grant, the first officer to ask nothing of the President, because he expects nothing, finds that Lincoln, in return, asks nothing from him—because he expects everything.

Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you . . . If there be anything wanting which it is in my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Once more we have Lincoln's last and finest style. The tone of the father.

According to military experts, as a commander Grant was outmatched by his opponent Lee. In the former's own words, his tactics were to keep on hammering, to seek out and destroy the

"Boss-I Feel Terrible"



Please See What's Wrong"

YOU have no more faithful friend than your dog. But he can't quite talk and he cannot tell you "what's wrong" when he is sick. Fortunately there is an easy way for you to find out. Without cost you can know how to diagnose his ailments and how to keep him healthy and happy.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. In clear, every-day language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are interesting articles on how to feed, breed and raise dogs. This book is revised frequently and kept strictly up-to-date. It has been the guide for millions of dog owners. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable animals. This book is free.

Expert Advice Free

If your dog should develop a condition not fully explained in the Dog Book, *write us at once*. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid Food for all dogs and puppies. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* If you cannot obtain Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food, write us direct.

-----Mail This Coupon!-----

Polk Miller Products Corp.,
1779 West Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Please send me Polk Miller's Free Dog Book ☐

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., Toronto



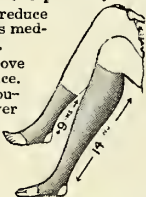
a drop kills PAIN instantly

... soon after corn lifts off, easily, painlessly. That's the way this amazing, safe liquid works on old corns and new corns, on caluses and bunions. Nothing better, as thousands of men and women will testify. To keep free from painful corns keep a bottle of Freezone handy. Sold by all druggists.



HAVE SHAPELY LIMBS ... pair \$5.75
OR SLENDER ANKLES ... pair \$4.00

Relieve swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous medicated (cream colored) gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world. Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.



DR. JEANNE C. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

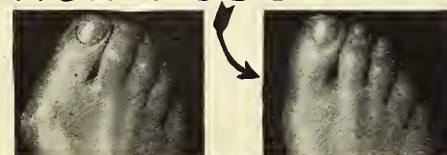
Free Information ON SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

A specialized service in choosing a school absolutely free of charge to you. For busy parents and questioning boys and girls reliable information about the kind of school desired. Why select hurriedly when expert advice can be had by writing to

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU
Dept. C, Daily News Plaza, 400 W. Madison Street, Chicago

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—56 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Comedies, Revues, Musical Readings, Comedy Songs, Chalk Talk Books, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 127 CHICAGO

BUNIONS NOW DISSOLVED!



Test FREE Pain stops almost instantly! THEN PERMANENT RELIEF. Amazing Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Quickly enables you to wear smaller shoes. No messy salves. No cumbersome appliances. This marvelous discovery entirely different! Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write today for trial treatment absolutely free! (Nothing to pay, no C.O.D.)
FAIRYFOOT PRODUCTS CO.
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 461 Chicago, Illinois

enemy whenever and wherever he could; for the enemy was no longer in a position to replace his losses. The more territory the Northerners occupied, the wider the area from which they could recruit, whereas the Southerners were losing all the time.

Nevertheless, Lee was able again and again to slip out of the noose. In the end, the duel came to resemble a game of chess in which one player still has nearly all his pieces, while the other, with very few left, can put up a good fight, being the better player.

Thus in the spring there is an indecisive struggle on last year's battlefields; in June, there are northern reverses threatening Grant's position, but not causing Lincoln serious alarm. But finally in July, when Grant with 150,000 men is already close to Petersburg and Richmond, Washington is actually threatened by one of Lee's generals, just as it had been three years earlier.

Lincoln visits the forts of the capital, hears the bullets whistling, remains calm, wires to the General: "Let us keep on the alert, but let us keep cool." Welles describes him sitting in the shade at noon, leaning against the breastwork of a fort, his back toward the enemy. In this attitude, he is much more at home than Grant was at the White House.

The troops sent by the latter to relieve the capital arrive in time to drive away the enemy, who is, however, able to withdraw unmolested across the Potomac.

The fate of the country turns on the next Presidential election. If a Democrat is returned to head the administration, his mere election will suffice to paralyze the northern forces and to invigorate the declining strength of the South, for both sides know that the Democrats aim at peace without victory. On the other hand, the election of a Republican President will mean a fight to a finish.

For Lincoln this alternative is complicated by the fact that his own party is hostile. The radicals detest him because at the outset he had not taken a clear line upon the slavery question, and because, when he subsequently decided for abolition, he had done so only as a war measure. The members of the Greeley clique have personal reasons for wanting someone else as President, and negotiate at first with General Butler and General Rosecrans, but incline at last to unite in support of Frémont.

Of these factions in Missouri, Lincoln says: "Either party would rather see the defeat of their adversary than that of Jefferson Davis. You ought to have your heads knocked together."

A TROUBLESOME OPPONENT

But Lincoln's most troublesome opponent is not at the front, as are these generals; he is in the Cabinet, and in daily converse with the President. This is Chase, who has done the state invaluable service as a financier, but never has been loyal to his chief and under the promptings of ambition has been putting himself forward inconspicuously as a possible candidate—doing so primarily as a critic of the extant President.

But when the convention meets at Baltimore in June, the generals and Chase are out of the running, and it is resolved: "That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and the unswerving fidelity to the Constitution ... with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged ... the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office ... that we approve, especially, the Proclamation of Emancipation."

The wording of Lincoln's acceptance is remarkably cool:

I regard this nomination for a second term of office by no means as a personal compliment, but only as an expression of the general view that I am perhaps better fitted to carry a difficult task to a conclusion than might be one who had not been so severely trained for it.

These months during the last summer of his life are probably more exciting than any others; indeed, he receives a number of urgent demands to withdraw before the election. Weed, the greatest of party managers, declares that he has no chance of success and forms a cabal with Greeley; the chairman of the central Republican committee advises him to make overtures for peace, as a means for saving himself at the polls; committees come to him with requests that he make way for another candidate. The name of this candidate is Grant.

The previous year, some of the newspapers had already referred to Grant as the coming man. In June, when a gathering is held to do honor to Grant—with the thinly disguised object of running him for the Presidency—Lincoln, invited to participate, writes:

It is impossible for me to attend. I approve, nevertheless, of whatever may tend to strengthen and sustain General Grant and the noble armies now under his command. He and his brave soldiers are now in the midst of their great trial, and I trust that at your meeting you will so shape your good words that they may turn to men and guns, moving to his and their support.

For even now Lincoln is not quite certain how deep this longing for fame and love of popular acclamation may have gnawed in Grant; he is afraid lest it may have distracted the General's thoughts from the army, and he therefore sends a confidant to the front to make inquiries. At the first question with regard to designs of running him for the Presidency, Grant says, striking his fists hard on the strap arms of his camp chair: "They can't compel me to do it." So emphatic a gesture is rarely seen from General Grant.

"Have you said this to the President?" asks the visitor.

"No, I have not thought it worth while to assure the President of my opinion. I consider it as important for the cause that he should be elected as that the army should be successful in the field."

Lincoln is greatly relieved at the news. "I told you they could not get him to run till he had closed out the rebellion," he says, but he wanted confirmation of this presentiment.

His old friend Swett writes home from New York:

Lincoln's malicious enemies want to call a convention at Buffalo to nominate someone else—Seymour, Chase, Frémont. The Democrats are holding a convention to resist the draft. Early this morning we seized three thousand pistols intended for distribution in Indiana. In Chicago, the war Democrats wanted to nominate a loyalist, while the aim of the peace Democrats was to get the better of the government by entering into an alliance with Davis, and thus, having got control of both armies, to organize a general rising. The most terrible things may be foreseen ... We are in the throes of a conspiracy which recalls the French revolution.

The most terrible things ... conspiracy

—why not assassination? "If they kill me," says Lincoln calmly, "the next man will be just as bad for them. In a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible and will come if they are determined on it."

At this time of crisis, when bitterness of feeling is at its climax, in the middle of August, the landlord of an inn in a little Pennsylvania town finds one morning an inscription on a windowpane, scratched with a diamond. The words run: "Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison."

The finder pays little attention to the matter, for the date mentioned is already past, and the style of the inscription suggests that it must be the work of a lunatic. Not until eight months afterward, when the whole country is ringing with the name of an assassin, does he recall that at the time in question the room had been tenanted by an actor named Booth.

LINCOLN IS REELECTED

Suddenly the popular mood changes. Soon news comes that Sherman has made his victorious march through Georgia, has conquered Atlanta, and as a rejoinder to the convention of the war-weary Democrats, Lincoln is able to order a day of prayer and thanksgiving in commemoration of the latest victories. Now, when the Army of the West is able to penetrate farther into the enemy land, hope revives in the North, and therewith Lincoln's chances of election improve. Schurz throws up his position as General to speak for Lincoln, as he had done four years earlier; and even Chase decides to campaign for the President's reelection.

As a result of all this Lincoln is re-elected by an overwhelming popular majority with 212 votes out of 233 in the electoral college, and the next evening he exclaims to a gathering: "I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph . . . It is no pleasure to me to triumph over anyone."

For Lincoln, private life has ceased to exist. Work, agitations, enemies at home, reverses abroad, danger threatening to undo the work done by the fathers of the country and to frustrate the activities of his own career—such has been his lot for three or four years, almost without cessation. The tree-feller's tall body has been attacked from within; he is laid up for a while by a sort of smallpox, caught in a visit to the front; he complains that his legs are always cold, but he will not give way.

Very rarely indeed, after a sleepless night, will he lie down or say that he is too tired to receive visitors. "I hardly know how to rest. It may be good for the body. But what is tired in me lies within, and can't be got at."

Riding is almost his only exercise: and on his rides and drives Lincoln has to put up with the precautions of Stanton, who insists on his being accompanied by a bodyguard. However, sometimes in summer, while he is staying at his country quarters, and when it is impossible for him to sleep, he gets up in the middle of the night and rides off unattended to the War Department.

After riding into Washington in the small hours, he sometimes spends the rest of the night at the White House, writing or reading, and rides back to the Soldiers' Home when morning comes, depressed in mood. Such depression is common enough, for Lincoln is incapable

of taking much delight in victory or in hatred for the enemy, and civil war is doubly distressing to him, since the enemies are his brothers. "The war," he says in a speech during the last year of his life, "has carried mourning to almost every home, until it can almost be said that 'the heavens are hung in black!'"

Only at considerable intervals, now, has he time to give himself up lovingly to the careful elaboration of a speech, and this is one of the ways in which he finds relaxation. Here the poet in him is seeking an outlet, in conjunction with the natural desire to express in words the feelings of his big family.

Apart from the inaugural address, and the Proclamation, Lincoln probably never has taken more pains in the preparation of a brief speech than he takes over the wording of the address he makes at the consecration of a cemetery in Gettysburg. In the open air, to an audience of many thousands, there has spoken before him the most famous orator in the country—the handsome Everett, whose method is classical.

Then, amid the general tension, the President mounts the rostrum, takes a document out of his coat pocket, selects one sheet from it, puts on his glasses with an unceremonious gesture, and in his high voice reads aloud a few sentences, making too quick a job of it to give the photographers stationed in front of him time to do their work. He says:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And what Lincoln with honest conviction denies, does after all happen. The name of Gettysburg would have been merely the name of one among numberless battles, except for these words that have made the name immortal, showing once again that Homer can be productive without Achilles, but that Achilles cannot win immortality without Homer.

Mary's disappointment grows. The glamour of the White House, the splendors of which she had fondly dreamed, can rarely shine forth in this time of war, and once when she holds a great gathering, she earns scant approval

How would you like to know Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET?

Would You Like to
be More Beautiful
Than You
Really Are?



LAURA
LA PLANTE
Universal Star

"I am sure that you will be as successful in winning the affection of the public with your cosmetics as you have for many years those of the stage and screen."

JEANETTE LOFF
Pathe Star, and Max
Factor, Filmland's Gen-
ius of Make Up

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Secret, and Offers You a Priceless Beauty Gift! See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret... a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

"Cosmetics—powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials—must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and redheads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures... millions of feet of film... have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars... Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood... and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Amazing Book Free

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony... FREE. You'll also receive his book, "The New Art of Make-Up"—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up HOLLYWOOD "Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor, Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 15-2-15

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Make-Up" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in spaces with	Age
Olive	check mark	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Why should GRAY HAIR

make you
older than
you are?



Famous Single
Lock Test Package
FREE
MAIL COUPON

I could save countless women many a heartache if they would send for my **FREE SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE**.

Gray hair is so unnecessary. In over 30 years I have shown millions of women the way to ever-youthful hair. You need no experience. Merely comb clear, colorless liquid through your hair. In one short hour color returns that matches perfectly your own hair whether it be black, brown, auburn or blonde. Results are natural-looking—nothing artificial. Your hair stays soft and lustrous—waves or curls easily. You can wash it without fear of fading. No danger of rubbing off on hat-linings or linen.

3,000,000 women gained youthful hair by making this sensible test.

I want to show you, too. You can make the test at home without risk or expense on a single lock snipped from your hair. I only ask you to see for yourself. Your druggist can supply the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. But why not send for Free Complete Test Package now?

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3651 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name

Street

City State

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE



AN endless source of interest, these winter evenings, when the planning of your summer garden affords so much enjoyment. The 1930 edition is filled with cuts of Flowers and Vegetables and sound cultural advice.

A copy free if you mention
Cosmopolitan

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Yet what is there to satisfy her throughout these years beyond the display of a power which really belongs to her only as a shadow without substance? Had she been a devoted wife with no thought beyond the endeavor to relieve her husband of the cares which weigh upon him, or had she been a shrewd helpmate from whom now and again he could seek counsel, she could have found more satisfaction in such ways than in ostentation.

Furthermore she is a woman from the South, and is therefore open to the suspicion, however foolish, however unwarranted, of treasonable practices, or at least of lending aid to espionage. Thousands upon thousands, not only at Washington but in widening circles, know that the President's lady has brothers and other kinsmen in the rebel army, and if the soldiers string together malicious rhymes about her, if they invent fables about Mary's quite imaginary lovers, if they couple her name with that of Jefferson Davis, these expressions of the popular mood must be regarded as symbolic of her estrangement from the common folk that contrasts so signally with Lincoln's fundamental oneness with the people.

PROBLEMS OF THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

When her brother is killed in the war, she cannot wear mourning for him, and she has to rejoice outwardly over the conquest of southern states, although at Vicksburg a second brother has been fatally wounded. A third northern victory costs the life of a third brother.

After her boy's death, she is almost crazy for a time; she never again enters the room where he died; and once she is so extravagant in her expressions of sorrow that Lincoln, pointing to an asylum, says as if prophetically, "Mother, do you see that large white building yonder? Unless you control your grief, I am afraid we shall have to send you there."

She sees visions. Her dead son and her slain brothers (so she tells her sister) appear at the foot of her bed; and she is anxious about Lincoln, partly from superstitious foreboding and partly through a reasonable dread that attempts will be made to assassinate him.

Once when, accompanied by some guests, she is driving to Ford's Theater whither Lincoln occasionally went for relaxation, and the carriage jolts against some obstacle, she fancies that an attack is being made. The lady who is with her asks the President whether the eight cavalymen of the bodyguard are not a perfect protection.

"Not much," he rejoins. "I believe when my time comes there is nothing that can prevent my going. But the people will have it so." When they reach the theater, a way has to be made for them through the crowd, and it occurs to the lady how easily something might happen here.

Sometimes, too, as in former days, Lincoln is still alarmed by a dream. One morning he sends his wife a telegram containing the sentences: "Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him."

Mary takes away the pistol and leaves it in the hotel when she returns with the boy to Washington. Soon afterward the President wires to the hotel-keeper: "Tad is teasing me to have you forward his pistol to him." We see Lincoln torn between superstition and paternal love, between premonition and tenderness.

The greatest relief of tension that comes to Lincoln during these four years is in one of the most arduous of his duties and is the outcome of his

wish to temper justice with mercy, for in him compassion predominates even over his craving for justice.

Desertion in war-time is a capital offense. But there is always Father Abraham who will not hurt even a cat! Appeal to the President, and he will look into the matter.

Every case, in fact, is carefully studied by him, with the result that during the last two years of the conflict there are filed in the War Department hundreds upon hundreds of telegrams containing the phrase, "Suspend execution of" So-and-so.

Disciplinary considerations, which the angry generals are apt to adduce as reasons against all this leniency, leave him cold. Cowardice? "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." Another time: "If God has given a man cowardly legs, how can the fellow help it if they run away with him?"

In a message to Congress: "The severest justice may not always be the best policy." He is especially keen on protecting the younger soldiers: "I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground." Or he probes to discover the indirect causes of desertion: "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? . . . I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy, is not only constitutional but withal a great mercy."

Sometimes the only excuse he can find for extending clemency to a deserter—and he always has to justify himself to the generals—is the offender's youth. "I am opposed to the shooting of a young fellow under eighteen."

This is the father of the nation, one who is always thinking how to help his people, even when they make it difficult for him. He does not deny that his motive is selfish, sublime though it may be, for "it gives me a restful feeling when, at the close of a hard day's work, I can find some excuse or other for saving a man's life." Another time he defends his clemency with the fine saying: "You do not know how hard it is to let a human being die, when you feel that a stroke of your pen will save him."

A woman has lost five sons on the field of battle. Hearing of this, the President writes to her:

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln

Of course he is often downhearted, for the succession of petitioners is unending; but when the President is advised to receive fewer visitors he rejoins that this cannot be done, because he imagines himself in the situation of those who come to ask help. And once, when there is talk of a poor man who has no friends, Lincoln says: "If he has no friends, I will befriend him."

Thus he wins more abiding satisfaction than comes from the votes of majorities in Congress or even from the

victories won by Grant, when an old man from the highlands of New York state comes to him and says: "Up there we believe in God and Father Abraham."

At Christmas, General Sherman presents Lincoln with the city of Savannah "as a Christmas gift . . . with 150 heavy guns . . . also about 25,000 bales of cotton." His famous march through Georgia has shown the world that an army of 60,000 men can now traverse the whole breadth of the South, and then form a junction with the fleet for the establishment of a new base.

The terror aroused in the South by this forward movement is as great as the renown it acquires in other parts of the world. Grant, meanwhile, has held Lee so firmly in check that the latter, outnumbered, has never ventured to give battle to the northern forces.

In the middle of February, when Charleston falls, he and Sherman have Lee between two fires, and Grant is able to cut the main railway of the South, so that communication with the Southwest is broken off. Richmond becomes untenable, and the only remaining question is whether Lee will surrender or continue the struggle. Not until now does Jefferson Davis, who for four years has insisted on keeping the supreme command, decide to give this responsibility to Lee; he himself, he pathetically declares in a speech, wishes to live and die with the Confederacy.

Then on March the fourth Lincoln delivers his famous Second Inaugural Address.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured . . .

"Both [parties to the dispute] read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes . . . 'It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

"Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle

and for his widow, and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Now, when victory can be a question only of weeks, he gives all the honor to that force of destiny which he terms God and ventures to tell his astonished auditors that God's ways are to be regarded as righteous, even if they involve the long continuance of bloodshed. After he has for four years devoted himself to all the activities forced on him by circumstances, relieved from this burden, he is able to resume the rôle natural to him—that of one who awaits destiny's decree and accepts whatever fate assigns.

And now at the very end of the war Lincoln, in the saloon of a river steamboat, sits face to face with the vice president of the enemy confederation, his sometime friend of Congress days, Stephens. That Lincoln should be here, even though informally, to discuss possibilities of peace, is one of those improprieties through which he forfeits the confidence of politicians of his own day—and assures the common-sense approval of posterity.

Stephens, who had been working for peace in the South since the previous autumn, and had now been commissioned to negotiate, arranges through Grant to get in touch with the political chiefs of the North, though he still desires to maintain the independence of the South. Without informing his Cabinet, still less questioning it, Lincoln follows his natural promptings, goes on board, accompanied by Grant and Seward. When the three receive Stephens and two of the latter's friends, the fact that the negotiators are old acquaintances dispels any embarrassment.

When Stephens asks if there is no possibility of avoiding the continuance of the war, Lincoln answers that it will be enough for them to cease their resistance. When Stephens says that the settlement of the main issue might be postponed and speaks of the likelihood that the severed States will voluntarily and freely enter into a new Union, Lincoln rejects the idea and speaks of the history of his Proclamation, remarking that he would not have interfered with slavery had he not been compelled to maintain the Union. He even admits that he is still prepared to compensate the southern slave owners, since the people of the North are equally responsible for slavery.

LINCOLN'S FIRM STAND

Thus friendly is Lincoln's attitude toward the enemy. But when Stephens tries to touch him to the quick by describing the devastations, he finds the heart he knows so well adamant. Lincoln is not to be diverted from his statesmanlike course. He refuses to treat with armed rebels.

"Charles the First of England," interposes one of Stephens' companions, "was willing to do so."

"I don't profess to be posted on history," replies Lincoln. "On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I recollect about the case of Charles the First is that he lost his head."

"Then," says Stephens, "you look upon us as rebels, who ought really to be hanged for treason?"

"Yes, that's so."

"We had supposed as much. But to tell you the truth, we are not seriously afraid of being hanged so long as you are President."

Has a parley to discuss the possibilities of peace ever before or since been conducted and ended in such a mood? But for Lincoln, it would have been no more

"I use lipstick
only once a day!"



"My dear, I've discovered the most amazing new Kissproof Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and *know* my lips will look their loveliest all day long, no matter *what* I do! You don't believe it? Here, try Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again *today*!"

Kissproof, the modern *waterproof* lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full *natural* color that just a *touch* on the lips rubbed in with the finger tips is needed. And you have the peace of mind of *knowing* that your rich, red youthful coloring is as *natural* as if it were your very own—and as *permanent* as the day is long!

We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof *stays on*—what healthy coloring it gives.

*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you everything needed:

1. Kissproof lipstick (Brass Case)
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff)
3. Kissproof facepowder (large box)
4. Kissproof cream rouge
5. Delica-Brow lash dressing (with camel's hair brush)
6. 16-page Make-Up booklet ("Clever Make-Up—Nine-tenths of Beauty")

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00. All in artistic case—ideal for your dressing table.

Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit per person.

*Special Offer Coupon— Mail Today



Kissproof, 2-C
538 Lake Shore
Drive, Chicago

For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me Kissproof Make-Up Kit, described above. I use Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ White ☐ Ivory ☐ Face-powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Kissproof

MAKES EYES LOOK LARGER



No matter how little your eyes may be, a few applications of harmless *Murine* will make them appear much bigger. It clears up their whites and increases their sparkle, thus causing them to look larger.

Millions use *Murine* to beautify their eyes and also to relieve irritation and strain resulting from over-use, late hours and exposure to sun, wind and dust. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



Face All Broken Out?

Are you, too, one of those who have tried one thing after another for the skin, yet without results? Then try this simple treatment—used by thousands with amazing success. Rub on a little Resinol Ointment at night; wash off with Resinol Soap in the morning. You will be surprised at the QUICKNESS with which it acts. The Soap also to keep the complexion constantly clear and soft. *At all druggists.*

For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 1-A, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

than a chilly negotiation; he lifts it into the levels of human kindness and humor. No doubt he keeps close watch on his adversary, for subsequently, describing the appearance of the small and graceful Southerner, he says: "Mr. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm, and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking, as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbins I ever laid eyes on.'"

During the return journey Lincoln is anxiously probing every possibility of inducing the South to surrender more speedily. Might not some concession bring the war to its close sooner? How long is the struggle likely to last? A hundred days, at least. What will this cost the North? More than \$300,000,000. What if, instead, they give the money to the enemy, and thus save thousands of human lives?

The very next day, he drafts a message and a resolution to be submitted to Congress. Let \$400,000,000 be allotted to the South for distribution among the slave owners in amounts proportional to their losses owing to the liberation of the slaves, one-half to be payable at once on April first, and the balance as soon as the amendment to the Constitution shall have been ratified. All sequestrated property, with the exception of slaves, is to be restored, and all political offenders are to be pardoned.

When, a day later, he lays this proposal before his Cabinet, enthusiastically recommending its adoption, it is unanimously rejected. "You are all opposed to me," he says with a deep sigh. On getting home, he indorses the draft with the following docket: "Today these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them."

Nothing in Lincoln's life shows more plainly how the lover of mankind and the statesman, the heart and the brain of this practical idealist collaborated to do what was reasonable for the moment and of profound significance for the future.

At length the terrible pressure from which the President has suffered throughout four long years begins to loosen and all the witnesses are agreed in declaring that there is a change in him during the last weeks of his life.

Now, for the first time, he takes a kind of holiday, wishing to escape the rout of place-hunters who once again, just as four years earlier, are threatening to invade the White House. It is March; the enemy capital may fall any day; Grant has invited the President to look on at the final decision of the issue, so the latter with his wife and a few intimates is going to take ten days of rest on board a river steamer in the midst of the army.

Mary is the only person who is not happy these days. She is paying her first lengthy visit to the army, has a unique opportunity of showing herself off, and a pleasant excursion in the company of the French ambassador and other distinguished persons is, of course, very much to her taste. They are going to the front of the Army of the Potomac, most of the men on horseback, but the two ladies, Mary and Mrs. Grant, driving in a sort of open carriage. As escort, there is a general on the box seat beside the coachman. In the course of the drive, this gentleman remarks that they

will meet another lady, the wife of General Charles Griffin and a personal friend of Mrs. Grant; he adds that, owing to the approach of hostilities, all women have been ordered to the rear, but Mrs. Griffin has received from the President a special permit to visit her husband for a day or two.

Mary is dumfounded. A woman has seen the President, and she has known nothing of it. "What do you mean, sir? Did she see the President alone? Do you know, sir, that I never permit the President to see any woman alone?" The General strives to appease her. "That is a very equivocal smile, sir. Let me out of this carriage at once! I will ask the President if he saw that woman alone!" She wants to be taken to her husband immediately.

An officer grasps the situation, rides off to Lincoln, and returns with the comforting assurance that Stanton, and not the President, has issued the pass.

No one foresees how momentous are to be the consequences of this incident, but the probability is that a fortnight later it saved the life of General Grant.

THE PRESIDENT ENTERS RICHMOND

A few days later, Petersburg and Richmond fall, Lee and Davis flee with the remnants of the southern army, and everyone throngs to see the fortified city which has at length been taken. The river, though not yet freed of mines, is already lively with shipping, gay with bunting and merry with music; but the ships are stranded on sand banks, and when the President, accompanied by Tad, takes the Admiral's ship to enter Richmond but is stranded like the others, he gets into a barge towed by a steam tug with a file of marines on board.

No salute is fired; no triumphal entry has been prepared. Everything is extemporized, like Lincoln's life. But he laughs, well pleased, and tells an anecdote of a place-hunter who had begun by asking for an appointment as ambassador but in the end had been glad to accept the gift of an old pair of trousers; and when the tug has to be cast off and dispatched to help another stranded steamer, the crew of the barge row on and stick fast on a rock, but manage to back off after a time. On this day of victory the sometime flat-boatman is destined to be put in mind of New Salem.

At the first landing place on the steep bank there is a small house, and here they disembark. Bedded in green are the white homes of the southern town, well tended, but sinister and deserted, ominously quiet, the only people in sight being a dozen negroes, digging under the leadership of an old man. This latter now stands upright, drops his spade and exclaims: "Bress de Lord, dere is de great Messiah!"

Like a prairie fire the news of Lincoln's arrival spreads and the streets seem suddenly to be alive with the colored race. They spring from the earth. They come tumbling and shouting from over the hills and from the waterside. The little party of whites is in danger of being crushed, and the Admiral orders twelve of the boat's crew to fix bayonets and form a guard round the President; but the negroes are not alarmed, and the press increases. Since he cannot move, Lincoln must do something. He raises his hand, and instantly there is silence. Then he speaks:

"My poor friends, you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years.

But you must try to deserve this price-less boon.

"Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them; obey God's commandments and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things.

"There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

Thus speaks Abraham Lincoln when for the first time in his life he stands in the midst of a black multitude, thronging round him, shouting to him in a moment of fulfillment such as is vouchsafed to few. He speaks as a father, at once far removed and close at hand, perhaps with an instructive mien, perhaps with one of warning, certainly with one of love; for in this hour his figure recalls that of the Teacher in whose name all these things had been done. He stands there, long and lean, wearied by the struggle he has been carrying on for a decade, the struggle which, by devious paths no one has hitherto understood, and despite calumnious tongues, he has at length brought to a successful issue.

After Lincoln and his party visit Jefferson Davis' headquarters and the State House of the Confederate Congress and are driving back to the riverside in an open carriage, the Admiral becomes uneasy, for in the gathering darkness what would be simpler than for these vengeful Southerners to seize the chance of getting even with the arch-enemy?

For what had not happened in Richmond, because in these days of confusion the President's visit thither had not been foreseen, might easily happen in Washington.

It was to happen, and it did.

As far back as two years earlier, a secret society for the assassination of Lincoln had been financed in Richmond by wealthy persons. A year later, there was talk of a conspiracy entered into by one hundred and fifty carefully picked young fellows, who were to kidnap Lincoln and carry him off. An artist who was portraying Lincoln asked him if he had heard of the scheme.

The President smiled and replied: "Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual, and it would not help their cause or make the least difference in the progress of the war. Everything would go right on just the same. Soon after I was nominated at Chicago, I began to receive letters threatening my life. The first one or two made me uncomfortable, but I came at length to look for a regular installment of this kind of correspondence in every week's mail. . . . It is no uncommon thing to receive them even now, but they have ceased to give me any apprehension. . . . There is nothing like getting used to things."

His general attitude toward the matter is one of incredulity. And now it never seems to occur either to him or to his friends that the dangers of his position in this respect are intensified by the victory. Besides, various sinister incidents of the last twelve months have not at this time become publicly known.

One of these was the discovery of the remarkable inscription on a windowpane in a provincial inn, but this was not announced till long afterwards. Nor did anyone learn at the time of a remarkable incident in the Winter Garden Theater, in New York, one November evening. "Julius Cæsar" was being played,

and in the cast were all three of the Booth brothers, two of whom lived by the fame of the third.

This last, the most famous tragedian of his day, that night was playing Cæsar, and one of his brothers was playing Mark Antony—a man of twenty-six, exceptionally handsome, with an olive-tinted skin, classical features, a Roman nose and flashing eyes, but, it would seem, a poor allowance of talent. In the third act comes the scene at the Capitol, where Mark Antony stirs up the citizens to take vengeance on Brutus. Booth delivered the speech with increasing emphasis, as the rôle demands, coming at length to the familiar climax:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
... but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

And here the actor strengthened the fortissimo of the conclusion by adding the words "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"—the phrase which, so the tale runs, Brutus had uttered as he thrust his dagger home in Cæsar's breast. But in America, at that date, it was better known as the motto on the Virginia coat of arms.

The slip passed almost unnoticed, but one of the audience, who reported the matter long afterward, turned to his neighbor with the skeptical inquiry: "Is that in Shakespeare?" Another, sitting behind, remarked: "It is the motto of the state of Virginia." But the man of whom the question had been asked replied: "It's all right; he is speaking for Brutus."

At this moment there came a cry of "Fire!" Everyone in the theater jumped up, and in a minute or two the place was emptied. Soon came tidings that simultaneously fires had broken out in sixteen New York theaters and hotels, obviously the concerted work of incendiaries. It seems likely that the words "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" were a signal.

However that may be, in the excitement caused by the fires, the mysterious utterance on the stage was forgotten. But there were far more obvious signs that plans for assassination were afoot. At about the same time there appeared in an Alabama newspaper a subscription to a fund for the assassination of Lincoln, Seward and Johnson before they should take office. A similar document remained invisible. Shortly after Lincoln's reelection, a lieutenant wrote to Jefferson Davis offering to make an end of the leader of the North; the missive was passed on to the Secretary of War and other high officials "for attention."

BOOTH'S CONSPIRACY

When Lincoln, the enemy of his country, was elected President for the second time, Booth went to Canada, the focus of activity for southern conspirators and spies. There, it would seem, he hatched a plan for kidnaping Lincoln. Getting together helpers and sympathizers, and obtaining money from unknown sources—he always insisted that he had made it himself by successful speculations in petroleum—he returned in due course to Washington, with the intention of carrying out his design on the day of the inauguration. He tried to force his way into the eastern entrance of the Capitol, and disordered the line of police guards, but he was rebuffed. He declared later that a valuable opportunity had been missed on this occasion.



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair... easy to manage... and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush... and brush it through your hair... when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that... it will stay any style you arrange it... even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.



Glostora

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

Established 1832

Philadelphia

DIAMOND AND PEARL
NECKLACES

Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires

RINGS BAR PINS BROOCHES

Finer specimens, designs or workmanship
may not be found in any part of the world

Inspection Invited

Bailey Text and Bailey Roman are the
now fashionable styles of engraving forWEDDING INVITATIONS
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Samples mailed



Maybelline

Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

For Your Money Needs—Join Our Rainbow Club

Unusual opportunities are offered you at this season of the year. ¶ Come join us and add to your income every day. ¶ Business girl, school girl, "shut-in," busy homemaker—all are welcome if you want to make some extra money for expenses, pretty frocks—perhaps for the Hope Chest or to put in the bank. ¶ The greatest rewards of the year are offered to Members of our Club during these months. Write at once.

Helen Willard, Director The Rainbow Club
International Magazine Building
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please let me know how I may earn Membership
and start at once to win the special rewards offered
by The Rainbow Club.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

CRC-230

Yes, this also was the Capitol! Would he not doubly play the part of Brutus if he were to strike down this new Cæsar in full sight of the people? The deed was only postponed. As soon as Richmond fell, he hastened to organize in Washington a conspiracy, for which plans had already been made in March.

Among the conspirators were Powell, formerly a soldier in the rebel army, a man named Atzerodt, a woman who had at one time been well-to-do in Maryland, but now kept a small boarding house in Washington, and others—Southerners one and all. Atzerodt lost heart and would have liked to get out; but the ringleader had complete ascendancy over his underlings and knew how to impose his influence on them all.

Each was assigned a specific part. Powell, the stalwart but simple-minded young Floridian, was to kill Seward; another, the comic villain of the drama, was to deal with Johnson, the new Vice President; Booth had reserved the main rôle in the tragedy for himself; a fourth conspirator, Herold by name, very young, was to function as a sort of page and to help the arch-conspirator to escape; the boarding-house lady and her daughter were likewise in the secret. A Shakespearean exposition. The only thing still uncertain was the date; it would have to be soon after Lincoln's return from Richmond.

Chance brought him back sooner than had originally been planned. Seward was seriously injured in a carriage accident, and Lincoln had hurried back to Washington—to triumph and to death.

The capital and the whole country are jubilant. In Washington crowds gather, released from an evil spell, enraptured by the thought that the bad days are over. They throng the approaches to the White House, and twice the President has to address the people.

Not one among the thousands notices the repressed passion with which two young men near the front of the gathering contemplate the speaker and listen to the following words: "If universal amnesty is granted to the insurgents, I cannot see how I can avoid exacting in return universal suffrage, or at least suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service."

"That means negro citizenship," says the elder of the two young men to the other. "Now, by heaven, I'll put him through." They are Booth and Herold.

THE ENDING OF THE WAR

At the stroke of noon on April the fourteenth, the guns thunder at Fort Sumter, as they had thundered there four years earlier, but this time they are northern guns and the charges are blank. The same Major Anderson who had then been in command of the fort, now bearing the rank of General, runs up the very star-spangled banner which had then been shot down, while the band plays and the crowd shouts.

The same morning Lincoln had been sitting in his study, surrounded by the members of the Cabinet. Before the session he had spent an hour listening to his eldest son's report of what he had seen with the army—thus being able to learn many confidential details regarding the surrender, and at the same time to study the capacities of his son, who had been away from home several years.

When Robert showed him a picture of Lee, he scanned it long and thoughtfully, and then said: "It is a good face. It is the face of a noble, brave man. I am glad the war is over at last."

The Cabinet meeting, the first for several weeks, and the first since the southern surrender, proceeds in a mood

very different from that of previous ones for years past. Seward is absent; but instead, Grant is there (for it was as a member of Grant's staff that Robert had arrived in Washington that morning). All join in congratulating the victor.

"The President," reports Welles, who had worked with him in this room for four years, "was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him before, hoping for peace, full of humanity and gentleness." This is not only because of the victory, for when Grant makes no secret of his uneasiness at the absence of news from Sherman, Lincoln says that Sherman will get the better of Johnston, indeed has already done so. For last night he had a dream which he had dreamed several times:

"It was in your department," he says, smiling at Welles; "it related to the water. I seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, that was moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; before landing, I awoke. I have had this singular dream before great events, before victories preceding Antietam, Stone River, Gettysburg and Vicksburg."

"Stone River was no victory," General Grant remarks, with some acerbity.

Nothing but a profound stirring of the inner self could have made this lonely man thus disclose his secret thoughts; nothing but a sincere faith in the veracity of dreams could have transformed him for the first time in his life into an optimist and have enabled him to throw off his cares.

The Cabinet consider the problem of reconstruction. Stanton has already elaborated his plans and submitted them to his colleagues. The President says his say. He is glad, he declares, that Congress is not sitting. "If we are wise and discreet, we can reanimate the states and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reestablished, before Congress comes together in December."

He goes on to speak of the prevailing desire for revenge, for the punishment of the rebels, and says he will have none of it: "No one need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," says he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep.

"Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union. There is too much disposition, in certain quarters, to hector and dictate to the people of the South, to refuse to recognize them as fellow citizens. Such persons have too little respect for Southerners' rights. I do not share feelings of that kind."

At the same hour as this last Cabinet meeting Booth has just heard that the President and General Grant are going to the theater in the evening. Since Grant is to be one of the victims, the chance must be seized tonight, for tomorrow he will be off again. He is not enamored of Washington and is uneasy about Sherman, not being a man to put any faith in Lincoln's dream.

The manager of the theater has actually announced that Lincoln and the General are coming tonight; everything is being made ready for a gala performance, and the President's box has been draped with flags.

In all haste, Booth has put the last touches to his scenario. Powell is to make his way into Seward's house late that evening, under pretext that he is a messenger from the doctor and is

bringing medicine. The idea of assassinating the Vice President seems to have been abandoned at the last moment, but all that is certainly known is that Booth left a card on Johnson the day before.

For his own use he has hired a fine horse, has shown it with pride to his acquaintances and has put it in charge of Herold, who is fully informed as to the plans. At noon he goes to the theater, where one of the stage carpenters, a Southerner, places the chairs in the box the way he wants them, and in the inner door leading into the box bores a small peephole.

His fervor is intensified by the chance of making an end of the two supreme criminals at the same time. Stage-struck as he is, he gives one of the actors a document in which he has penned a patriotic justification of the crime he is about to commit, with instructions that it is to be published next day.

At this very time, Lincoln is writing his last letter. It is to one of the generals who has urged him to be on his guard.

I intend to adopt the advice of my friends, and use due precaution . . . I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself, in the efforts I may make to restore the Union, so as to make it, to use your language, a Union of hearts and hands as well as of States.

Yours truly,
A. Lincoln

In the afternoon he goes out driving with Mary. The streets are crowded, and everywhere the carriage is hailed with acclamation as it goes by. Mary, it seems, is happy. Peace is coming at last and will bring with it a more cheerful life into the White House, which has been a gloomy place all these years.

Such being their mood, they take rather a long drive. The conversation goes back to earlier days; they talk of Springfield, and then make plans for the time that will follow the second Presidential term. Mary wants to spend a year in Europe, to which Lincoln good-naturedly agrees, while saying that for his part he prefers a visit to California and other parts of the new West. As they reach home, he sees some people coming away from the door.

"Hello, boys, do come back!" he calls across the square, for he recognizes old acquaintances from Illinois, and who could be more welcome to him during these bright days of relief? He invites them in, asks after common friends, and reads aloud to them passages from one of his favorite humorists. He is back, it seems, in the mood that had so often been his in the old law office at Springfield, and when repeatedly summoned to dinner, he tranquilly goes on with his reading until at last "a sort of order" comes from Mary, to say they are waiting for him.

Reluctantly he stands up and bids his visitors farewell. Why should he go to the theater and show himself off to a lot of people? Well, it is for Grant.

But meanwhile Grant has excused himself. He and his wife must start on their journey at once.

What can have induced them to inflict such an affront on the President and the public? Mrs. Grant explains later that after the scene Mary made in the carriage a fortnight earlier, she is afraid of a repetition of it and wishes to avoid it at all hazards. Were she to show herself in the theater beside her husband the famous General, and were the pair of them to be greeted with

Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp

**Relieves
Pain
Quickly**

**Write for
Factory
Price**

**30 Days
Home
Trial**

Relieve That Troublesome Ailment

Write at once and let me tell you how to relieve that troublesome ailment with Infra-Red treatments in your own home. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp throws out mild beams of Infra-Red Rays which penetrate deeply into the tissues and bring a soothing *internal heat*—best, because it works where the congestion is, and restores active blood circulation. Medical authorities say most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment because nature itself does the healing through active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

Are you troubled with Sinus Irritation, Sore Throat, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Tonsilitis, Catarrh, Ear Trouble, Gall Bladder trouble or similar ailments? Just let me send you this wonderful lamp on approval. Use thirty days according to directions and see if it does not bring you wonderful results.

Harmless You or anyone in your home can use the lamp on instant notice. It is on an adjustable stand—easily carried to any room—easily placed in any position. Leading health authorities recommend it. Letters from satisfied users everywhere tell of wonderful results. Just a few treatments will surprise you. First cost only cost. Connect with any electric light socket.

Easy Payments Shipped by parcel post or express direct to you from factory at lowest cost. Don't delay—if you or some friend have some troublesome ailment. Write and let me send it at once.

Get Our Book On Infra-Red Rays

This book quotes leading medical authorities and hundreds of users. Mention your ailment when writing and we will send you free valuable suggestions on how to treat it with Infra-Red Rays. Thirty day trial period.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO.

Dept. 1024, ALLIANCE, OHIO

EARAKINE

STOPS EARACHE



Relieves pain. Softens the wax. A reliable, harmless product. All druggists, or by mail 50 cents.

C. S. Dent & Company, Detroit

PISO'S for COUGHS

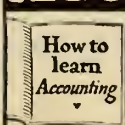
PISO'S
gives quick,
effective relief.

Pleasant, soothing
and healing. Excellent for children—
contains no opiates.

**QUICK
RELIEF**

Successfully used for 65
years. 35c and 60c sizes.

ACCOUNTING



THOUSANDS of ambitious men are earning more money today because they know Accounting. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first lesson. Both will be sent free.

International Accountants Society, Inc.

A Division of the
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
Dept. 111, 3411 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

68-page Dressmaking Lesson FREE



RIGHT at home, in spare time, you can learn to make all your own clothes for a half or a third of what you pay in the shops. The Woman's Institute will teach you the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional modiste so successful.

So that you may see with your own eyes how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free.

In words and pictures, it describes the details of cutting and finishing sleeves, collars, shoulders and other difficult parts of a dress. Every page is full of helpful instructions, all so simple and complete that you can quickly master them.

Just mail the coupon and we will send you this 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON free, as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 51-B, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me—Free—your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and the 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON described above. I am most interested in—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Yet SHAKESPEARE never left ENGLAND !



ALWAYS, the greatest minds have projected themselves into parts of the world other than their own.

Shakespeare, who never left England, laid the scenes of his plays in many parts of the European continent, in Asia Minor, in Africa!

Kant, who spent all his life, not merely in Germany, but in the comparatively small city of Königsberg in East Prussia, had a remarkably keen interest in the Orient.

Homer and Dante, with none of our present actual knowledge of the earth's form, yet had their own definite conception of the world as a whole.

This interest in the character of the planet we live on is an attribute not only of the very great, but of every truly cultivated man and woman.

It is this interest which makes the study of maps so fascinating.

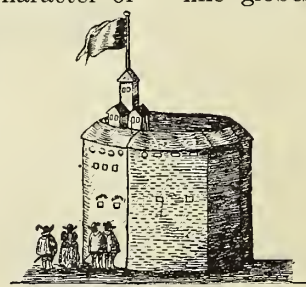
Crowded with the delights of unexpected

finds, historical and literary suggestion, good maps have all the profitable charm of the world's best books.

Why not start now to acquire the stimulating habit of reading them often? Teach your children to enjoy them as well.

Rand McNally & Company have been for 60 years the best known and most highly regarded makers of fine globes, maps, and atlases for general and special uses.

And the habit of precision in detail, so absolutely essential to quality map making, carries over into all Rand McNally & Company's many varied activities.



The GLOBE on the Bank Side, where Shakespeare acted.

Some of Rand McNally & Company's Products and Departments

Maps	Atlases	Child Life Magazine
School Maps	General Atlases	Banker's Monthly
Auto Road Maps	Commercial Atlas	Banker's Directory
Commercial Maps	Goode School Atlas	Banker's Bulletin
Economic Maps		
Aviation Maps		
Special Maps to Order		
Globes	Publications	Railroad, Airline and Bus Tickets
	Text Books	Coupon Books
	Children's Books	General Printing

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY Map Headquarters

Dept. W-38

Chicago
536 S. Clark Street
Washington
National Press Bldg.

San Francisco
559 Mission St.

New York
270 Madison Avenue

Los Angeles
125 E. Sixth St.



TRAVEL GUIDE

Cosmopolitan

TRAVEL SERVICE

Cosmopolitan Travel Service offers you practical suggestions on travel. A letter or postcard will bring you the information you desire. Travel literature of all companies concerning any part of the world will be sent free of charge. Also note Cosmopolitan's own travel library listed below. Order them by number, complete set \$1.75. Address: Cosmopolitan Travel Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Voiture Allemande



Touring the continent—1500

RIDING side-saddle fashion in this Sixteenth Century conveyance, the traveler had an excellent view of the countryside—and his liveried courier lent distinction to his equipage... Today

Europe by Motor

enables the discriminating traveler to see the countryside and enjoy the greatest riding comfort. The fine cars and experienced chauffeur-couriers of Franco-Belgique add distinction—and an inestimable amount of pleasure—to the European journey. Itineraries arranged in all European countries. Write for booklet D.



FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., Inc.
551 Fifth Ave. New York

EUROPE PASSION PLAY
5 COUNTRIES
\$385
ALL EXPENSES
Sea and land
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Write for Booklet B

We serve the intellectual elite. Become acquainted with our amazing travel values. Cunard supremacy! 10,000 satisfied guests.

Cosmopolitan

Travel Library

1. South America and Central America, 10c.
2. Southern Europe and the Mediterranean, 10c.
3. The Pacific Coast and the Great Southwest, 10c.
4. The Orient, 10c.
5. Florida, 10c.
6. That Trip to Europe, 10c.
7. The Canadian Rockies and Northwest National Parks, 10c.
8. National Parks of Colorado and California, 10c.
9. The Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Valley, 10c.
10. New England and the Adirondacks, 10c.
11. New York and Surrounding Resorts, 10c.
12. Around the World Cruising, 15c.
By D. E. Lorenz, Ph. D.
13. Mediterranean Cruising, 15c.
By D. E. Lorenz, Ph. D.
14. Hawaii, 10c.
15. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, 10c.
16. North Carolina, 10c.
17. Travel by Air, 25c.

Clark's Famous Cruises

EUROPE

CRUISE June 28
s.s. "LANCASTRIA"

CUNARD LINE, 52 days, \$600 to \$1250

Madeira, Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Holland, Belgium, Paris, (London, Rhine, Oberammergau Passion Play) — select clientele; most and best for your money.

Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.



At the Court of King Arthur

Cornwall? Go interested in tennis or golf and find yourself a devotee of Celtic crosses. Go for a holiday and you will be in an atmosphere of ancient magic and wonder-working saints.

St. Austell is pronounced St. Ossle, but you will like it the more for that. The Phoenicians came to Falmouth for tin, the Romans for corn, and the Danes for blood. The silver Cornish beaches are supposed to be full of hidden treasure but golf balls are more often found than Spanish dollars.

Through ancient Camelot rises Tintagel, the capital of King Arthur's Land; you can stand where Tristram and Isolt loved and gaze into the days of the ageless heroes.

The new Guide No. 50 will be gladly mailed free on request

G. E. ORTON, Gen. Agent, 505 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Great Western and Southern Railways of England.

EUROPE

Conducted Tours ALL EXPENSES \$450

See England, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, \$450 including the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Other tours \$350 to \$750. Canadian Pacific Steamships via St. Lawrence Sea-Way. Motoring, hotels, meals, sight-seeing, all included.



THE TRAVEL GUILD, Dept. 367 180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. Ask for Booklet "E-10"

Write today for FREE BOOKLET

"An Old Spanish Custom"

Columbus started it—and ever since that time going to the Caribbean has been a favorite recreation of the restless and the careworn.

At this time of the year sunny climes have a particularly urgent call. The West Indies, Bermuda, Florida, the Gulf Coast, California—all offer relief from winter unpleasantness and the worries of business and housekeeping.

Let us send you literature and offer suggestions for your trip, without charge, of course.

COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE

57th & 8th Avenue

New York City

For the Convenience OF INDIVIDUAL AND CORPORATE INVESTORS

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENT OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Albany, N. Y.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Portland, Ore.
Atlanta, Ga.	Kansas City, Mo.	Providence, R. I.
Atlantic City, N. J.	Los Angeles, Cal.	Rochester, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.	Louisville, Ky.	St. Louis, Mo.
Birmingham, Ala.	Memphis, Tenn.	St. Paul, Minn.
Boston, Mass.	Miami, Fla.	San Diego, Cal.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Milwaukee, Wis.	San Francisco, Cal.
Chicago, Ill.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Scranton, Pa.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Newark, N. J.	Seattle, Wash.
Cleveland, Ohio	New Orleans, La.	Spokane, Wash.
Dallas, Texas	Oakland, Cal.	Tacoma, Wash.
Davenport, Iowa	Omaha, Neb.	Toledo, Ohio
Denver, Colo.	Pasadena, Cal.	Washington, D. C.
Detroit, Mich.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Montreal, Canada
Houston, Texas	Portland, Me.	Toronto, Canada

FOREIGN OFFICES

London, England	Geneva, Switzerland
Manchester, England	Tokio, Japan
Amsterdam, The Netherlands	Shanghai, China

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

INVESTMENT SECURITIES



salvos of applause, who could tell but that Mrs. Lincoln might take it amiss, and do something unseemly?

Just before setting out for the theater, the President, being handed a petition from a southern prisoner who is prepared to take the oath of allegiance, and begs for his discharge, writes on the application, "Let it be done." Thus his last official act is one of clemency for the South.

The play, "Our American Cousin," has already begun when the Presidential party reaches the theater. At the entry of Lincoln and his wife, there is an outburst of cheering, the acting is interrupted, everyone stands, the band strikes up "Hail to the Chief," the President bows his acknowledgments, then the play goes on. Since the Grants have gone, a young major and his affianced, family friends, have joined the Lincolns in their box. Nearly two hours pass.

Perhaps Lincoln may have listened, to hear what this "American cousin" had to say, but it is more likely that his thoughts wandered. A soaring mood has made the whole of this day a festal one: a dream has heralded good tidings; friends from home have told him how all is going on in that familiar little circle to which he is so much attached; Grant's trusty hand has shaken his in parting; he has told his Cabinet how he is planning to heal all wounds and has banned all thoughts of vengeance; a son of his, it seems, has ripened to manhood, and through the pictures of the day has moved, as always, the figure of the younger lad—a dream filled with tranquillity. The General has advised precaution; well, why not?

LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS

But fate, or the rule of the unknown, which has impelled him on his amazing career toward brilliant and unanticipated goals—is it not stronger than any precaution? Had it not sent him from the wild forest to the river, with its flatboats; from the river to the little country stores; thence to the law office, and once more through the countryside, serving justice?

There is Herndon, his true comrade, and Speed, who had been to see him recently and, as usual, had asked for nothing. The narrow hall at Vandalia arises, where they first tried their mettle in politics; now it is the Capitol in Springfield, all fresh and fine.

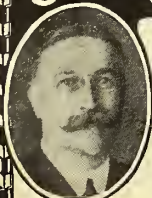
Softly the assassin nears the door of the box. It is nearly ten o'clock. Having nerved himself with a drink of whisky at a neighboring saloon, he presents himself at the theater, like any spectator, and no one there knows him.

The play is still going on when he accosts the man who is stationed at the outer door of the box, to guard against unwarranted intrusion. He presents a card, declares that he brings news to the President, who is expecting him, and, strange to tell, is admitted.

Now he is in the passageway between the two doors, and he sets to work with feverish haste, locks the inner side of the outer door with a wooden bolt he has improvised in the morning. Having fastened this, he goes to the inner door, and through the hole he has made measures the distance with his eye. There, close to the door, sits the President; beside him his wife; then the younger lady; farther to the right, the major, whom he does not know.

Since the box actually gives upon the stage, a bold jump is all he needs to reach the boards and make his way thence to the well-known exit, where the page is waiting for him with the horse, and be gone! Courage! He will be Brutus!

Short Story Writing



DR. ESENWEIN

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly. One pupil has earned over \$5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

150 page catalog free. Please address
The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 77 Springfield, Mass.



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME

to play by note, Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Harp, Cello, Saxophone, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute, and all other instruments—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A. B. C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over a half a million students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.
U. S. School of Music, 452 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.



COLORFUL



Warrior Peak in San Isabel Nat'l forest.
Below: Rodeos are a summer attraction.
Colorado's orchards yield abundantly.



What is Colorado
to you? Just an oblong
place on the map?

If you're one of the few people who haven't been to Colorado, you've missed some real enjoyment. And if you've only been to Denver on business, or to Pikes Peak for a brief stopover, you have little knowledge of why Colorful Colorado "offers more in terms of real living."

If you knew Colorado, you would like to live here—and you would live in happiness, with more friends, more recreation, more good health and most delightful conditions for your work.

But don't take our word for this. Come up to Colorado on a vacation or business trip; investigate conditions in your occupation and see for yourself. Measure the low living costs. Note the great variety of outdoor joys that cost little or nothing. Look at the bright offices; the convenient, lovely, uncrowded

residence districts; the comfortable farms with their abundant production of delicious eatables; the spaciousness that prevents undue traffic congestion; the ideal conditions for wage earners.

Come at any time of year—and compare the weather with what you'd be having back home.

Colorful Colorado's scenery is famous everywhere. But incomparable though it is, Colorado's scenery is the background—not the main attraction. Colorado's scenic splendor merely means that whether you are at work or play, you only have to look up to fill your eyes with a flood of soul-satisfying beauty.

Come up the next chance you get. Overnight from half the nation, two nights from almost anywhere, Colorado is near enough for the shortest vacation. And bring the family—let them have a wonderfully good time, too! The coupon below will bring you accurate information.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION

Colorado fruits and vegetables . . . both fresh and canned . . . have a delicacy of flavor possible only from Colorado climate and Colorado soil. Ask for them and note the difference!

THE KEY
STATE OF
THE NEW
WEST



THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION, 703 Kit Carson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Send me the booklet, "Up in Colorful Colorado."

Include specific information about:

Nome

Address

HAIR LOSS can be checked DANDRUFF too and ITCHY SCALP with GLOVER'S

... a medicine that does
what ordinary lotions
won't do!

GLOVER'S is a perfect scientific treatment endorsed by foremost hair and scalp specialists. Its penetrating oils cleanse the scalp and start hair cells to action. Scalp circulation is improved, dandruff is cleared away... Then always shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It is specially compounded to work with the Mange Medicine and increase its benefits—and leaves your hair soft, sweet and gleaming.

This new Glover's System is being acclaimed everywhere. Men and women who had given up hope of a head of thick, healthy hair now write in highest praise. Barber shops and beauty parlors also say it surpasses everything known before. At all drug stores—Glover's Mange Medicine 75 cents, Glover's Medicated Soap 30 cents.



GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE
and
MEDICATED SOAP

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 255-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

**MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME**

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
725 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

Play Piano By Ear
Play popular song bits perfectly. From the time, play it by ear. No teacher—self-instruction. No tedious ding-dong daily practice—just 20 brief, entertaining lessons, easily mastered.
At Home in Your Spare Time
Send for FREE BOOK. Learn many styles of bass and syncopation—trick endings. If the (coin or stamps) is enclosed, you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano"—and many new tricks, stunts, etc.
Niagara School of Music
Dept. 358 Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Send for this Free Book

Opening the inner door, before anyone has time to turn round he has his pistol at his victim's head and fires. He sees the major springing at him, thrusts at him with his dagger and reels back, vaults over the breastwork; but one of his spurs catches in the detested Union flag, and he falls, injuring one of his legs.

Still, he gets to his feet, brandishes his dagger as he has done so often before on this very stage and shouts aloud his byword: "Sic semper tyrannis!" Then he breaks through the terrified actors and disappears.

"He has shot the President!" comes the cry. No one knows who utters it, nor, at first, are the words understood. Many are awakened out of their terror by Mary's screams; the actors do not even remember what words they had been uttering when the shot rang out; the attendants forget to lower the curtain; the major, whose arm has been badly slashed by the knife thrust, rushes to the door, finds it bolted, but manages to open it; doctors, officers, fainting women, all in confusion till soldiers appear threatening the public with fixed bayonets and increasing the disorder.

The President, collapsed in his chair, bleeding from the wound in the head, unconscious, is lifted up, carried out, no one knows where. A man from a house across the street asks if they are bringing a sick man. They explain; he opens his door, and they carry him to the bed of this citizen.

At the selfsame hour Booth's accomplice goes to Seward's, forces an entry, knife in hand, wounds four persons, stabs the sick secretary in the cheek and neck, and then gets away.

The bed in which Lincoln is to die is too short for him; he is so long that he has to be placed askew. For nine hours his vigorous constitution struggles against the mortal injury; he lies there breathing heavily till the morning. Mary is lying in the next room; the ministers have assembled. Without recovering consciousness, he dies at seven o'clock; in a strange bed, like a pilgrim; slain on Good Friday, like a prophet.

America buries this son of the people as in old times great kings were brought to the grave. In a long journey, the dead man is taken back to his home by way of all the places he passed through four years earlier on his way to the Capitol. Countless numbers file by his coffin before it is lowered into the ground in the little cemetery of Springfield beside the grave of his little boy—quietly, as becomes the man.

Over the coffin, as it moves through the country, glide the shades of friends and foes. The assassin is hunted hither and thither; finds a hiding place for a time and is able to have his leg set by a surgeon; at length is run to earth in a barn. He refuses to surrender; the barn is fired, and while it is burning, he is shot. Three of his accomplices are hanged; one escapes to Europe. The South realizes what it has lost, and the crime is called a parricide.

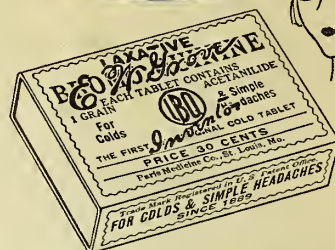
Those who mourn most deeply for their savior are the blacks; they are the ones who have blessed him most heartily in life. They sing songs in his honor, and say that their Messiah is now in heaven.

Tad, who lived only a few years more, believed the same thing.

Never again since Abraham Lincoln's time has an innocent man worn a chain to his foot. Since he lived, worked and fell, all men to whom God has given the gift of life are born free.

THE END

Colds



The embarrassing sniffles and sneezes are soon gone and relief and comfort quickly return when you take Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Used by millions for two generations. A true test.

Grove's
Laxative
**BROMO
QUININE**
Tablets

At All
Druggists
30c

Successful Since 1889



**Cold in Head,
Chest or Throat?**

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub **once an hour for five hours**... what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

